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ROMANCE

By A. M. Davies Ogden

How quaintly sweet the ancient strain
Of joyous maiden Nicolette;
How she, to find her love again,
Outslips the guard about her set,
And treads amid the daisies wet,
With slender feet more white than they.
How far away she seems—and yet—
These are the loves of yesterday.

His tender Sweetheart to regain,
Aucassin seeks for Nicolette
Through woodlands green; yet all in vain,
An eager captive in Love's net;
And almost jealous of regret,
Till, drawn by Love's imperious sway,
Within her leafy bower they met—
These are the loves of yesterday.

The sunshine filters through the rain,
The robins peep at Nicolette;
The stallion strays with loosened chain
Lest he at double burden fret.
And many a wandering rivulet
Sings low of love that lives alway
'Neath summer skies all star inset—
These are the loves of yesterday.

L'Envoi.

Prince, as we ride with Nicolette
'Mid flow'ring branches white with May,
We smile and sigh and fain forget—
These are the loves of yesterday.

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Culp's Hill, Gettysburg.

From a photograph taken July, 1863.

GETTYSBURG

By General John B. Gordon

of the Confederate Army

FROM Gettysburg to Appomattox; from the zenith of assurance to the nadir of despair; from the compact ranks, boundless confidence and exultant hopes of as proud and puissant an army as was ever marshalled—to the shattered remnants, withered hopes, and final surrender of that army—such is the track to be followed, describing the Confederacy's declining fortunes and ultimate death. No picture can be drawn by human hand vivid enough to portray the varying hues, the spasmodic changes, the rapidly gathering shadows of the scenes embraced in the culminating period of the great struggle.

A brief analysis of the reasons for General Lee's crossing of the Potomac is now in order. In the logistics of defensive war, offensive movements are often the wisest strategy. Voltaire has somewhere remarked that "to subsist one's army at the expense of the enemy, to advance on their own ground and force them to retrace their steps—thus rendering strength useless by skill—is regarded as one of the masterpieces of military art."

It would be difficult to group together words more concisely and clearly descriptive of General Lee's purposes in crossing the Potomac, both in '62 and '63. It must be added, however, that while the movement into Maryland in 1862, and into Pennsylvania in 1863, were each defensive in design, they differed in some particulars as to the immediate object which General Lee hoped to accomplish. Each sought to force the Union Army to retrace its steps; "each sought to render strength useless by skill;" but in 1862 there was not so grave a necessity for subsisting his army on Union soil as in 1863. The movement into Maryland was of course a more direct threat upon Washington. Besides, at that period there was still a prevalent belief among Southern leaders that Southern sentiment was strong in Maryland, and that an important victory within her borders might convert the Confederate camps into recruiting stations, and

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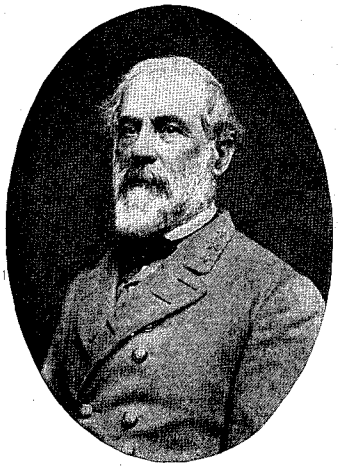
add materially to the strength of Lee's army. But the Confederate graves which were dug in Maryland's soil vastly outnumbered the Confederate soldiers recruited from her citizens. It would be idle to speculate as to what might have been the effect of a decisive victory by Lee's forces at South Mountain, or Boonesboro, or Antietam—Sharpsburg. The poignancy of disappointment at the small number recruited for our army was intensified by the recognition of the splendid fighting qualities of Maryland soldiers who had previously joined us.

Gen. James Longstreet, C. S. A.



Gen. Robert E. Lee, C. S. A.

The movement into Pennsylvania in 1863 was also, in part at least, a recruiting expedition. We did not expect, it is true, to gather soldiers for our ranks, but beeves for our commissary. For more than two years the effort to fill the ranks of the Southern armies had alarmingly reduced the ranks of Southern producers, with no appreciable diminution in the number of consumers. Indeed, the consumers had materially increased; for while we were not then seeking to encourage Northern immigration, we had a large number of visitors from that and other sections, who were exploring the country under such efficient guides as McClellan, Hooker, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and others. We had, therefore, much need of borrowing supplies from our neighbors beyond the Potomac. The bill of fare of some commands was already very short and by no means appetizing. General Ewell, having exhausted the contents of his larder, thought to replenish it from the surrounding country by a personal raid, and returned after a long and dusty hunt with a venerable ox, which would not have made a morsel, on division, for one per cent. of his command. Ewell's ox had on him, however, that peculiar quality of flesh which is essential in feeding an army on short rations. It was durable—irreducible.

The whole country in the Wilderness and around Chancellorsville, where both Hooker's and Lee's armies had done some foraging, and thence to the Potomac, was well-nigh exhausted. This was true, also, of a large portion of the Piedmont region and of the Valley of Virginia beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains; while the lower valley, along the Shenandoah, had long been the beaten track and alternate camping-ground of both Confederate and Union armies. It had contributed to the support of both armies until it could contribute no more. How to subsist, therefore, was becoming a serious question. The hungry hosts of Israel did not look across Jordan to the vine-clad hills of Canaan with more longing eyes than did Lee's braves contemplate

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the yellow grain-fields of Pennsylvania beyond the Potomac.

Again, to defend Richmond by threatening Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia was perhaps the most promising purpose of the Confederate invasion. Incidentally, it was hoped that a defeat of the Union Army in territory so contiguous to these great cities would send gold to such a premium as to cause financial panic in the commercial centres, and induce the great business interests to demand that the war should cease. But the hoped-for victory, with its persuasive influence, did not materialize. Indeed, the presence of Lee's army in Pennsylvania seemed to arouse the North to still greater efforts, as the presence of the Union armies in the South had intensified, if possible, the decision of her people to resist to the last extremity.

Gen. George E. Pickett, C. S. A.

The appearance of my troops on the flank of General Meade's army during the battle of Gettysburg was not our first approach into that little city, which was to become the turning-point in the Confederacy's fortunes. Having been detached from General Lee's army, my command had, some days prior to the great battle, passed through Gettysburg on our march to the Susquehanna. Upon those now historic hills, I had met a small force of Union soldiers, and had there fought a diminutive battle when the armies of both Meade and Lee were many miles away. When, therefore, my command—which penetrated further, I believe, than any other Confederate infantry into the heart of Pennsylvania—was recalled from the banks of the Susquehanna to take part in the prolonged and stupendous struggle, I expressed to my staff the opinion that if the battle should be fought at Gettysburg, the army which held the heights would probably be the victor. The insignificant encounter I had had on those hills impressed their commanding importance upon me as nothing else could have done.

The Valley of Pennsylvania, through which my command marched from Gettysburg to Wrightsville on the Susquehanna, awakened the most conflicting emotions. It was delightful to look upon such a scene of universal thrift and plenty. Its broad grain-fields clad in golden garb were waving their welcome to the reapers and binders. Some fields were already dotted over with harvested shocks. The huge barns on the highest grounds meant to my sore-footed marchers a mount, a ride and a rest on broad-backed horses. On every side, as far as our alert vision could reach, all aspects and conditions conspired to make this fertile and carefully tilled region a panorama both interesting and enchanting. It was a type of the fair and fertile Valley of Virginia at its best, before it became the highway of armies and the ravages of war had left it wasted and bare. This melancholy contrast between these charming districts, so similar in other respects, brought to our Southern sensibilities a touch of sadness. In both these lovely valleys were the big red barns representing in their silent dignity the independence of their owners. In both were the old-fashioned brick or stone mansions, differing in style of architecture and surroundings as Teutonic manners and tastes differ from those of the Cavalier. In both were the broad green meadows with luxuriant grasses and crystal springs.

One of these springs impressed itself on my memory by its marvellous beauty and the unique uses to which its owner had put it. He was a staid and laborious farmer of German descent. With an eye to utility, as well as to the health and convenience of his household, he had built his dining-room immediately over this fountain gushing from a cleft in an

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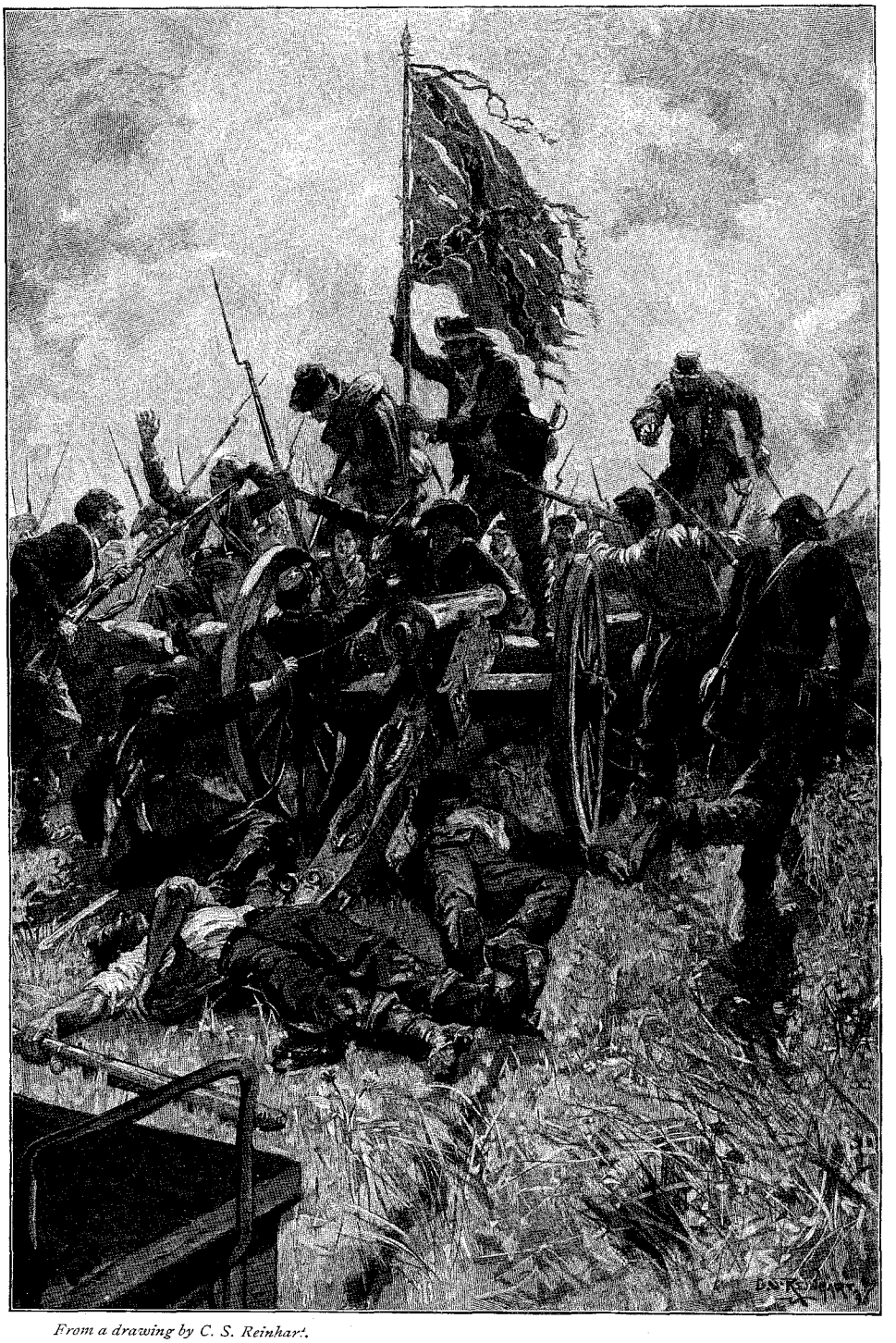

From a drawing by C. S. Reinhart.

High Tide at Gettysburg.

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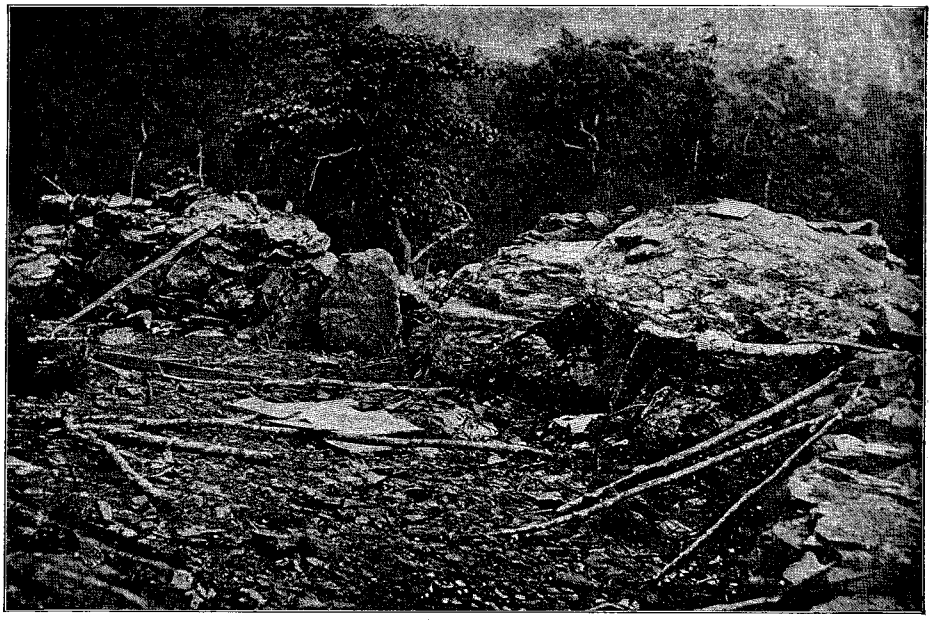

Entrenchments on Little Round Top, Gettysburg.

From a war-time photograph.

underlying rock. My camp for the night was near by, and I accepted his invitation to breakfast with him. As I entered the quaint room, one-half floored with smooth limestone, and the other half covered with limpid water bubbling clear and pure from the bosom of Mother Earth, my amazement at the singular design was perhaps less pronounced than the sensation of rest which it produced. For many days we had been marching on the dusty turnpikes, under a broiling sun, and it is easier to imagine than to describe the feeling of relief and repose which came over me, as we sat in that cool room, with a hot breakfast served from one side, while from the other the frugal housewife dipped cold milk and cream from immense jars standing neck deep in water.

We entered the city of York on Sunday morning. A committee, composed of the Mayor and prominent citizens, met my command on the main pike before we reached the corporate limits, their object being to make a peaceable surrender and ask for protection to life and property. They returned, I think, with a feeling of assured safety. The church bells were ringing, and the streets were filled with well-dressed people. The appearance of these church-going men, women, and children, in their Sunday attire, strangely contrasted with that of my marching soldiers. Begrimed as we were from head to foot with the impalpable gray powder which rose in dense columns from the macadamized pikes and settled in sheets on men, horses, and wagons, it is no wonder that many of York's inhabitants were terror-stricken as they looked upon us. We had been compelled on these forced marches to leave baggage wagons behind us, and there was no possibility of a change of clothing, and no time for brushing uniforms or washing the disfiguring dust from faces, hair, or beard. All these were of the same hideous hue. The grotesque aspect of my troops was accentuated here and there, too, by bare-footed men mounted double upon huge horses with shaggy manes and long fetlocks. Confederate pride, to say nothing of Southern gallantry, was subjected to the sorest trial by the consternation produced among the ladies of York. In my eagerness to relieve the citizens from all apprehension, I had lost sight of the fact that this turnpike powder was no respecter of persons, but that it enveloped all alike—

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Slaughter pen, foot of Little Round Top, Gettysburg.

From a war-time photograph.

officers as well as privates. Had I realized the wish of Burns, that some power would "the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us," I might have avoided the slight panic created by my effort to allay a larger one. Halting on the main street, where the sidewalks were densely packed, I rode a few rods in advance of my troops, in order to speak to the people from my horse. As I checked him and turned my full dust-begrimed face upon a bevy of young ladies very near me, a cry of alarm came from their midst; but after a few words of assurance from me, quiet and apparent confidence was restored. With my first sentence I assured these ladies that the troops behind me, though ill-clad and travel-stained, were good men and brave; that beneath their rough exteriors were hearts as loyal to women as ever beat in the breasts of honorable men; that their own experience and the experience of their mothers, wives, and sisters at home had taught them how painful was the sight of a hostile army in their town; that under the orders of the Confederate commander-in-chief, both private property and non-combatants were safe; that the spirit of vengeance and of rapine had no place in the bosoms of these dust-covered but knightly men; and I closed by pledging to York the head of any soldier under my command who destroyed private property, disturbed the repose of a single home or insulted a woman.

As we moved along the street after this episode, a little girl, probably twelve years of age, ran up to my horse and handed me a large bouquet of flowers, in the centre of which was a note in delicate hand-writing, purporting to give the numbers and describe the position of the Union forces of Wrightsville, towards which I was advancing. I carefully read and reread this strange note. It bore no signature, and contained no assurance of sympathy for the Southern cause, but it was so terse and explicit in its terms as to compel my confidence. The second day we were in front of Wrightsville, and from the high ridge, on which this note suggested that I halt and examine the position of the Union troops, I eagerly scanned the prospect with my field-glasses, in order to verify the truth of the mysterious communication or detect its misrepresentations. There, in full view before us, was the town, just as described, nestling on the banks of the Susquehanna. There was the blue line of soldiers guarding the approach, drawn

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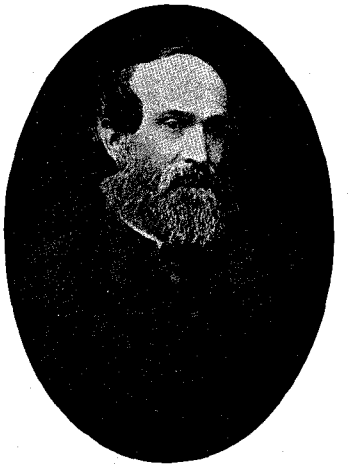
up as indicated, along an intervening ridge and across the pike. There was the long bridge spanning the Susquehanna and connecting the town with Columbia on the other bank. Most important of all, there was the deep gorge or ravine running off to the right and extending around the left flank of the Federal line and to the river below the bridge. Not an inaccurate detail in that note could be discovered. I did not hesitate, therefore, to adopt its suggestion of moving down the gorge in order to throw my command on the flank, or possibly in the rear, of the Union troops and force them to a rapid retreat or surrender. The result of this movement vindicated the strategic wisdom of my unknown and — judging by the handwriting — female correspondent, whose note was none the less martial because embedded in roses, and whose evident genius for war, had occasion offered, might have made her a captain equal to Catherine.



Lieut. Gen. Jubal A. Early, C. S. A.

As I have intimated, the orders from General Lee for the protection of private property and persons were of the most stringent character. Guided by these instructions and by my own impulses, I resolved to leave no ruins along the line of my march through Pennsylvania; no marks of a more enduring character than the tracks of my soldiers along its superb pikes. I cannot be mistaken in the opinion that the citizens who then lived and still live on these highways will bear me out in the assertion that we marched into that delightful region and then marched out of it, without leaving any scars to mar its beauty or lessen its value. Perhaps I ought to record two insignificant exceptions.

Going into camp in an open country and after dark, it was ascertained that there was no wood to be had for even the limited amount of necessary cooking, and I was appealed to by the men for permission to use a few rails from an old-fashioned fence near the camp. I agreed that they might take the top layer of rails, as the fence would still be high enough to answer the farmer's purpose. When morning came, the fence had nearly all disappeared, and each man declared that he had taken only the top rail! The authorized (?) destruction of that fence is not difficult to understand! It was a case of adherence to the letter and neglect of the spirit; but there was no alternative except good-naturedly to admit that my men had gotten the better of me that time.

The other case of insignificant damage inflicted by our presence in the Valley of Pennsylvania, was the application of the Confederate "conscript law," in drafting Pennsylvania horses into service. That law was passed by the Confederate Congress in order to call into our ranks able-bodied men at the South, but my soldiers seemed to think that it might be equally serviceable for the ingathering of able-bodied horses at the North. The trouble was that most of these horses had fled the country or were in hiding, and the owners of the few that were left were not submissive to Southern authority. One of these owners, who, I believe, had not many years before left his fatherland, and was not an expert in the use of English, attempted to save his favorite animal by a verbal combat with my quartermaster. That officer, however, failing to understand him, sent him to me. The "Pennsylvania Dutchman," as his class was known in the valley, was soon firing at me his broken English, and opened his argument with the announcement: "You be's got my mare." I replied, "It is not at all improbable, my friend, that I have your mare, but the game we are now playing is what was called in my boyhood 'tit for tat,'" and I endeavored to explain to him that the country was at war; that at the

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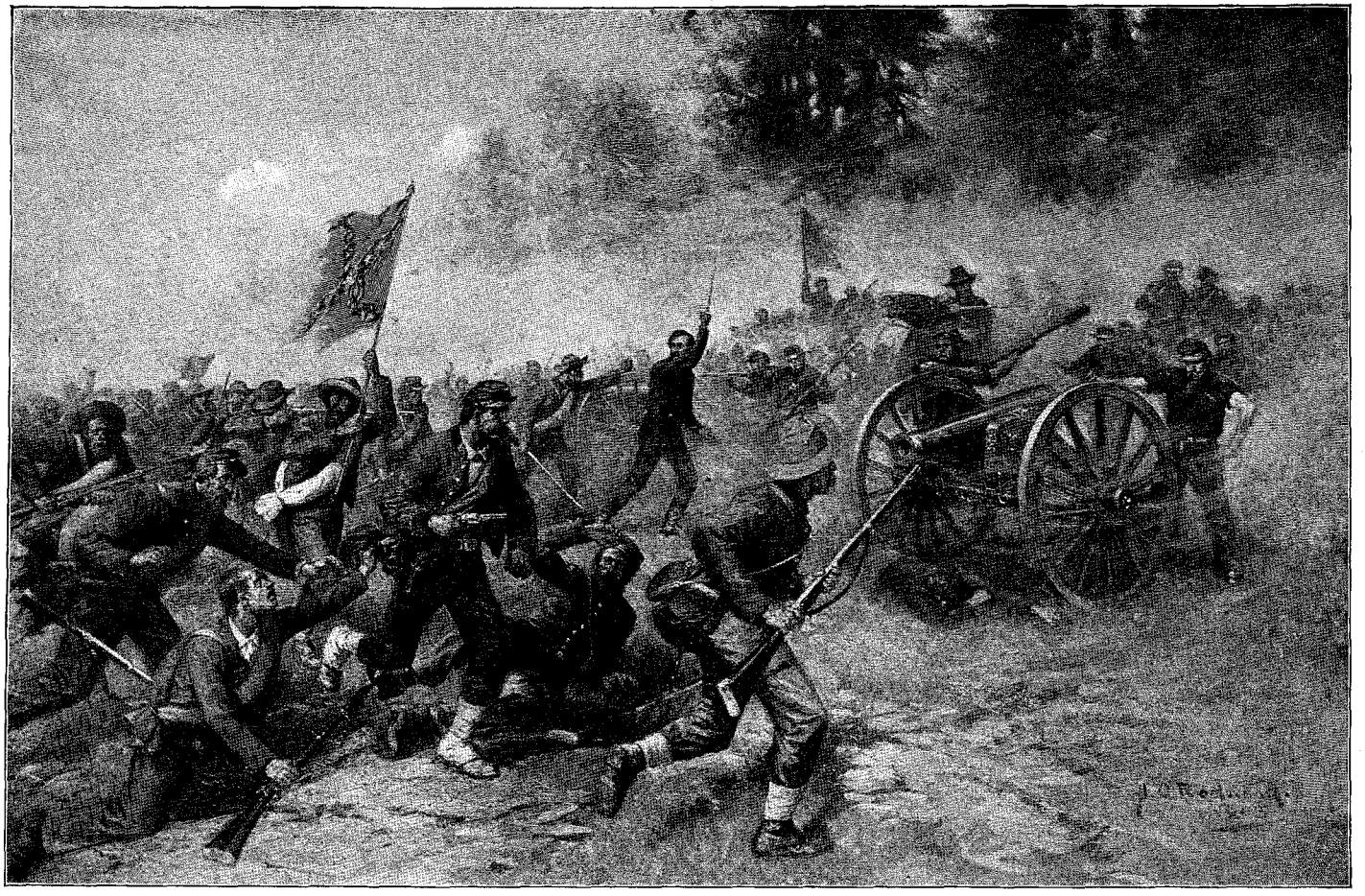

The charge up Little Round Top.

From a painting by A. C. Redwood, who was in the battle.

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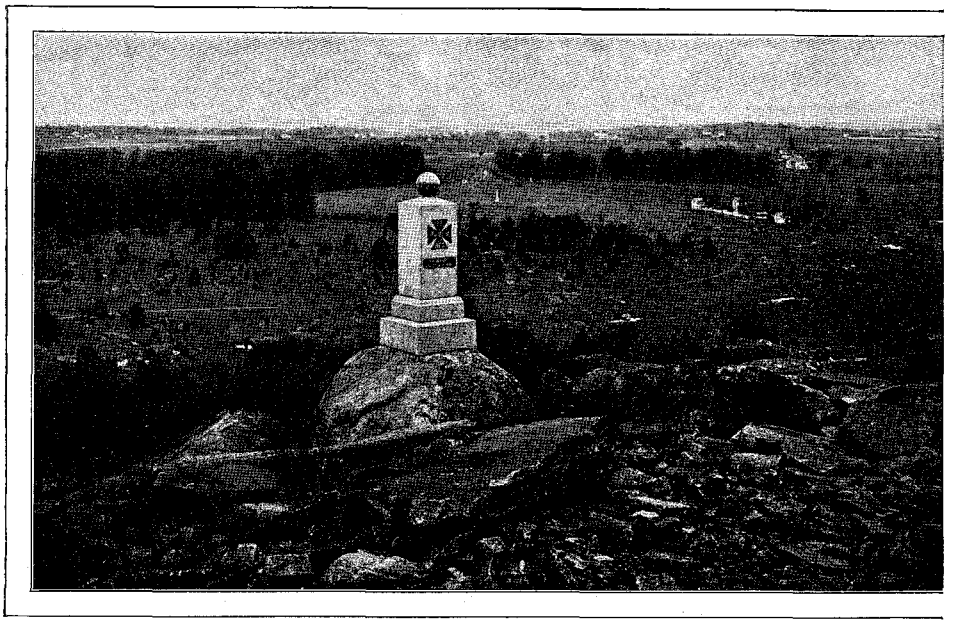

A general view of the Gettysburg

South horses were being taken by the Union soldiers, and that I was trying on a small scale to balance accounts. I flattered myself that this statement of the situation would settle the matter; but the explanation was far more satisfactory to myself than to him. He insisted that I had not paid for his mare. I at once offered to pay him—in Confederate money. I had no other. This he indignantly refused. Finally, I offered to give him a written order for the price of his mare on the President of the United States. This offer set him to thinking. He was quite disposed to accept it, but like a dim ray of starlight through a rift in the clouds at night, there gradually dawned on him the thought that there might possibly be some question as to my authority for drawing on the President. The suggestion of this doubt exhausted his patience, and in his righteous exasperation, like his great countryman hurling the inkstand at the devil, he pounded me with expletives in so furious a style that, although I could not interpret them into English, there was no difficulty in comprehending their meaning. The words which I did catch and understand showed that he was making a comparison of values between his mare and his "tree vifes." The climax of his argument was in these words: "I've been married, sir, tree times, and I vood not geef dot mare for all dose voomans."

With so sincere an admirer of woman as myself, such an argument could scarcely be recognized as forcible; but I was also a great lover of fine horses, and this poor fellow's distress at the loss of his favorite mare was so genuine and acute that I finally yielded to his entreaties and had her delivered to him.

When General Early reached York a few days later, he entered into some business negotiations with the officials and prominent citizens of that city. I was not advised as to the exact character of those negotiations, but it was rumored through that portion of the army at the time that General Early wanted to borrow, or secure in some other way, for the use of his troops, a certain amount of greenbacks, and that he succeeded in making the arrangement. I learned afterward that the only promise to repay, like that of the Confederate notes, was at some date subsequent to the establishment of Southern independence.

It will be remembered that the note concealed in the flowers handed me at York had indicated a ravine down which I could

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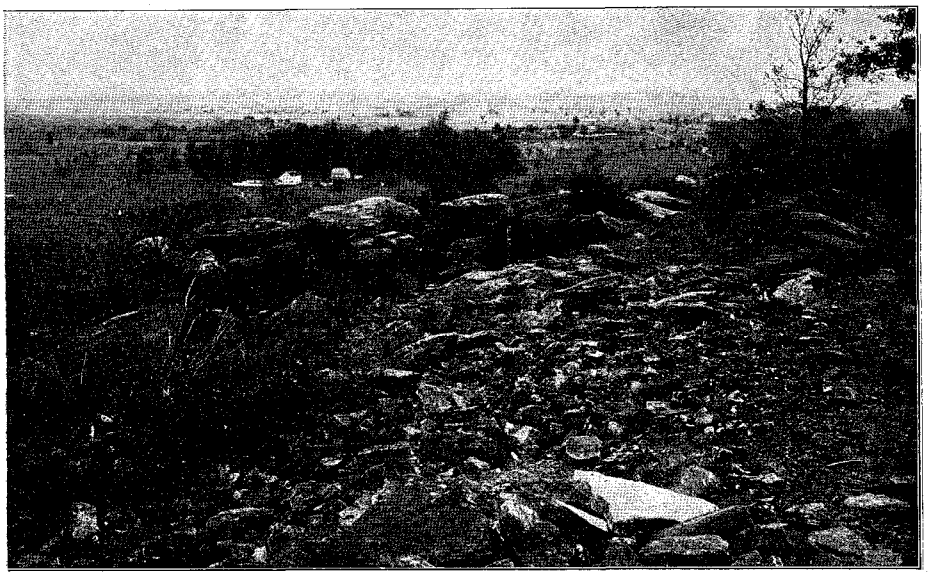

Battlefield from Little Round Top.

move, reaching the river not far from the bridge. As my orders were not restricted, except to direct me to cross the Susquehanna, if possible, my immediate object was to move rapidly down that ravine to the river, then along its right bank to the bridge, seize it and cross to the Columbia side. Once across, I intended to mount my men, if practicable, so as to pass rapidly through Lancaster in the direction of Philadelphia, and thus compel General Meade to send a portion of his army to the defence of that city. This programme was defeated, first, by the burning of the bridge, and second, by the imminent prospect of battle near Gettysburg. The Union troops stationed at Wrightsville had, in their retreat across it, fired the bridge which I had hoped to secure. With great energy my men labored to save it. I called on the citizens of Wrightsville for buckets and pails, but none were to be found. There was, however, no lack of buckets and pails a little later, when the town was on fire. The bridge might burn, for that incommoded, at the time, only the impatient Confederates, and these Pennsylvanians were not in sympathy with my expedition, nor anxious to facilitate the movement of such unwelcome visitors. But when the burning bridge fired the lumber-yards on the river's banks, and the burning lumber fired the town, buckets and tubs and pails and pans innumerable came from their hiding-places, until it seemed that had the whole of Lee's army been present, I could have armed them with these implements to fight the rapidly spreading flames. My men labored as earnestly and bravely to save the town as they did to save the bridge. In the absence of fire engines or other appliances, the only chance to arrest the progress of these flames was to form my men around the burning district, with the flank resting on the river's edge, and pass rapidly from hand to hand the pails of water. Thus and thus only was the advancing, raging fire met, and at a late hour of the night, checked and conquered. There was one point especially at which my soldiers combated the fire's progress with immense energy, and with great difficulty saved an attractive home from burning. It chanced to be the home of one of the most superb women it was my fortune to meet during the four years of war. She was Mrs. L. L. Rewalt, to whom I refer in my lecture, the "Last Days of the Confederacy," as the heroine of the Susquehanna. I met Mrs. Rewalt the morning after the fire had been checked.

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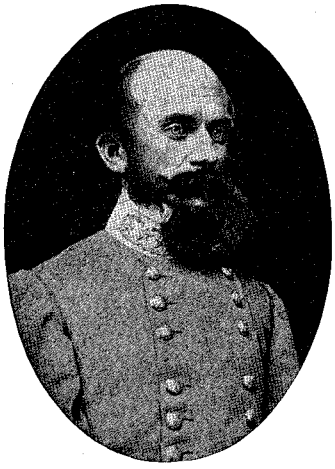
She had witnessed the furious combat with the flames around her home, and was unwilling that those men should depart without receiving some token of appreciation from her. She was not wealthy, and could not entertain my whole command, but she was blessed with an abundance of those far nobler riches of brain and heart which are the essential glories of exalted womanhood. Accompanied by an attendant, and at a late hour of the night, she sought me in the confusion which followed the destructive fire, to express her gratitude to the soldiers of my command and to inquire how long we would remain in Wrightsville. On learning that the village would be relieved of our presence at an early hour the following morning, she insisted that I should bring with me to breakfast at her house as many as could find places in her dining-room. She would take no excuse, not even the nervous condition in which the excitement of the previous hours had left her. At a bountifully supplied table in the early morning sat this modest, cultured woman, surrounded by soldiers in their gray and dusty uniforms. The welcome she gave us was so gracious, she was so self-possessed, so calm and kind, that I found myself in an inquiring state of mind as to whether her sympathies were with the Northern or Southern side in the pending war. Cautiously, but with sufficient clearness to indicate to her my object, I ventured some remarks which she could not well ignore and which she instantly saw were intended to evoke some declaration upon the subject. She was too brave to evade it; too self-poised to be confused by it, and too firmly fixed in her convictions to hesitate as to the answer. With no one present except Confederate soldiers who were her guests, she replied, without a quiver in her voice, but with womanly gentleness: "General Gordon, I fully comprehend you, and it is due to myself that I candidly tell you that I am a Union woman. I cannot afford to be misunderstood, nor to have you misinterpret this simple courtesy. You and your soldiers last night saved my home from burning, and I was unwilling that you should go away without receiving some token of my appreciation. I must tell you, however, that with my assent and approval, my husband is a soldier in the Union Army, and my constant prayer to Heaven is that the Union cause may triumph and our country be saved."



Lieut. Gen. Richard S. Ewell, C. S. A.

No Confederate left that room without a feeling of profound respect, of unqualified admiration, for that brave and worthy woman. No Southern soldier, no true Southern man who reads this account, will fail to render to her a like tribute of appreciation. The spirit of every high-souled Southerner was made to thrill over and over again at the evidence around him of the more than Spartan courage, the self-sacrifices and devotion of Southern women, at every stage and through every trial of the war, as they hurried from first to last, their brothers and fathers, their husbands and sons to the front. No Southern man can ever forget the words of cheer that came from these heroic women's lips, and their encouragement to hope and fight on in the midst of despair. When I met Mrs. Rewalt in Wrightsville, the parting with my own mother was still fresh in my memory. Nothing short of death's hand can ever obliterate from my heart the impression of that parting. Holding me in her arms, her heart almost bursting with anguish, and the tears running down her cheeks, she asked God to take care of me, and then said: "Go, my son; I shall perhaps never see you again, but I commit you freely to God and the service of your country." I had witnessed, as all South-

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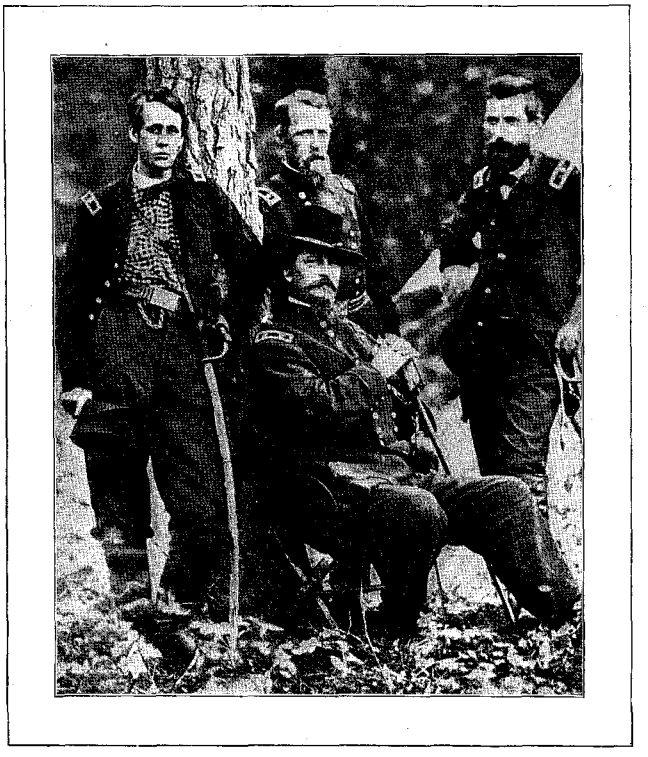

Major General W. S. Hancock, U. S. A., Division Commander.
Gen. Francis C. Barlow, Gen. David B. Binney and Gen. John Gibbon.

ern soldiers had witnessed, the ever-increasing consecration of those women to their cause. No language can fitly describe their saintly spirit of martyrdom, which grew stronger and rose higher when all other eyes could see the inevitable end of the terrific struggle, slowly but surely approaching.

Returning from the banks of the Susquehanna, and meeting at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, the advance of Lee's forces, my command was thrown quickly and squarely on the right flank of the Union Army. A more timely arrival never occurred. The battle had been raging for four or five hours. The Confederate General Archer, with a large portion of his brigade, had been captured. Heth and Scales, Confederate generals, had been wounded. The ranking Union commander on the field, General Reynolds, had been killed, and Hancock was assigned to command. The battle, upon the issue of which hung, perhaps, the fate of the Confederacy, was in full blast. The Union forces, at first driven back, now reinforced, were again advancing and pressing back Lee's left and threatening to envelop it. The Confederates were stubbornly contesting every foot of ground, but the Southern left was slowly yielding. A few moments more and the day's battle might have been ended by the complete turning of Lee's flank. I was ordered to move at once to the aid of the heavily pressed Confederates. With a ringing yell, my command rushed upon the line posted to protect the Union right. Here occurred a hand-to-hand struggle. That protecting Union line once broken, left my command not only on the right flank, but obliquely in rear of it. Any troops that were ever marshalled would, under like conditions, have been as surely and swiftly shattered. There was no alternative for Howard's men except to break and fly, or to throw down their arms and surrender. Under the concentrated fire from front and flank, the marvel is that any escaped. In the midst of the wild disorder in his ranks,

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and through a storm of bullets, a Union officer was seeking to rally his men for a final stand. He, too, went down, pierced by a minie ball. Riding forward with my rapidly advancing lines, I discovered that brave officer lying upon his back, with the July sun pouring its rays into his pale face. He was surrounded by the Union dead, and his own life seemed to be rapidly ebbing out. Quickly dismounting and lifting his head, I gave him water from my canteen, asked his name and the character of his wounds. He was Major-General Francis C. Barlow, of New York, and of Howard's corps. The ball had entered his body in front and passed out near the spinal cord, paralyzing him in legs and arms. Neither of us had the remotest thought that he could possibly survive many hours. I summoned several soldiers who were looking after the wounded, and directed them to place him upon a litter and carry him to the shade in the rear. Before parting, he asked me to take from his pocket, a package of letters and destroy them. They were from his wife. He had but one request to make of me. That request was, that if I should live to the end of the war, and should ever meet Mrs. Barlow, I would tell her of our meeting on the field of Gettysburg and of his thoughts of her in his last moments. He wished me to assure her that he died doing his duty at the front; that he was willing to give his life for his country, and that his deepest regret was that he must die without looking upon her face again. I learned that Mrs. Barlow was with the Union Army, and near the battlefield. When it is remembered how closely Mrs. Gordon followed me, it will not be difficult to realize that my sympathies were especially stirred by the announcement that his wife was so near him. Passing through the day's battle unhurt, I despatched at its close, under flag of truce, the promised message to Mrs. Barlow. I assured her that if she wished to come through the lines, she should have safe escort to her husband's side. In the desperate encounters of the two succeeding days, and the retreat of Lee's army, I dismissed all thought of Barlow, except to number him with the noble dead of the two armies who had so gloriously met their fate. The ball, however, had struck no vital point, and Barlow slowly recovered, though this fact was wholly unknown to me. The following summer, in battle near Richmond, my kinsman, with the same initials, General J. B. Gordon of North Carolina, was killed. Barlow, who had recovered, saw the announcement of his death, and entertained no doubt that he was the Gordon whom he had met on the field of Gettysburg. To me, therefore, Barlow was dead; to Barlow, I was dead. Nearly fifteen years passed before either of us was undeceived. During my second term in the United States Senate, the Hon. Clarkson Potter, of New York, was a member of the House of Representatives. He invited me to dinner in Washington to meet a General Barlow who had served in the Union Army. Potter knew nothing of the Gettysburg incident. I had heard that there was another Barlow in the Union Army, and supposed, of course, that it was this Barlow with whom I was to dine. Barlow had a similar reflection as to the Gordon he was to meet. Seated at Clarkson Potter's table, I asked Barlow: "General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" He replied: "Why, I am the man, sir. Are you related to the Gordon who killed me?" "I am the man, sir," I responded. No words of mine can convey any conception of the emotions awakened by those startling announcements. Nothing short of an actual resurrection from the dead could have

Gen. E. P. Alexander, C. S. A.

Chief of Artillery in Longstreet's Corps at the Battle of Gettysburg.

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amazed either of us more. Thenceforward, until his untimely death in 1896, the friendship between us which was born amidst the thunders of Gettysburg was greatly cherished by both.

No battle of our Civil War—no battle of any war—more forcibly illustrates the truth that officers at a distance from the field cannot, with any wisdom, attempt to control the movements of troops actively engaged. On the first day neither General Early nor General Ewell could possibly have been fully cognizant of the situation at the time I was ordered to halt. The whole of that portion of the Union Army in my front was in inextricable confusion and in flight. They were necessarily in flight, for my troops were upon the flank and rapidly sweeping down the lines. The firing upon my men had almost ceased. Large bodies of the Union troops were throwing down their arms and surrendering, because in disorganized and confused masses they were wholly powerless either to check the movement or return the fire. As far down the lines as my eye could reach, the Union troops were in retreat. Those at a distance were still resisting, but giving ground, and it was only necessary for me to press forward in order to insure the same results which invariably follow such flank movements. In less than one-half hour my troops would have swept up and over those hills, the possession of which was of such momentous consequence. It is not surprising, with a full realization of the consequences of a halt, that I should have refused at first to obey the order. Not until the third or fourth order of the most peremptory character reached me, did I obey. I think I should have risked the consequences of disobedience even then, but for the fact that the order to halt was accompanied with the explanation that General Lee, who was several miles away, did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg. It is stated on good authority that General Lee said, sometime before his death, that if Jackson had been there, he would have won in this battle a great and possibly decisive victory. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement as I did not hear it, but no soldier in a great crisis ever wished more ardently for a deliverer's hand than I wished for one hour of Jackson, when I was ordered to halt. Had he been there, his quick eye would have caught at a glance the entire situation, and instead of halting me, he would have urged me forward and have pressed the advantage to the utmost, simply notifying General Lee that the battle was on, and he had decided to occupy the heights. Had General Lee himself been present this would undoubtedly have been done. Absent, as he necessarily was, and intending to meet General Meade at another point and in defensive battle, he would still, when the facts were made known, have applauded the most aggressive movements though in conflict with his general plan. From the situation plainly to be seen on the first afternoon, and from facts that afterward came to light as to the position of the different corps of General Meade's army, it seems certain that if the Confederates had simply moved forward, following up the advantages gained, and striking the separated Union commands in succession, the victory would have been Lee's instead of Meade's.

Major Gen. George G. Meade, U. S. A.

I should state here that General Meade's army at that hour was stretched out along the line of his march for nearly thirty miles. General Lee's was much more concentrated. General Hancock's statement of the situation is true and pertinent: "The rear of our troops were hurrying through the town pursued by Confederates. There had been an attempt to reform some of the Eleventh

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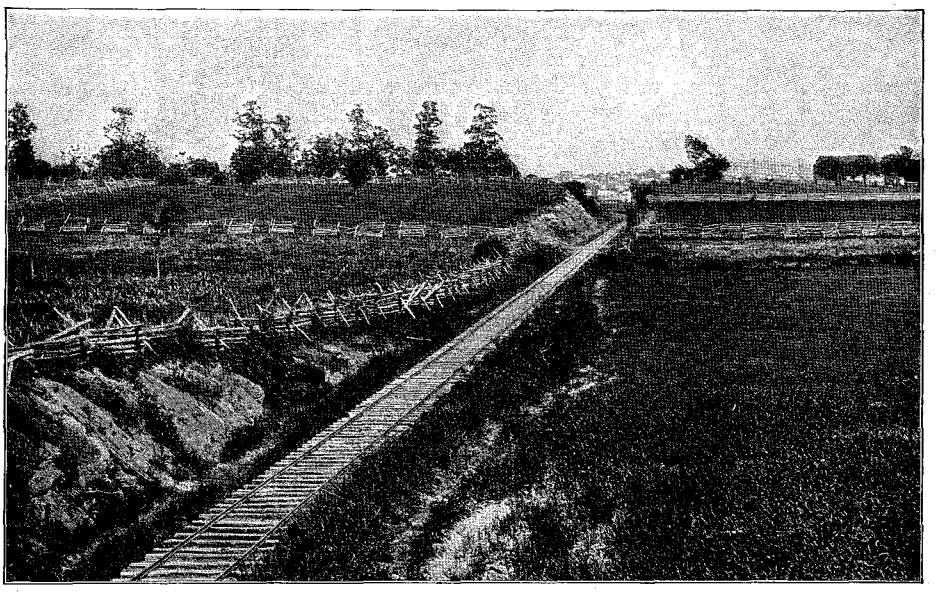

Railroad cut on the old "Tapeworm" road,

Scene of the capture of the Confederate Brigade during the first day's fight—Battle of Gettysburg.

Corps as they passed over Cemetery Hill, but it had not been very successful." And yet I was halted!

My thoughts were so harrowed and my heart so burdened by the fatal mistake of the afternoon that I was unable to sleep at night. Mounting my horse at two o'clock in the morning, I rode with one or two staff officers to the red barn in which General Ewell and General Early then had their headquarters. Much of my time after nightfall had been spent on the front picket line, listening to the busy strokes of Union picks and shovels on the hills, to the rumble of artillery wheels and the tramp of fresh troops as they were hurried forward by Union commanders and placed in position. There was, therefore, no difficulty in divining the scene that would break on our view with the coming dawn. I did not hesitate to say to both Ewell and Early that a line of heavy earthworks, with heavy guns and ranks of infantry behind them would frown upon us at daylight. I expressed the opinion that, even at that hour, two o'clock, by a concentrated and vigorous night assault, we could carry those heights, and that if we waited till morning it would cost us 10,000 men to take them. There was a disposition to yield to my suggestions, but other counsels finally prevailed. Those works were never carried, but the cost of the assault upon them, the appalling carnage resulting from the effort to take them, far exceeded that which I had ventured to predict.

Late in the afternoon of this first day's battle, when the firing had greatly decreased along most of the lines, General Ewell and I were riding through the streets of Gettysburg. He had lost, in a previous battle, one of his legs, but prided himself on the efficiency of the wooden one which he used in its place. As we rode together, a body of Union soldiers, posted behind some buildings and fences on the outskirts of the town, suddenly opened a brisk fire. A number of Confederates were killed or wounded, and I heard the ominous thud of a minie ball as it struck General Ewell at my side. I quickly asked: "Are you hurt, sir?" "No, no," he replied; "I'm not hurt. But suppose that ball had struck you: we would have had the trouble of carrying you off the field, sir. You see how much better fixed for a fight I am than you are. It don't hurt a bit to be shot in a wooden leg."

Ewell was one of the most eccentric

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characters, and taking him all in all, one of the most interesting that I have ever known. It is said that in his early manhood he had been disappointed in a love affair, and had never fully recovered from its effects. The fair young woman to whom he had given his affections had married another man; but Ewell, like the truest of knights, carried her image in his heart through long years. When he was promoted to the rank of brigadier or major-general, he evidenced the constancy of his affections by placing upon his staff the son of the woman whom he had loved in his youth. The meddlesome Fates, who seem to revel in the romances of lovers, had decreed that Ewell should be shot in battle and become the object of solicitude and tender nursing by this lady, who had been for many years a widow—Mrs. Brown. Her gentle ministrations soothed his weary weeks of suffering, and they were at last married, and with it came the realization of Ewell's long-deferred hope. It was most interesting to note the change that came over the spirit of this formerly irascible old bachelor. He no longer sympathized with General Early, who, like himself, was known to be more intolerant of soldiers' wives than the crusty French Marshal who pronounced them the most inconvenient sort of baggage for a soldier to own. Ewell had become a husband, and was sincerely devoted to Mrs. Ewell. He never seemed to realize, however, that her marriage to him had changed her name, for he proudly presented her to his friends as "My wife, Mrs. Brown, sir."

Whatever differences of opinion may now or hereafter exist as to the results which might have followed a defeat of the Union arms at Gettysburg, there is universal concurrence in the judgment that this battle was the turning-point in the South's fortunes. The point where Pickett's Virginians, under Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead, in their immortal charge, swept over the rock wall, has been appropriately designated by the Government as "The high-water mark of the Rebellion." To the Union commander, General George Gordon Meade, history will accord the honor of having handled his army at Gettysburg with unquestioned ability. The record and results of the battle entitle him to a high place among Union leaders. To him and to his able subordinates and heroic men is due the credit of having successfully met and repelled the army of Northern Virginia in the meridian of its hope and confidence and power. This much seems secure to him, whether his failure to vigorously follow General Lee and force him to another battle is justified or condemned by the military critics of the future. General Meade's army halted, it is true, after having achieved a victory. The victory, however, was not of so decisive a character as to demoralize Lee's forces. The great Bonaparte said that bad as might be the condition of a victorious army after battle, it was invariably true that the condition of the defeated army was still worse. If, however, any successful commander was ever justified in disregarding this truism of Bonaparte's, General Meade was that commander; for a considerable portion of Lee's army, probably one-third of it, was still in excellent fighting trim, and nearly every man in it would have responded with alacrity to Lee's call to form a defensive line and deliver battle.

It was my pleasure to know General Meade well after the war, when he was the Department Commander or Military Governor of Georgia. An incident at a banquet in the city of Atlanta illustrates his high personal and soldierly characteristics. The first toast of the evening was to General Meade as the honored guest. When this toast had been drunk, my health was proposed. Thereupon, objection was made upon the ground that it was "too soon after the war to be drinking the health of a man who had been fighting for four years in the Rebel army." It is scarcely necessary to say that this remark came from one who did no fighting in either army. He belonged to that curious class of soldiers who were as valiant in peace as they were docile in war; whose defiance of danger became dazzling after the danger was all over. General Meade belonged to the other class of soldiers, who fought as long as fighting was in order, and was ready for peace when there was no longer any foe in the field. This chivalric chieftain of the Union forces at Gettysburg was far more indignant at this speech of the bomb-proof warrior than I was myself. The moment this objection to drinking my health was suggested, General Meade sprang to his feet, and with a compliment to myself which I shall not be

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expected to repeat, and a rebuke to the objector, he held high his glass and said, with significant emphasis: "I propose to drink, and drink now, to my former foe, but now my friend, General Gordon, of Georgia."

It will not be expected that any considerable space be devoted to the unseemly controversy over those brilliant but disastrous Confederate charges which lost the day at Gettysburg. I could scarcely throw upon the subject any additional light nor bring to its elucidation any material testimony not already adduced by those who have written on the one side or the other. A sense of justice, however, to say nothing of loyalty to Lee's memory, impels me to submit one observation; and I confidently affirm that nearly every soldier who fought under him will sympathize with that suggestion. It is this: that nothing that occurred at Gettysburg, nor anything that has been written since of that battle, has lessened the conviction that, had Lee's orders been promptly and cordially executed, Meade's centre on the third day would have been penetrated and the Union army overwhelmingly defeated. Lee's hold upon the confidence of his army was absolute. The repulse at Gettysburg did not shake it. I recall no instance in history where a defeated army retained in its retreating commander a faith so complete, and gave to him subsequent support so enthusiastic and universal.

General Longstreet is undoubtedly among the great American soldiers who attained distinction in our Civil War; and to myself, and, I am sure, to a large majority of the Southern people, it is a source of profound regret, that he and his friends should have been brought into such unprofitable and ill-tempered controversy with the friends of his immortal chieftain.

A third of a century has passed since, with Lee's stricken but still puissant army, I turned my back upon the field of Gettysburg, on which nearly 40,000 Americans went down, dead or wounded, at the hands of fellow Americans. The commanders-in-chief and nearly all the great actors upon it are dead. Of the heroes who fought there and survived the conflict, a large portion have since joined the ranks of those who fell. A new generation has taken their places since the battle's roar was hushed, but its thunders are still reverberating through my memory. No tongue, nor pen, can adequately portray its vacillating fortunes at each dreadful moment. As I write of it now, a myriad thrilling incidents and rapidly changing scenes, now appalling and now inspiring, rush over my memory. I hear again the words of Barlow: "Tell my wife that I freely gave my life for my country." Yonder, resting on his elbow, I see the gallant young Avery in his bloody gray uniform among his brave North Carolinians, writing as he dies, "Tell father that I fell with my face to the foe." On the opposite hills, Lee and Meade, surrounded by staff and couriers and with glasses in hand, are surveying the intervening space. Over it the flying shells are plunging, shrieking, bursting. The battered Confederate line staggers, reels, and is bent back before the furious blast. The alert Federals leap from the trenches and over the walls and rush through this thin and wavering line. Instantly, from the opposite direction, with deafening yells, come the Confederates in countercharge, and the brave Federals are pressed back to the walls. The Confederate banners sweep through the riddled peach orchard; while further to the Union left on the gory wheat field the impacted forces are locked in deadly embrace. Across this field in alternate waves rolls the battle's tide, now from the one side, now from the other, until the ruthless Harvester piles his heaps of slain thicker than the grain shocks gathered by the husbandman's scythe. Hard by is Devil's Den. Around it and over it, the deadly din of battle roars. The rattle of rifles, the crash of shells, the shouts of the living and groans of the dying, convert that dark woodland into a harrowing Pandemonium. Further to the Union left, Hood, with his stalwart Texans, is climbing the Round Tops. For a moment he halts to shelter them behind the great boulders. A brief pause for rest, and to his command, "Forward!" they mount the huge rocks reddened with blood—and Hood's own blood is soon added. He falls seriously wounded; but his intrepid troops under Law press forward. The fiery brigades of McLaws move to his aid. The fiercest struggle is now for the possession of Little Round Top. Standing on its rugged summit like a lone sentinel is seen

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an erect but slender form clad in the uniform of a Union officer. It is Warren, Meade's chief of engineers. With practised eye, he sees at a glance that quickly seized, that rock-ribbed hill would prove a Gibraltar amidst the whirling currents of the battle, resisting its heaviest shocks. Staff and couriers are summoned, who swiftly bear his messages to the Union leaders. Veterans from Hancock and Sykes respond at a "double-quick." Around its base, along its sides, and away toward the Union right, with the forces of Sickles and Hancock, the gray veterans of Longstreet are in herculean wrestle. Barksdale's Mississippians seize a Union battery and rush on. The Union lines under Humphries break through a Confederate gap and sweep around Barksdale's left. Wright's Georgians and Perry's Floridians are hurled against Humphries and break him in turn. Amidst the smoke and fury, Sickles with thigh-bone shivered, sickens and falls from his saddle into the arms of his soldiers. Sixty per cent. of Hancock's veterans go down with his gallant Brigadiers Willard, Zook, Cross, and Brooke. The impetuous Confederate leaders, Barksdale and Semmes, fall and die, but their places are quickly assumed by the next in command. The Union forces of Vincent and Weed, with Hazlett's artillery, have reached the summit, but all three are killed. The apex of Little Round Top is the point of deadliest struggle. The day ends, and thus ends the battle. As the last rays of the setting sun fall upon the summit, they are reflected from the batteries and bayonets of the Union soldiers still upon it, with the bleeding Confederates struggling to possess it. The embattled hosts sleep upon their arms. The stars look down at night upon a harrowing scene of pale faces all over the field, and of sufferers in the hospitals behind the lines—an army of dead and wounded numbering over twenty thousand.

THE THIRD DAY

The third day's struggle was the bloody postscript to the battle of the first and second. There was a pause. Night had intervened. It was only a pause for breath. Of sleep there was little for the soldiers; perhaps none for the throbbing brains of the great chieftains. Victory to Lee meant Southern independence. Victory to Meade meant an inseparable Union. The life of the Confederacy: the unity of the Republic—these are the stakes of July the third. Meade decided to defend. Lee resolved to assault. The decisive blow at Meade's left centre was planned for the early morning. The morning came and the morning passed. The Union right, impatient at the Confederate delay, opens fire on Lee's left. The challenge is answered by a Confederate charge under Edward Johnson. The Union trenches are carried. Ruger's Union lines sweep down from the heights on Johnson's left and recover these trenches. High noon is reached, but the assault on the left centre is still undelivered. With every moment of delay, Lee's chances are diminishing with geometrical progression. At last the heavy signal-guns break the fatal silence and summon the gray lines of infantry to the charge. Pickett's Virginians are leading. The tired veterans of Heth and Wilcox and Pettigrew move with them. Down the long slope and up the next the majestic column sweeps. With Napoleonic skill, Meade's artillerists turn the converging, galling fire of all adjacent batteries upon the advancing Confederates. The heavy Southern guns hurl their solid shot and shell above the Southern lines and into the Union ranks on the summit. The air trembles and the hills quiver. Onward, still onward, the Southern legions press. Through a tempest of indescribable fury, they rush toward the crest held by the compact Union lines. The Confederate leaders, Garnett, Trimble, and Kemper, fall in the storm—the first dead, the others down and disabled. On the Union side, Hancock and Gibbon are borne bleeding to the rear. Still onward press the men in gray, their ranks growing thinner, their lines shorter, as the living press toward the centre to fill the great gaps left by the dead. Nearly every mounted officer goes down. Riderless horses are flying hither and thither. Above the battle's roar is heard the familiar Southern yell. It proclaims fresh hope, but false hope. Union batteries are seen to limber up, and the galloping horses carry them to the rear. The Confederate shout is evoked by a misapprehension. These guns are not disabled. They do not fly before the Confederate lines from fear of capture. It is simply to cool their heated

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throats. Into their places quickly wheel the fresh Union guns. Like burning lava from volcanic vents, they pour a ceaseless current of fire into the now thin Confederate ranks. The Southern left is torn to fragments. Quickly, the brilliant Alexander, his ammunition almost exhausted, flies at a furious gallop with his batteries to the support of the dissolving Confederate infantry. Here and there his horses and riders go down and check his artillery's progress. His brave gunners cut loose the dead horses, seize the wheels, whirl the guns into position, and pour the hot grape and canister into the faces of the Federals. The Confederates rally under the impulse, and rush onward. At one instant their gray jackets and flashing bayonets are plainly seen in the July sun. At the next they disappear, hidden from view as the hundreds of belching cannon conceal and envelop them in sulphurous smoke. The brisk west wind lifts and drives the smoke from the field, revealing the Confederate banners close to the rock wall. "Will they go over?" Look! They are over and in the Union lines. The left centre is pierced, but there is no Union panic, no general flight. The Confederate battle-flags and the Union banners are floating side by side. Face to face, breast to breast, are the hostile hosts. The heavy guns are silent. The roar of artillery has given place to the rattle of rifles and crack of pistol shots, as the officers draw their side arms. The awful din and confusion of close combat is heard, as men batter and brain each other with clubbed muskets. The brave young Pennsylvanian, Lieutenant Cushing, shot in both thighs, still stands by his guns. The Confederates seize them; but he surrenders them only with his life. One Southern leader is left. It is the heroic Armistead. He calls around him the shattered Southern remnants. Lifting his hat on the point of his sword, he orders "Forward!" on the second line, and dies with half these remnants, amidst the culminating fury of Gettysburg's fires.

The collision had shaken the continent. For three days the tumult and roar around Cemetery Heights and the Round Tops seemed the echo of the internal commotion which ages before had heaved these hills above the surrounding plain.

It is a great loss to history and to posterity that General Lee did not, like General Grant, write his own recollections. It was his fixed purpose to do so, for some years after the war ended. From correspondence and personal interviews with him, I know that he was profoundly impressed with the belief that it was his duty to write, and he expended much time and labor in getting the material for such a work. From his reports, which are models of official papers, were necessarily excluded the free and full comments upon plans, movements, men, failures, and the reasons for such failures, as they appeared to him, and of which he was the most competent witness. To those who knew General Lee well, and who added to this knowledge a just appreciation of his generous nature, the assumption by him of entire responsibility for the failure at Gettysburg means nothing except an additional and overwhelming proof of his almost marvellous magnanimity. He was commander-in-chief, and as such and in that sense he was responsible; but in that sense he was also responsible for every act of every officer and every soldier in his army. This, however, is not the kind of responsibility under discussion. This is not the standard which history will erect and by which he will be judged. If by reason of repeated mistakes or blunders he had lost the confidence and respect of his army, and for this cause could no longer command its cordial and enthusiastic support, this fact would fix his responsibility for the failure. But no such conditions appertained. As already stated, the confidence in him before and after the battle was boundless. Napoleon Bonaparte never more firmly held the faith of Frenchmen, when thrones were trembling before him, than did Lee hold the faith of his devoted followers, even amidst the gloom of his heaviest disasters.

If his plan of battle was faulty, then for this he is responsible; but if his general plan promised success, and if there was a lack of cheerful, prompt, and intelligent co-operation in its execution, or if there were delays that General Lee could not foresee, nor provide against, and which delays or lack of co-operation enabled General Meade to concentrate his reserves behind the point of contemplated attack, then the responsibility is shifted to other shoulders.

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There was nothing new or especially remarkable in General Lee's plans. Novelties in warfare are confined rather to its implements than to the methods of delivering battle. To Hannibal and Cæsar, to Frederick and Napoleon, to Grant and Lee, to all great soldiers, the plan was familiar. It was to assault along the entire line and hold the enemy to hard work on the wings, while the artillery and heaviest impact of infantry penetrated the left centre. Co-operation by every part of his army was expected and essential. However well-trained and strong may be the individual horses in a team, they will never move the stalled wagon when one pulls forward while the other holds back. They must all pull together, or the heavily loaded wagon will never be carried to the top of the hill. Such co-operation at Gettysburg was only partial, and limited to comparatively small forces. Pressure—hard, general, and constant pressure—upon Meade's right would have called him to its defence and weakened his centre. That pressure was only spasmodic and of short duration—Lee and his plan could only promise success on the proviso that the movement was both general and prompt. It was neither. Moments in battle are pregnant with the fate of armies. When the opportune moment to strike arrives, the blow must fall; for the next instant it may be futile. Not only moments, but hours, of delay occurred. I am criticising officers for the lack of complete co-operation, not for unavoidable delays. I am simply stating facts which must necessarily affect the verdict of history. Had all the commands designated by General Lee co-operated by a simultaneous assault, thus preventing Meade from grouping his troops around his centre, and had the onset upon that centre occurred in the early morning, as intended by Lee, it requires no partiality to see that this great commander's object would have been assuredly achieved. That the plan involved hazard is undoubtedly true. All battles between such troops as confronted each other at Gettysburg are hazardous and uncertain. If the commanders of the Confederate and Union armies had all waited for opportunities free of hazard and uncertainty, no great battle would have been fought and the war would never have ended. The question which history will ask is this: "Was General Lee justified in expecting success?" The answer will be that, with his experience in meeting the same Union Army at Fredericksburg, at the second Manassas, in the seven-days' battle around Richmond and at Chancellorsville; with an army behind him which he believed well-nigh invincible, and which army believed its commander well-nigh infallible; with a victory for his troops on the first day at Gettysburg, the completeness of which had been spoiled only by an untimely and fatal halt; with the second-day's battle ending with alternate successes and indecisive results; and with the expectation of prompt action and vigorous united co-operation, he was abundantly justified in confidently expecting success.

Wellington at Waterloo and Meade at Gettysburg, each held the highlands against his antagonist. Wellington on Mont-Saint-Jean, and Meade on Cemetery Ridge, had the bird's-eye view of the forces of attack. The English batteries on the plateau and the Union batteries on Cemetery Heights, commanded alike the intervening undulations across which the charging columns must advance. Behind Mont-Saint-Jean, to conceal Wellington's movements from Napoleon's eye, were the woodlands of Soignes. Behind Cemetery Ridge, to conceal Meade's movements from the field-glasses of Lee, was a sharp declivity, a protecting and helpful depression. As the French under Napoleon at Waterloo, so the Confederates under Lee at Gettysburg, held the weaker position. In both cases the assailants sought to expel their opponents from the stronger lines. I might add another resemblance in the results which followed. Waterloo decreed the destiny of France, of England, of Europe. Gettysburg, not so directly or immediately, but practically, decided the fate of the Confederacy.

There were points of vast divergence. The armies which met at Waterloo were practically equal. This was not true of the armies that met at Gettysburg. Napoleon's artillery far exceeded that of Wellington. Lee's was far inferior to Meade's, in the metal from which the guns were moulded, as well as in number. Waterloo was a rout, Gettysburg a repulse. Napoleon, in the ensuing panic, was a deserted

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fugitive. Lee rode amidst his broken lines calmly majestic, the idol of his followers. With no trace of sympathy for Napoleon's selfish aims, with righteous condemnation of his vaulting ambition, one cannot fail to realize the profound pathos of his position on that dismal night of wildest panic and lonely flight. Abandoned by fortune, deserted by his army, discrowned and doomed, he is described by Hugo as having not an organized company to comfort him, not even his faithful old guard to rally around him. In Lee's army there was neither panic nor precipitate retreat. There was no desertion of the great commander. Around him still stood his heroic legions, with confidence in him unshaken, love for him unabated, ready to follow his lead and to fight under his orders to the last extremity.

General Meade evidently, perhaps naturally, expected far greater confusion and disorganization in Lee's army, from the terrific repulse to which it had been subjected. He wisely threw his cavalry upon Lee's flank in order to sweep down upon the rear and cut to pieces or capture the fragments of Southern infantry, in case of general retreat or demoralization. As the Union bugles sounded the charge, however, for the gallant horsemen under Farnsworth, Lee's right was ready to receive them. Proudly they rode, but promptly were they repulsed. Many saddles were emptied by Confederate bullets. The intrepid commander, General Farnsworth himself, lost his life in the charge. On the other flank, and with similar design, Lee had placed Stuart with his dashing Confederate riders. Stuart was to attack when Lee's infantry had pierced Meade's centre, and when the Union Army was cut in twain and in rapid retreat. This occasion never came to Stuart, but he found all the opportunity he could reasonably desire for the exercise of his men and horses in a furious combat with Gregg's five thousand Union troopers.

The introduction of gunpowder and bullets and of long range repeating-rifles, has, in modern warfare, greatly lessened the effectiveness of cavalry in general battle with infantry, and deprived that great arm of the service of the terror which its charges once inspired. In wars of the early centuries, the swift horsemen rode down the comparatively helpless infantry and trampled its ranks with the feet of the horses. For ages after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, it was the vast bodies of cavalry that checked and changed the currents of battles, and settled the fate of armies and empires. This is not true now—can never be true again; but a cavalry charge, met by a countercharge of cavalry, is still, perhaps, the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge, he can form little conception of its awe-inspiring fury. Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg's Heights upon the open, wide-spreading plain below, where five thousand horses are marshalled in battle line. Standing beside them are five thousand riders armed, booted and spurred, and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly five thousand plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places. The fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, ten to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are five thousand hostile horsemen clad in different uniforms, ready to meet these in countercharge. Under those ten thousand horses are their hoofs, iron-shod and pitiless, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabres leap from scabbards and glisten in the sun. The trained horses chafe their restraining bits, and as the bugle notes sound the charge, their nostrils dilate and their flanks swell in sympathetic impulse with the dashing riders. "Forward!" shouts the commander. Down the lines and through the columns in quick succession ring the echoing commands, "Forward, forward!" As this order thrills through eager ears, sabres flash, and spurs are planted in palpitating flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron-rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread, crush the stones to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall. As front against front these furious riders plunge, their sweeping sabres slashing edge against edge, cutting a way through opposing ranks, gashing faces,

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breaking arms, and splitting heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle, short-lived but terrible.

Ewell's Corps, of which my command was a part, was the last to leave Gettysburg, and the only corps of either army, I believe, that forded the Potomac. Reaching this river, we found it for the time an impassable barrier against our further progress southward. The pontoons had been destroyed. The river was deep and muddy, swollen and swift. We were leaving Pennsylvania and the full granaries that had fed us. Pennsylvania was our Egypt whither we had "gone to buy corn." We regretted leaving, although we had found far less favor with the authorities of this modern Egypt than had Joseph and his brethren with the rulers of the ancient land of abundance.

The fording of the Potomac in the dim starlight of that 13th of July night, and early morning of the 14th, was a spectacular phase of war so quaint and impressive as to leave itself lastingly daguerreotyped on the memory. To the giants in the army the passage was comparatively easy, but the short-legged soldiers were a source of anxiety to the officers, and of constant amusement to their long-legged comrades. With their knapsacks high up on their shoulders, their cartridge boxes above the knapsacks and their guns lifted still higher to keep them dry, these little heroes of the army battled with the current from shore to shore. Borne down below the line of march by the swiftly rolling water, slipping and sliding in the mud and slime, and stumbling over the boulders at the bottom, the marvel is that none were drowned. The irrepressible spirit for fun-making, for jests and good-natured gibes, was not wanting to add to the grotesque character of the passage. Let the reader imagine himself, if he can, struggling to hold his feet under him, with the water up to his armpits, and some tall, stalwart man just behind him shouting, "Pull ahead, Johnny; General Meade will help you along directly by turning loose a battery of Parrott guns on you." Or another, in his front, calling to him: "Run here, little boy, and get on my back, and I'll carry you over safely." Or still another, with mock solemnity, proposing to change the name of the corps to "Lee's Waders," and this answered by a counter proposition to petition the Secretary of War to imitate old Frederick the Great and organize a corps of "Six-footers" to do this sort of work for the whole army. Or still another offering congratulations on this opportunity for being washed, "the first we have had, boys, for weeks, and General Lee knows we need it."

Most of our wounded and our blue-coated comrades who accompanied us as prisoners were shown greater consideration—they were ferried across in boats. The only serious casualty connected with this dangerous crossing occurred at the point least expected. From the pontoon bridge, which had been repaired, and which was regarded as not only the most comfortable, but by far the safest method of transit, the horses and a wagon loaded with sick and wounded were plunged into the river. By well-directed effort they were rescued - not one of the men, I believe, being lost.

General Meade was deliberate in his pursuit, if not considerate in his treatment of us. He had induced us to change our minds. Instead of visiting Philadelphia on this trip, he had persuaded us to return toward Richmond. He doubtless thought that the last day's fight at Gettysburg was fairly good work for one campaign, and that if he attempted to drive us more rapidly from Pennsylvania, the experiment might prove expensive. As previously intimated, he was probably correct in this opinion. Had he left his strong position while Lee stood waiting for him to come out on the 4th of July at Gettysburg and to assume the offensive, the chances are at least even that his assault would have been repelled and might have led to a Union disaster. One of the wisest adages in war is to avoid doing what your antagonist desires, and it is beyond dispute that, from General Lee down through all the grades, even to the heroic privates in the ranks, there was a readiness if not a desire to meet General Meade should he advance upon us. Meade's policy after the Confederate repulse at Gettysburg did not differ materially from that of Lee after the Union repulse at Fredericksburg. General Halleck, as he surveyed the situation from Washington, did not like General Meade's

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deliberation, and pelted him with telegrams extremely nettling to that proud soldier's sensibilities. In the citadel of the War Office at Washington, General Halleck could scarcely catch so clear a view of the situation as could General Meade from the bloody and shivered rocks of the Round Tops. No one doubts General Halleck's ability or spiritual ardor or verbal impetuosity. To Southern apprehension, however, there was far more serious work to be expected from the silent Grant and the undemonstrative Meade than from the explosive Halleck or fulminating Pope.

It is one of the curious coincidences of the war that the results at Gettysburg furnished the occasion for the tender of resignation by each of the commanders-in-chief. Lee offered to resign, because he had not satisfied himself; Meade, because he had not satisfied his Government. Lee feared discontent among his people; Meade found it with General Halleck. Relief from command was denied to Lee; it was granted at last to Meade.

It would have been a fatal mistake, a blunder, to have accepted General Lee's resignation. There was no other man who could have filled his place in the confidence, veneration, and love of his army. His relief from command in Virginia would have brought greater dissatisfaction if not greater disaster, than did the removal from command of Joe Johnston in Georgia. The Continental Congress might as safely have dispensed with the services of Washington as could the Confederacy with those of Lee. Looking back now over the records of that Titanic sectional struggle, in the light of Lee's repeated successes prior to the Gettysburg battle and of his prolonged resistance in 1864–5, with depleted ranks and exhausted resources, how strangely sounds the story of his self-abnegation and desire to turn over his army to some "younger and abler man." How beautiful and deeply sincere the words, coming from his saddened heart, in which he characterized his devoted followers in that official letter tendering his resignation! Speaking of the new commander, whose selection he was anxious should at once be made, he said: "I know he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it will be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader—one who can accomplish more than I can hope to perform, and all that I have wished." He urged with characteristic earnestness as his reason for asking the selection of another commander, "the desire to serve my country, and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause." He had no grievances to ventilate; no scapegoat to bear the burden of his responsibilities; no puerile repinings at the fickleness of Fortune; no complaints to lodge against the authorities above him for the paucity of the resources they were able to provide. Of himself, and of himself only, did he complain; and he was the only man in his army who would have made such complaint. General Lee might criticise himself, but criticisms of him by any other officer would have been answered by an indignant and crushing rebuke from the whole Confederate Army. The nearest approach he made to fault-finding was his statement that his own sight was not perfect, and that he was so dull that, in attempting to use the eyes of others, he found himself often misled.

To General Lee's request to be relieved, and to have an abler man placed in his position, Mr. Davis very pointedly and truthfully replied, that to request him to find someone "more fit for command, or who possessed more of the confidence of the army, or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility."

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THE FLYING COLLEEN BAWN

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. REUTERDAHL

IT was a howling gale outside, but howling gales were common things to Peter, and he did not see why this one need hinder his taking a little stroll along the docks. Something in the appearance of the vessel just rounding the Point helped to give new life to the idea he had been entertaining for some minutes, now, that a little trip along the harbor front wouldn't be a half bad notion.

Exactly what that something was Peter could not say. Queer inner workings were not to be argued as if they were Trust or Tariff questions; but this vessel—and she certainly was an able vessel—and the vessel just before her was an able vessel too—both these vessels, he might say, tearing around the Point, rails buried and booms dragging, did suggest in some way Peter couldn't quite reason out, that his intended little voyage was a good idea.

It had been ever so with Peter. Never one of his favorites came swinging in before a breeze that he did not begin to get nervous. So, having made a note of the *Colleen Bawn*, Tom O'Donnell, master, under a note of the *Nannie O*, Tommie Ohlsen, master, and seeing nothing further to hinder, he just the same as conferred a decoration on the most meritorious of his volunteer staff by giving him full charge of the tower while he should be gone; then, with conscience clear, he climbed down the winding back stairs and out onto the street.

In and about among the wharves did Peter jog under easy sail until he felt somewhat more rested. He was, indeed, about to return to Crow's Nest, but happening to glance down Duncan's Dock, he made out Dexter Warren painting dories under the lee of the long shed. "Miracles!" murmured Peter, "Dexter's workin'." Picking his course over the planks of the dock, tacking in and out among the fish flakes, empty hogsheads and old broken spars, Peter noticed Dexter step away from his dories, raise his hands to his eyes, take a squint across the harbor, shake his head sadly, come back and resume his dory-painting.

But resumed it leisurely, for Dexter, as everybody in Gloucester that knew him knew, was not the man to do things in a bull-headed way. That some men painted portraits with less care than Dexter painted bankers' dories was readily believed by anyone who had ever seen Dexter painting dories. Dexter would have told you that the dories were the more useful. He was now putting in the discriminating touches that distinguish the type of man who works for something other than the money there is in it. It was the precise little dab of the brush here and a deft little flirt of the wrist there, and the holding of the head first to one side and then the other that caught the eye of Peter when he rounded to under Dexter's quarter and hailed.

"Hulloh, Dexter boy, and what's it you're paintin'?"

"Miniachoors—miniachoors on iv'ry," responded Dexter, with brush suspended at arm's length, and himself swinging slowly around. He had some more little repartee on the tip of his tongue, but seeing who it was he forgot it, and "Hulloh, Peter," he said instead, "and what ever druv you out this mornin'?"

"I dunno. The confinement, maybe."

"Ah, that's bad—too much confinement."

"That's what I was thinkin' myself. For who are the dories?"

"Captain O'Donnell."

"For the *Colleen Bawn*? A man'd think'd be a new vessel and not new dories he'd be gettin', for the old one's all wracked apart. Red bottoms, yeller sides, and green gunnels—m'm—but they'll be swell-lookin' dories when you get 'em done, won't they?"

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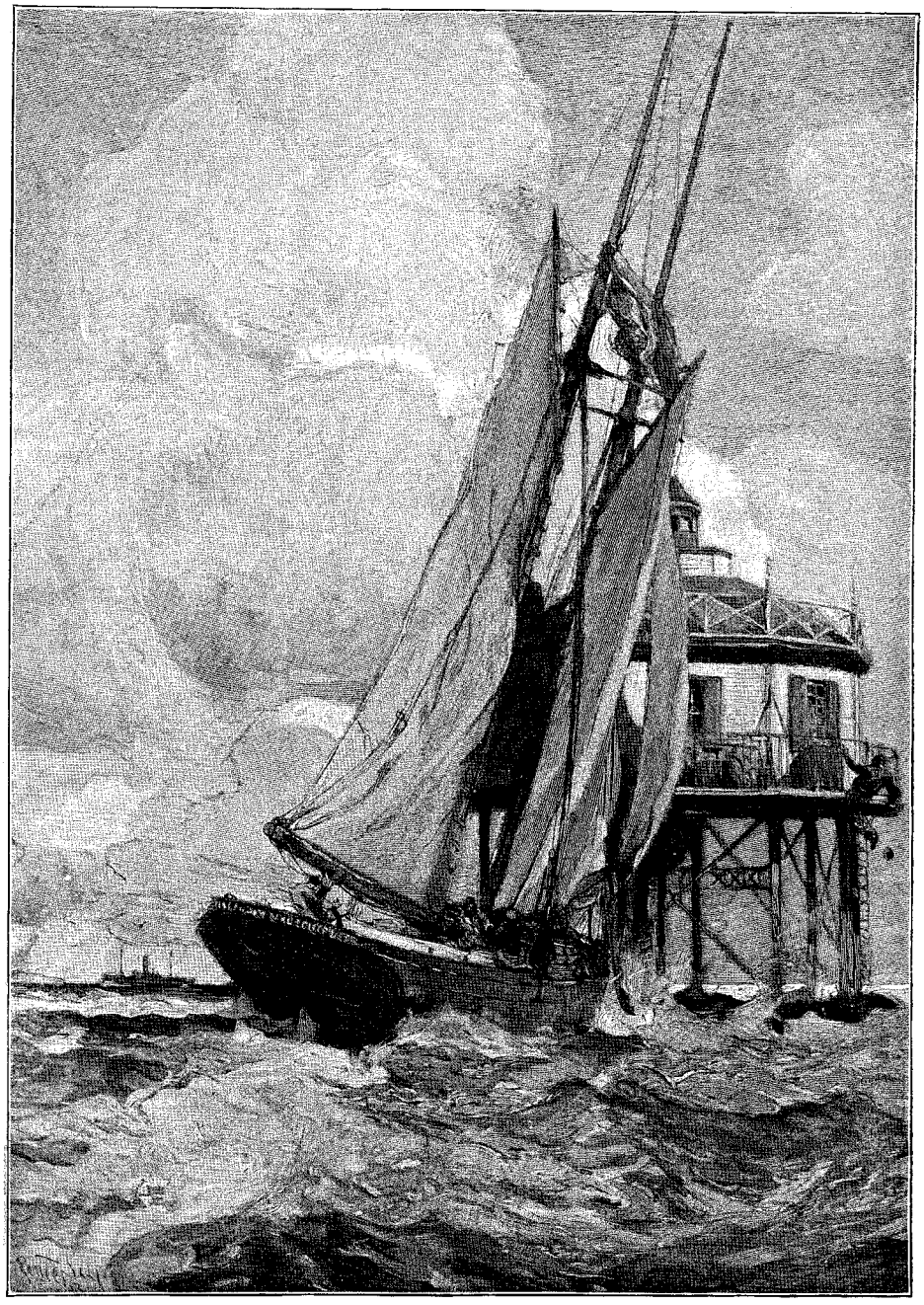

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

When we hit the light he shook off like an apple from a tree.—Page 33.

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"They'll be the prettiest dories that was ever put aboard a trawler out of Gloucester," said Dexter, appreciatively.

"I'll bet. And he'll be pleased with 'em, I know—'specially the green gunnels—and he ought t' be along soon."

"Who along soon?—not the *Colleen Bawn*?"

"Sure. She was comin' around the Point just as I left Crow's Nest."

"No! Well, I'm glad," breathed Dexter. "I'm glad he's home again. And so'll his wife be, too. There was that gale just after she left. His wife, I'll bet, ain't slept a wink since."

Peter straddled the sheer of a broken topmast. "Whose wife, Dexter?—not meanin' to be inquisitive."

"Why, Jimmie Johnson's. He's on the *Colleen* this trip."

"Him? The little fellow lumps around here sometimes? Why, we used to scare him 'most to death up in Crow's Nest tellin'—— How came it he got it into his head to go fishin'?"

"Oh, it was what the papers'd call a little matrimonial difference. I expect that him and his wife ain't got real well acquainted with each other yet. He's pretty young yet, and she don't know too much about the world. I know, because she's my first cousin. Young married couples, I s'pose, got to have 'bout so many arguments before they find each other out. I ain't married myself, but ain't it about that way, Peter?"

"Well, gen'rally, Dexter, though not always." Peter jabbed the point of his knife-blade into his spar. "You see, Dexter, it's a good deal like vessels. You don't always know how to take them at first. There's some sails best down by the head, and some by the stern. There's some'll come about in the wildest gale under headsail alone, and others you have to drive around with the trys'l or a bit of the mains'l and that, too, when a minute too late means the vessel gone up on the rocks. Some you c'n find all about how they trim the first trip, and some you c'n never find out about; and some fine day they rolls over or goes under, and the whole gang's lost. But about Jimmie, Dexter—how'd the Irishman ever come to ship him?"

"Lord, I dunno. I only know I came down on the dock that mornin', and he was standin' right where I am now, just goin' to begin on a new set of dories for the *Scarrabee* that was fittin' out to go halibutin'. When I came along I was wonderin' where I could get about a week's work. I didn't want more'n a week, because I'd been promised a job in the glue factory the first of the month, and I never did see the use of wearin' yourself out beforehand when you're goin' to start in soon on a steady job, would you, Peter?"

"Well,"—Peter made a few more thoughtful jabs into the topmast—"well, no, maybe not—more especially if 't was a glue factory job."

"That's what I say. Well, I notices something was wrong, and I asks what the matter was. 'Tired of work?' I says, thinkin' to cheer him up."

"'Tired of everything,' says Jimmie, and I see he was most ready to cry. Well, you know the kind he is, Peter. He ain't one of them fellows that'll go out and have a few drinks for himself and forget it. No; he thinks over things that don't amount to nothin' till he's near crazy—you've met them kind? Yes? Well, Jimmie was that way this mornin'. I drew it out of him that he'd had a scrap up home. He told me, knowin' I wouldn't tell it all over the place, and——"

"And he wound up by shippin' with Tom O'Donnell? How'd Jimmie ever get a chance with that gang? They're an able crew."

"Lord, I dunno. I went away, and warn't gone more than an hour when the boy from the office came huntin' for me and says that Jimmie Johnson'd gone a haddockin' trip in the *Colleen Bawn* and did I want his job? And I came back and went to work thinkin' I had a week ahead of me or so, and here it's the fourteenth day—not countin' Sundays—and I'm glad he's back, and I hope he hurries ashore as soon's they come to anchor. Fourteen days now paintin' dories and lumpin' around this dock, and——"

"And that poor boy out in the *Colleen Bawn* in that last blow! Well, maybe it'll do him good. Your cousin, you say, Dexter? I think I've seen her—and a nice little woman, too—though I expect there was a little to blame on both sides; there gen'rally is. But, I must be gettin' back. I left a lad in charge of Crow's

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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

"All the looseness in my oil-pants is ketched tight."—Page 35.

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Nest that I'm afeard ain't able to pick out a Georgesman from an Eye-Talian barque loaded with salt till they're under his nose, and maybe he won't be reportin' one or two to the office till after they know it themselves, and then somebody'll ketch the devil—me, most likely. So, so long, Dexter."

Regretfully relinquishing his old topmast, and leaving Dexter and his dories in his wake, Peter gradually gathered steerage-way, and headed up the dock, from where, in time, he managed to work into the street, and then, with Duncan's office to port and a good beam wind, he bore away for Crow's Nest. He had it in mind to go by way of the Anchorage, and laying his course therefor—no'west by nothe—he hauled up for the Anchorage corner.

Luffing the least bit to clear the brass railings outside the Anchorage windows, and having in mind all the while how fine it would be once he was around with a fair wind at his back, and bending his head at the same time to the breeze, Peter ran plump into somebody coming the other way.

"I say, matey, but could you swing her off a half-point or so?" sung out the other cheerfully.

"Swing off? Why, of course, but gen'rally a vessel close-hauled is s'posed to have right of way where I come from."

"Close-hauled are you? Well, so'm I—or I thought I was."

"And so maybe y'are, if you're so round-bowed and flat-bottomed a craft you can't sail closer than seven or eight points. Anyway, I'm starboard tack."

"Well, who in——" The other peered up: "Why, hello-o, Peter!"

"What! Well, well, Tommie Clancy! the *Colleen Bawn* in already?"

"To anchor in the stream not two minutes ago. I hurried ashore on an errand for her."

"And what kind of a trip d'you have?"

"Oh, nothing extra so far as the fish went, but good and lively every other way. Stayed out in that breeze week before last and left George's last night with that latest spoon-bow model and I guess she's still a-comin'. Some wind last night comin' home, Peter."

"M-m—I'll bet she came a-howlin'."

"Oh, maybe she didn't. Peter boy, but if you only could've seen her hoppin' over the shoals last night and comin' up to Cape Ann this mornin'! But let's step inside, and have a little touch."

"Well, I don't mind, seein' the kind of a day it is, Tommie. And I want to ask you about that little fellow you shipped—Jimmie Johnson."

"Ho, ho—'Your oilskins are too loose,' says the Skipper to him. Ho, ho—wait and I'll tell you about him, Peter—'Your oilskins too loose—' ho, ho."

"What did he mean by that?"

"Wait, till I tell you, Peter boy. But let's sit down and drink in comfort. There y'are. Here's a shoot. G-g-g-h-! m-m-! but ain't it fine to feel that soaking into your inside planking after you've been carryin' a dry hold for sixteen days? Ain't it? What? You bet, and about the little lumper-man, it was funny from the start. I was down the end of the dock the mornin' we left, with the dory, waiting for the Skipper, when along comes this little fellow lookin' like something sad'd happened. I kind of half knew him from seein' him around the dock now and again. He seemed to be lookin' for some good sympathetic party to tell his troubles to and I let him pour them into me. He talks away and I listens and before he's through I begin to see what the trouble was. 'What you need is a couple of drinks,' I says—'What d'y' say if we go up and have a little touch?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I ain't drunk a drop since I got married—and I never will whilst I am married.' 'Then if you don't hurry up and get a divorce, I can see that you are goin' to carry around an awful thirst,' I says, but the way he took it I see he didn't want any foolin'. And then, to soothe him, I asked him why he didn't go a haddockin' trip, and forget it."

"'Do you think I'd forget it?' he asks, eager-like.

"'Well,' I said, 'I can't say. Some people remember things a long time, but you go a trip with Tom O'Donnell, and you'll stand a pretty good chance, especially 'bout this time o' year,' I says; 'and maybe it'll teach people a lesson,' I adds on; and just then down the dock comes the Skipper, with big Jerry Sullivan. Ain't he a whale though—big Jerry?"

"Yes, and gettin' bigger every day."

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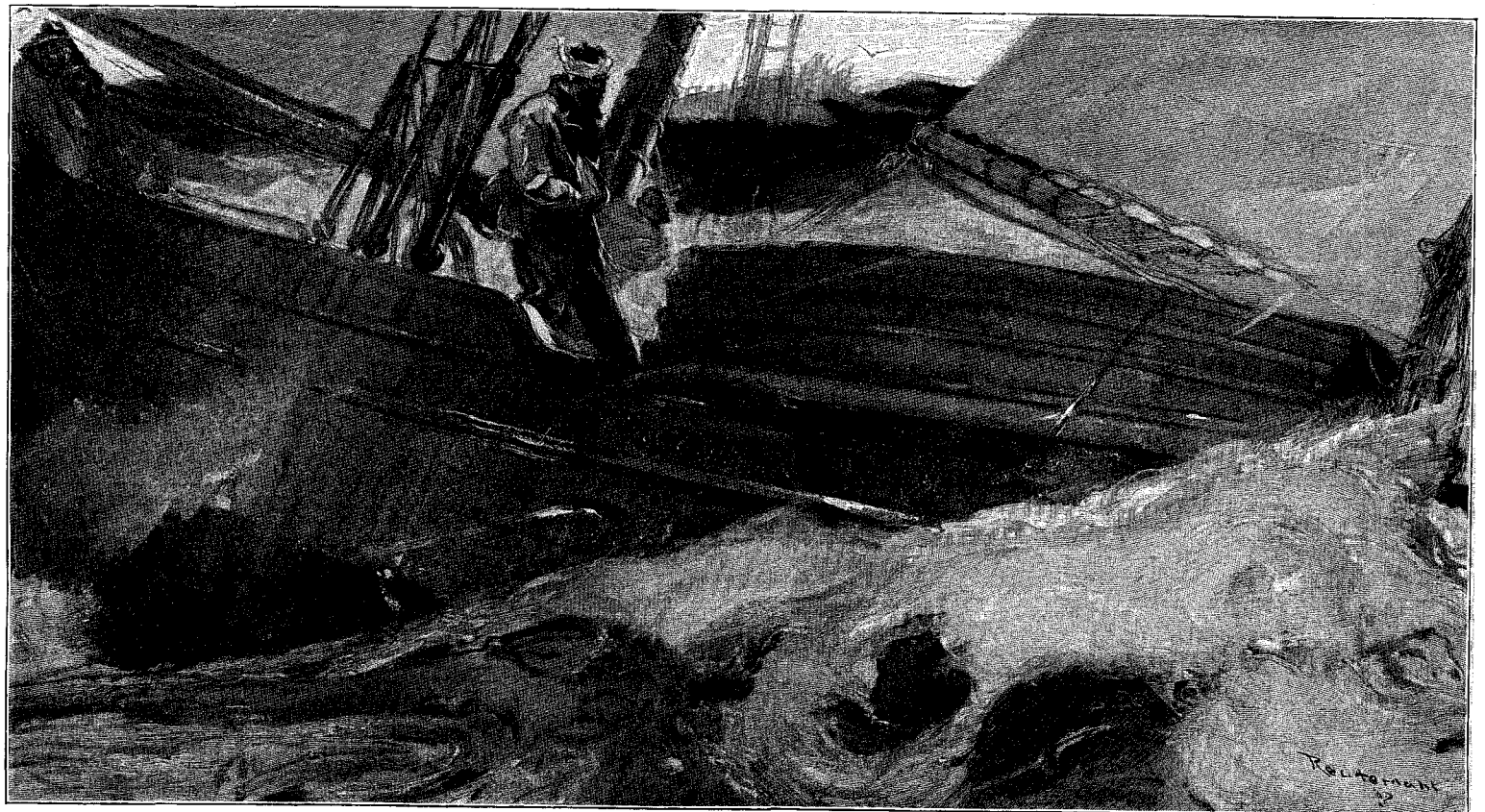

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

What's that a-drivin' in from sea,
Like a ghost from out the dawn?—Page 37.

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"Yes. Well, the Skipper was layin' down the law to big Jerry, and you could hear him the length of the dock. He was sayin', 'I told him we'd leave at nine o'clock, and it's quarter-past now, and I told him above all the others, knowin' his failin'. He knows me, and he oughter know that when I say nine o'clock that 'tis nine o'clock I mean, and not ten, or eleven, or two in the afternoon; and we been in two nights now, and he's had plenty o' time to loosen up since.'

"'That's right enough, Skipper,' says Jerry. 'I heard you myself, and I said myself, "Now, mind, Bartley, what the Skipper's tellin' you;" but you see, Skipper, it was a weddin' last night, and a wake the night before——'

"'A wake and a weddin'! And whose weddin'—his?' roars the Skipper.

"'Why, no,' says Jerry.

"'Was it his wake, then?'

"'Why, Skipper, don't you know it couldn't been his wake?'

"'Not his wake and not his weddin'? Then what the devil reason has he?'

"'Why,' said Jerry, 'I ain't sayin' he's got any good reason. But you know what he thinks of you and of the vessel. He's been in the *Colleen* ever since she was built, and he's a fisherman—a fisherman, Skipper, stem to stern a fisherman—and he knows your ways and the vessel's ways,' says Jerry.

" 'Indeed, and I'm not sure he knows my ways too well,' says the Skipper. 'It's so proud he should be to sail in the *Colleen Bawn*, the fastest, ablest vessel out of Gloucester, if I do say it myself, that—— But no more talk. To the divil with him. There's the dory; jump in and go aboard.'

" 'But what 'll I do for a dory-mate?' says Jerry.

" 'Oh, I'll get you a dory-mate. When we put into Boston for bait there 'll be plenty to pick up on T wharf.'

"Well just there I nudges the little lumper, and he sets his jaws and steps up: 'Captain, could you give me a chance? I'd like to ship with you for a trip.'

"The Skipper looks down at him: 'And who are you?'

"And right away he begins to tell his troubles to the Skipper, and the Skipper—you know the Skipper—listens like a father. But he near spoiled it all by windin' up, 'Oh, I've been workin' around the dock lately, but I used to be quartermaster on a harbor steamer in Boston one time,' to let the Skipper know he wouldn't have a passenger on his hands.

"The Skipper looks him up and looks him down. 'Quartermaster on a harbor steamer once, was you? Think of that, now. It's the proud man you oughter be! And about as big as a pair of good woolen mitts! But'—and he looks over at Jerry sideways—'you'll have a mate that's big enough. Jerry,' and he begins to smile sly-like, 'Jerry, here's the dory-mate you've been screechin' for.'

" 'What!' howls Jerry, 'him—him! Why, I could slip him into one of my red-jacks. That little shrimp! A shrimp? No—a minim!'

"It was scandalous, of course, to speak out like that to the little man to his face, but Jerry and Bartley were great friends, you see; and Jerry 'd kept on, but the Skipper puts an end to it quick, and we went aboard.

"Well, we puts into Boston for the bait, gets it up to T wharf and puts out. Coming down the harbor it was Jerry and the little man's watch on deck. Jerry put him to the wheel. 'Bein' quartermaster of a harbor steamer here once, of course you know the channel,' says Jerry, and leaves him and goes for'ard. Well, we went along till we were pretty near the little light-house on the thin iron legs that sets up like it was on stilts. Well, you know how the channel is there, Peter, and this time it was blowin' some—wind abeam. I mind the little man askin' Jerry afore this if it warn't pretty bad weather to be puttin' to sea and Jerry sayin' maybe it would be for harbor steamers. We were crowdin' along at this time, Jerry for'ard by the windlass, me in the waist, and the little man to the wheel. We gets near to the little light-house—like a spider on long legs it was—Bug Light is the name of it, and a good name for it, too. We were crowdin' through, and I was thinkin' of askin' Jerry if he hadn't better take the wheel himself, and then I thought I wouldn't. It warn't my watch, and you don't like to be hintin' to a man that he don't know his business, you know, not even to a man that was green as this one might be in handlin' a fisherman. Well,

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"'Tis Tommie I'm after," hollers back the Skipper.—Page 37.

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we gets nearer and I noticed the little man beginnin' to fidget like he was nervous or something. At last he hollers out to Jerry, 'I say, matey, what'll I do? I don't know's I c'n keep her away from the light, and there's rocks on the other side. What'll I do, matey?' Jerry turns around. 'Whatever you do, don't call me matey. And whatever you do again, don't put this vessel up on the rocks or the Skipper'll swing you from the fore-gaff peak and let this fine no'therly blow through you.'

"'But we won't go by,' hollers the little man; 'we're goin' to hit it.'

"'Well, hit it if you want to,' says Jerry; 'it's your wheel. You shipped in Bartley Campbell's place, now do Bartley Campbell's work. Anyway,' goes on Jerry, 'you won't do any great harm if you do. It's bent to one side anyway here where some old coaster or other hit it a clip last fall. Maybe you c'n straighten it out.'

"Jerry no more than got that out than the vessel got way from the little man and ran into the light. She hit it fair as could be, with her bowsprit against one of the long, thin iron legs, and she did give it a wallop. There was a man climbin' up the ladder the other side of the light—to fill his lamps, I s'pose—and when we hit the light he shook off like an apple from a tree, and drops into the water. The vessel bounces off where we hit, and the Skipper and the rest of the gang comes rushin' up on deck. 'What the divil's that?' says the Skipper; and seein' the man in the water, he rushes to the side and gaffs him in nice and handy.

"'What the devil do you mean?' says the man the Skipper'd gaffed, soon's he'd got his mouth clear of salt water.

"'What the divil do *you* mean?' says our Skipper, 'by comin' aboard this vessel?' He's about as quick a man to see a thing—that Tom O'Donnell—as ever I saw in my life.

"'What do I mean?' says the man. 'What do you mean by running that gaff into me the way you did?'

"Holy Mother!' says the Skipper, 'but will you listen to him? It's gold medals we should be gettin' from the Humane Societies for savin' the life of him, and now it's nothin' but growling because we did save it.'

"'Saved my life!' sputters the light-house lad. 'My boat was right there when I fell—why, it ain't your vessel's length away now under the light' (the *Colleen* was beginnin' to slide away again) —'and I want you to know I c'n swim like a fish.'

"'Then swim, ye divil ye, swim!' says the Skipper quick's a wink, and picks him up and heaves him over the rail. 'Yes,' says big Jerry, 'swim, you lobster, swim!' and he pushes him along with an oar he'd grabbed out the top dory; and he did swim, too.

"And then the Skipper comes aft. 'Who the divil,' says he, 'was to the wheel?' and spots the little man, who was lookin' more surprised than the light-keeper in the water. 'And where'd you ever steer a vessel before?' says the Skipper.

"'I dunno's I did so very bad,' answers the little man. 'I used to be quarter-master on a harbor steamer once, and I kept her off the rocks.'

"The Skipper looked at him like he was a new kind of fish. 'Indeed, was you now? And you kept her off the rocks? And did you ship for a fisherman or what?' And the Skipper looks at him a little more, then laughs and takes the wheel himself. 'Maybe,' says he, 'the insurance company would like it better if I took her the rest of the way out of the harbor myself. And I don't want to lose her myself. She's too good a vessel—the fastest and the ablest out o' Gloucester. But go below now, boy, and have your supper.'

"Well, that passed by all right, but outside the harbor, off Minot's, we ran foul of the *Superba*—that's the new one, the latest spoon-bow model. He sees her comin' and sways up, but she comes on and goes on by—goes on by nice and easy. 'And she used to be a good vessel once,' says Dick Mason, her skipper, to some of his gang standing aft—we could hear him; he meant us to hear him—'of course, a good vessel once, the *Colleen Bawn*, but she's been wracked so she can't carry sail no longer.'

"Imagine Tom O'Donnell, Peter, havin' to stand on the quarter of his own vessel and take that from Dick Mason—imagine it, Peter, and from Dick Mason that, standing on deck and wide-awake, couldn't

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sail a vessel like Tom O'Donnell could from his bunk below and half asleep. The Skipper looked after her, then he turns us to, and it was sway up and no end to the trimmin' of sheets. But no use. The *Superba* kept goin' on away, and the Skipper couldn't make it out. He stood with one foot on the house, his chin on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, and tried to figure it out as he looked after her. It was by the wind, and plenty of it—the rail nice and wet—couldn't been better for our vessel. 'There's something wrong,' says he. And there was something wrong. We found it after awhile. It was one of the iron bands that was holdin' her together—the one for'ard was loose and draggin' under her bottom. The Skipper was tickled to death when he found what it was. 'Troth, and I knew there was something wrong with her,' he says; and puts into Provincetown and has it bolted on again. 'Now,' he says, 'she'll be nice and tight again when we wants to drive her. And if we runs foul of that spoon-bow again, we'll see.' We warn't out the harbor hardly before the wind gettin' at her, she begins to leak for'ard, but the Skipper pretended he didn't see it, puts around the Cape and off for Georges, where we got to just about in time to ketch that no'west gale that was riotin' out there the week before last. We were blowed off, but banged her back, blowed off and banged her back again, tryin' to hang on to shoal water so's to be handy to good fishin' when it moderated. But it was a week before it did moderate, and by that time the *Colleen* was pretty well shook up, with the water sizzlin' through her like she was a lobster-pot for'ard, and the gang makin' guesses on how long before she'd come apart altogether. The Skipper, he didn't seem to mind. 'She's a little loose,' says he, 'but don't let it worry ye. Keep your rubber boots on, and don't mind. So long as the iron bands hangs to her planks, she's all right.'

"Well, as I said, it moderated, and we got a chance to fish a little on and off for another week, and the troubles of Jerry with his dory-mate would fill a book that week. 'It's two men's work you have now, Jerry,' I says to him. "'Tisn't two but three,' says Jerry. It's my own work and his work and another man's work to see he don't get tangled up in the trawls or capsize the dory or fall over himself and get lost.' However, fishin' on and off brought us to yesterday, when, with the wind makin' all the time, it got too rough toward the evenin' to put the dories out, and we used the time up till along toward dark in dressin' what fish we had on deck and cuttin' fresh bait for next day—to-day that'd be. We'd done all that, and was gettin' ready to make ourselves comfortable for the night with the Skipper sayin': 'Ten thousand more, and I'd swing her off for Gloucester, I would. But another set, and, with any kind of luck, we'll get that, and then we'll swing her off.' He'd only just said that—he was havin' a mug-up for'ard at the time—when whoever was on watch sticks his head down the gangway, and calls out: 'Captain, here's the *Superba*, and she's goin' home, I think.'

"'What!' says he, and gulps his coffee and leaps for the gangway, and we knew that our notions about a comfortable night might's well be forgotten. He takes a look at the vessel comin'. 'That's Dickie Mason, sure enough. Shake the reef out the mains'l, and we'll put after her.'

"'She's under a trys'l, Skipper,' says big Jerry.

"'And so would I be in that cigar-box,' says the Skipper.

"We drives up and shoots under her stern. 'Hi-i, Captain Mason!' sings out our Skipper. 'Hi-i, Captain O'Donnell,' hollers Mason. 'Know me?' 'I sure do.' 'And this vessel?' 'That old wrack?—I'd know her in a million.' 'Would you now? Then swing on your heel and follow her home.' And then he turns to us, 'Boom her out now, boys—boom her out—no'west by west and never a slack.' And off he goes straight for the shoals, with a livin' southeasterly gale and the black night on us.

"'Twarn't more than an hour, or maybe two, runnin' like that, when we couldn't make out the *Superba's* lights any more. The Skipper himself went to the masthead and looked. 'She's put to the nothe'ard, I think,' he said, comin' down. 'But then again maybe he isn't. Maybe he's put them out. Anyway, we'll keep

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on and make a holy show of her—the fine *Superba*, indeed! that don't dare to follow the *Colleen Bawn*, all wracked as they say she is! Maybe he'll get his courage up and come after us later, but whatever she does we'll keep this one as she is.'

"We were fair into the shoal water then with the Skipper keepin' the lead goin' himself. 'Billie Simms in the *Henry Parker* showed me in the *Lucy Foster* how the short way over these shoals are,' he says—'and it cost me twelve hundred and odd dollars, and I haven't forgotten the road.' He warn't tellin' anybody what water he was gettin'. It was pretty shoal though, man, it was. Once or twice, I swear, we were real worried. But he's the lucky man, is Tom O'Donnell. The wind hauled and he swung her foreboom over and tried to spread a balloon. It carried away her foretopm'st, which maybe was just as well. And all night long he kept her goin'——"

"Lord, but you must've had it, Tommie. And Jimmie Johnson—how was he makin' out?"

"Jimmie Johnson? Ho, ho! the little lumper. Let me tell you. In the middle of the night, thinkin' the worst of it was over, with the shoals behind us, the gang went below and turned in, all but me. I gets my pipe from my bunk and was havin' a smoke, and thinkin' of turnin' in too, when this Jimmie Johnson came down, lookin' pretty well worried.

"'Ain't it awful?' he says.

"'Ain't what awful?' I asks.

"'Why, the night—the vessel—the way she's sailin'—and everything else.'

"'Why don't you turn in?' I asked. 'It's no use turnin' in now,' he answers; 'my watch comes in half an hour or so.' 'Turn in,' says I; 'I'll stand your watch.' 'Will you?' he says, and looks like a load'd come off his chest. He was goin' to turn in then, when he happened to think he'd like to have a mug-up. So he gets a mug of coffee and a slice of pie, and takes a seat on the wind'ard locker. There was plenty of wind stirrin' at this time, mind you, but there he was havin' a nice little mug-up for himself, sittin' on the weather-locker and all oiled-up, leanin' over the table, his mug o' coffee to one hand and a wide wedge o' pie to the other. Man, I have to laugh every time I think of him. 'The cook of this vessel does make the finest apple pie, don't he?' he asks, and you could see his spirits was beginnin' to rise, with the hot coffee gettin' inside of him. The *Colleen* was bumpin' herself all this time, rollin' over like she was goin' to lie down, and then gettin' up again, rearin' her head and fannin' herself with her forefeet, standin' on her hind legs and then comin' down again, doin' all those kind of things you gets used to on her when the Skipper's tryin' to sail her in a blow. Well, I watches this little Jimmie for awhile, till I happens to think that so long's I had another watch to stand I might's well have another pipeful while I was waitin'. I was thinkin' of steppin' over for a bit of tobacco out of big Jerry's bunk, which was right over where this Jimmie Johnson was sittin', when the *Colleen* gave an extra good lurch, and with it all at once this lad sank down about a foot or so, and Jerry at the same time most comes through the bottom of his bunk. The lad, he gets pale, and makes as if he was tryin' to stand up but couldn't. 'What is it?' I said, and wonders what was wrong with him. 'My oil-skins,' said he. 'All the looseness in my oil-pants is ketched tight.' And then Jerry woke up, with the noise he made in fallin', I s'pose, and the most surprised man you ever saw. 'Mother o' mine!' says Jerry, 'what's that?' and just for'ard of him Aleck McKenzie leaps a full three feet into the air, hittin' the deck beam so hard he must 've left pieces of himself stickin' to it. 'What in the ——!' says Aleck, and when he got that far he sees this Jimmie Johnson. 'Did you do that?' he says.

"'No,' says he, and tryin' himself to get off the locker, and Aleck notices him.

"'What you doin' there anyway?' says Aleck.

"'I dunno,' says Jimmie, and just then the *Colleen* falls the other way and lets him loose again, and he leaps for the gangway and up on deck. Man, he fair flew, and I went up after him, not knowin' what might happen to him, and Jerry and Aleck below swearin' like crazy men.

"Up on the deck there was the Skipper just able to keep his feet and talkin' to Dal Skinner, who was to the wheel. It was dark enough, but you c'd make him out where the light of the binnacle hit on his

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wet oil-skins. Up to him popped the little man from somewhere. 'My God, but it's a wild night, ain't it, Captain?' says he.

"'Who the divil's that?' says the Skipper, and he peeks along the deck to where Jimmie was hangin' to the weather rail. After takin' another peek and seein' who it was, the Skipper don't pay no more attention to him, but goes on talkin' to Dal.

"'I'm thinkin',' says the Skipper, 'that it's moderatin' a bit and maybe she'd stand the stays'l pretty soon.' Jimmie, I guess, was listenin' to that and couldn't hold in any longer. 'Oh, Captain, Captain,' says he, 'she's fallin' apart forward,' and tells him what happened in the fo'c's'le. 'How long you been sleepin' for'ard?' asks the Skipper.

"'Four nights now,' says Jimmie.

"'Only four nights? That's it, you're not used to sleepin' for'ard yet. You mustn't mind that. They all used to think that at first. But, Lord bless you, don't you mind that. That's just a little way she has. She don't mean any harm.'

"'But Jerry fell through his bunk.'

"'And why wouldn't he? sure he weighs a ton.'

"'But,' says Jimmie—she pinched my oil-pants, her planks opened up so wide!'

"'That so? And what size oil-skins do you wear?'

"'I dunno,' says he—'These belong to Clancy."

"'There it is,' said he, 'Clancy's a big man, and your oil-skins are too loose. Go below and see if you can find some that are four sizes smaller and get the loan of 'em. Go below anyway,' says he, 'and finish your mug-up. You'll feel better.'

"'If you don't mind, Captain,' says he, 'I'd rather stay on deck awhile—it's safer, I think.'

"'All right,' says the Skipper, 'but don't get in the way.'

"He hadn't got that fair out, when 'Hard down—hard down!' comes ravin' from the watch for'ard. 'Down,' hollers Dal, and the *Colleen* makes a shoot, and the booms start to come over. And just then the Skipper makes a jump for the waist after this Jimmie and slings him out of the way of the fore-boom. He saved Jimmie from having his head split open and knocked overboard and lost, but he couldn't save himself. Even a man like Tom O'Donnell can't sling a man out of the way on a wet and driving deck with one hand like he was a feather, and the boom ketches him side the head just as the vessel heels down again on the other tack and over the railing he goes.—"

"Not overboard, Tommie!"

"Yes, overboard and into the black sea, and me standing by couldn't save him from it. I jumped, but he was gone, and over on the other side the clumsy ark of a vessel we had to turn out for went on by. The watch must 've been asleep aboard of her. I stood and cursed her lights as they went away from us. Yes, sir, cursed 'em out between the times I was hollering for the gang to come up.

"'On deck everybody—all hands on deck!' I roars it loud's I could, and had the gripes slashed off the nest of lee dories by the time they came up flying.

"'The Skipper is gone,' says I; 'over with a dory!' and we had one over in no time, and Jerry and me jumps in—Jerry in his stockin' feet—and out we goes. We couldn't sees so much as a star in the sky, if there was one—not even the white tops of the seas—but we drove her out, and 'twas all we could do to keep the dory from capsizin' by the way. 'To looard!' I says, and to looard we pushed her; and then, 'Hi, the *Colleen Bawn!* on your lee quarter.' 'Twas the Skipper's voice. And maybe we didn't row. But 'twas one thing to hear his voice, and another in that night and sea and blackness to find him, and keep the dory right side up at the same time. But he kept singin' out and we kept drivin' away, and at last we got him. A hard job he must 've had trying to keep afloat with his big jack-boots on, and everything else on, for the fifteen minutes or more it took us to find him.

"'Lord!' says he, 'but I'm glad to see you; paddling like a porpoise I've been since I went over the side. But drive for the vessel—there's her port light—and I'll keep bailin', if one of ye 'll lend me your sou'wester.'

"We got alongside, and the Skipper climbs over the rail. 'Put her on her course again,' he says, and then starts to go below to overhaul his head.

"And then Jimmie Johnson steps up. 'How'd it come, Captain,' he says, 'you fell overboard?' By the light from the

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cabin gangway the Skipper sees him, and—

"'You little—I dunno what—but go below. Take him for'ard, somebody,' he says, 'and tie him in his bunk, or give him laudanum out of the medicine-chest, afore we have all hands lost tryin' to look after him.'

"Then he goes below to fix his head up—the side of his head was laid clean open, with the blood runnin' scuppers full from him.

"'Och,' says he; 'but 'tis a great pickle—salt water,' and he takes an old cotton shirt and tears it up and wraps it 'round his head, and goes on deck again."

"And after that he kept her comin' just the same, Tommie?"

"Just the same. All night long he kept her comin', and payin' attention to nobody. In the early mornin', I mind we passed Josh Bradley in the *Tubal Cain*, him bangin' along with a busted fores'l, remindin' us of a gull with a broken wing. We passed a whole fleet of old plugs anchored off Highland Light, ripped by 'em roarin', and they lookin' over the rails at the Skipper, his head all wrapped up. Imagine her, Peter, with her four lowers and gaff topsail, and the wind makin' if anything. And then what should happen but he made out the *Nannie O* ahead. ''Tis Tommie Ohlsen,' he says, 'under four lowers. We'll chase him.' But Tommie must 've seen us, for soon we saw his tops'l break out. Then we sent up the stays'l, and then Tommie sent up his. Then we came swingin' round the Cape—and I'd like to had a photograph of her then—with the Skipper standin' between house and rail to wind'ard, squeezin' the salt water out of his beard, and Jerry below singin':

> 'What's that a-drivin' in from sea,
> Like a ghost from out the dawn?
> And who but Tom O'Donnell
> And his flying *Colleen Bawn*.'

"'''Tis fine and gay they're feelin',' says the Skipper, 'with their singin', thinkin' they'll soon be home. In a minute, now, there'll be something to sing about. Look at what's coming', and she gets it fair and full. And it was too much for the gang. He floats them all out below. From fore and aft they comes runnin' up on deck. 'For God's sake, Skipper, what is it?' says they. 'Don't worry,' says the Skipper, ''tis only a little squall, and the *Nannie O* ahead.' 'But what're we goin' to do, Skipper? We can't stay below.' 'Oh, climb on the weather-rail,' says the Skipper, 'and if she goes over, 'tis only a mile to shore.' And then the face of little Jimmie! 'My God, my God—my poor, poor wife!' he says; 'whisht, lad, whisht,' says the Skipper, patting his head, ''tis to your wife we're takin' you,' and he keeps on chasin' the *Nannie O* across the bay."

"And then?"

"And then? Why, he kept her goin' across the bay. Half-way home, there was a big white steam yacht layin' to both anchors. She was big enough to tow the *Colleen* ten knots an hour. 'You'd think it was banshees we was, the way they look out from between the lace curtains,' says the Skipper, and we rips by her stern like the express train goin' by West Gloucester station.

"A little while after that we overhauled Eben Watkins. Eben, you know, used to brag some about that vessel of his one time, but now he was under a storm trys'l. 'Twas kind of thick—we'd lost sight of the *Nannie*—and the Skipper was goin' on by without intendin' to say anything, but Eben hails him.

"'Where were you about two hours ago?'

"'Roundin' the Cape,' says the Skipper.

"'What sail d'y' have on her?'

"'What she's got now.'

"'That stays'l?'

"'That stays'l—yes.'

"'Get that squall?'

"'Oh, a little puff.'

"'A little puff?' says Eben, and he stretches his head at us—'a little puff. And how'd she stand it?'

"'Just wet our rail—just wet our rail.'

"'Go to hell!' says Eben—'just wet your rail'—and I don't blame him, for the *Colleen* was down to her hatches then. 'I s'pose Tommie Ohlsen just wet his rail too,' says Eben. 'All we could see of him goin' by a while ago was the weather-side of his deck.'

"''Tis Tommie I'm after,' hollers back the Skipper and gets out of hearing.

"I don't know whether we gained or lost on the *Nannie O*, but we carried our

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stays'l every foot of the way from Cape Cod to Eastern Point and we carried into the harbor just the same's we came across the bay. Did you see her beatin' in? No? Well, it was a scandal. Her deck was slidin' back and forth under our feet—we could feel it, and you've seen a soap-box with the top and bottom gone floatin' about in the tide? Yes? And how it lengthens out sometimes when a sea hits it broadside? Well, that's the way the *Colleen* was shiftin' back and forth comin' in the harbor. She was that loose 'twas immoral. She's ten feet longer when she stretches herself real well,' says Jerry. 'She is a bit loose,' says the Skipper, 'but she sails better loose. When she lengthens out like that, she's doin' her best reachin'.'

"And that's the way she came in. When we came to anchor the Skipper went into her peak with a lantern, tryin' to find out what it was. 'I think she's a little more loose than ordinary this trip,' he says—'it must be the calkin'—but before he got through he discovered that it was her iron barr'd dropped off altogether. And then it was he told me to go ashore to see about a place for her on the railway. And I guess I'd better hurry along. But afore we go, Peter, just a little touch to the *Colleen Bawn*, for God bless her, loose as she is, there's nothing like her out the port."

"And are you goin' to stay on her and she like that?"

"And she that way? And why not? He's going to put four-inch joists in her fore and aft this time on the railway, and then she'll be all right. She'll leak a little maybe, but what's a little leak? And anyway I'd rather be lost in her with Tom O'Donnell than live a thousand years with some. And so here's to her, Peter boy. One thing, you know you're alive on her—and here's to the *Colleen Bawn*."

"To the *Colleen Bawn*, Tommie, and I don't know but what you're right."

When Peter came out of the Anchorage again, the atmosphere had cleared. The blush of the sky was a marvellous thing for March. Peter could not remember when he had ever seen so rosy a morning for that time of year. And it was a fair wind, too—so fair that Peter could not but remark it. "If we was comin' home in the *Colleen Bawn*, or the *Nannie O*, in this breeze, our wake 'd be fair boilin'. The *Colleen Bawn* with the Irishman aboard, or the *Nannie O* with Tommie Ohlsen—they'd be loggin' fifteen knots—yes, and sixteen maybe." He looked over his shoulder, and for twenty fathoms back he could see the smooth, white log-line and the brass-bound log whirling like mad. It was a rosy morning, and Peter rolled along for Crow's Nest.

Along the road he overhauled Dexter Warren, who seemed to be out taking the air.

"Seen Jimmie Johnson yet, Dexter?" asked Peter.

Dexter took a hand out of one pocket to gesture. "Jimmie? Yes, and he's crazy. He came up the wharf like a ghost. 'Hulloh, what kind of a trip 'd you have, Jimmie?' I asked, 'and how do you like Captain O'Donnell?'

"'Yah,' he says, 'your oil-skins is too loose.' 'What?' I hollers after him—he goin' up the dock like a streak. 'Take to the weather-rail—it's only a mile to shore,' he waves his hand and hollers back to me. And then his wife popped around the corner. 'Jimmie!' says she. 'Jennie!' says he, and in a second it was all off. The pair of them flew up the dock like a pair of gulls before a no'the-easter and I picked up my pots and brushes and went up to the office and told the old man that I guessed I'd quit."

"And did you?"

"Did I? And why wouldn't I? Jimmie's job is waitin' for him if he ain't too crazy to take it, and if he is it don't matter to me. There's my glue-factory job the first of the month. 'Your oil-skins is too loose,' says he. He must be crazy, Peter—plumb crazy."

It was in the middle of the morning when the *Colleen Bawn* came to anchor. It was late in the afternoon, almost dark, and Peter was fillin' his last pipe at Crow's Nest, when the *Superba* came to anchor in the stream. By and by Dickie Mason came up the dock and hailed for "twenty-five thousand haddock and ten thousand cods."

"'Twenty-five thousand haddock and ten thousand cod—aye, aye. Any news?"

"Well, yes; and, if it turns out to be true, it's pretty bad."

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"That so, Captain? What is it?"

"I think we've seen the last of the *Colleen Bawn* and Tom O'Donnell. Last night, comin' on dark, he left us on Georges for a short cut across the shoals. The gale hit in right hard after, and I guess he's gone—you know how loose and wracked his vessel is—and the last we saw of her she was swung out and goin' before it—all four lowers, and a livin' gale. She couldn't have lived through it. We swung off and came around. We drove all the way and just got in. It's too bad if it turns out to be so—though maybe he'll wiggle home in spite of it. Of course, he'd get her to home if anybody could, but you know them shoals in a gale and how loose and wracked his vessel was."

"Yes," said Peter. He leaned over the taffrail of Crow's Nest and put it as politely as he could. "Yes, she's loose and wracked, Captain Mason, but there's a few planks of her left, and if you was up here, Captain Mason, and could look over the tops of buildings same's I can, you'd see her main truck stickin' up above the railway. I heard them sayin' she left the same time your vessel did, but she got home so long ago, Captain, that her fish is out and her crew got their money, and if you was to drop up to the Anchorage you'd probably find Tommie Clancy and a few more of her gang havin' a little touch—and maybe they 'll tell you how they did it."

Peter spoke with some moderation while his head was outside and his voice within range of the astounded master of the *Superba*, but once inside, with only his trusted staff to testify, he gave vent to less restrained comment. "Them young skippers, and some of them late models, give me a pain in the waist. 'The last we see of her,' says he, 'she was goin' over the shoals, and you know how loose and wracked she is, Peter.' And so she is; but, Lord! I'd like to told him she'd be comin' home trips yet when his fancy model 'd be layin' to an anchor. Lemme see now—telephone one of you the *Superba's* trip—twenty-five thousand haddock and ten thousand cod. And make a note on a slate of the *Colleen Bawn's* trip. She don't sail for the firm, but I'd like to keep track of her. Forty thousand haddock and ten thousand cod—loose she is, and her deck crawly under your feet, and they have to wear rubber boots in her forehold, when Tom O'Donnell starts to drive her. But, Lord! she was an able vessel once—an able vessel once. I think I'll be goin' along to supper pretty soon—yes, sir, an able vessel was the *Colleen Bawn*.

"'What's that drivin' in from sea,
Like a ghost from out the dawn?
And who but Tom O'Donnell
And the flying *Colleen Bawn*.'

M-m—the flyin' *Colleen Bawn*."

So hummed Peter, and closed in the hatches of Crow's Nest with a feeling that his little morning trip along the water front had not been without its reward.

ON A BUST OF MENDELSSOHN

By William H. Hayne

His high-arched brow and quiet eyelids seem
Brushed by the wings of some celestial dream—
A bird of passage whose melodious breath
Dispersed in music the wan mist of Death.

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THE CANADIAN RIVERMEN

By Arthur Heming

With Illustrations by the Author

"HURRAH, *mes bons hommes! Levez, levez, levez!* Up, up, up, up!" shouts the foreman as he beats with a heavy stick upon the roofs of the tiny cabins, and thus heralds the dawn of all our days upon the river. A breeze coming up from the rapids tells of the mighty battle frantic waters are waging with hoary boulders. Many a man as he listens shivers, and thanks God the hawsers have held through the night. The same breeze sets the rising mists a-shiver too; and in the half-light of early day ghostly figures circle the little village and dance upon the running water. Like sleepy bears, the drowsy crew poke their shaggy heads out of their dog-kennel shelters, and upon all fours crawl slowly through the tiny doorways; then, rearing up, head for the cookery crib. A hurried breakfast is taken. The work begins. The shouting of the pilots drowns the roar of the rapids. The crew are on the hustle; here unfastening chains; there pulling off cap-pieces, and everywhere examining rollocks and adjusting sweeps. At irregular intervals the foreman signals; then great cracks rend the wooden streets of "timber town," and huge sections, like floating islands, break away.

The running of the many sections or "bands" of a great timber-raft through five miles of rapids is no easy task. It is now little more than ten o'clock, and there is but one band left. It is five cribs in length and two in width, and is manned by a crew of thirty. Now that the river is clear below the last hawser is cast off, and the crew man the fourteen sweeps at either bow or stern. As the strong current catches us, the pilot, standing upon a "loading stick" in the centre of the band, begins signalling with his arms: for presently the booming of white waters will drown his verbal orders. Since early morning the leaves have scarcely fluttered, but now—just as we are heading into the perilous channel that leads down among the plunging foam and scraggy rocks—the tree-tops on yonder hill begin bowing and waving; and then down the hillside and through the valley they all go a-nodding together, while a squall rushing out from the bank strikes the stern of the band, and swings us slowly toward the northern shore. The eyes of the anxious crew are on the pilot, but he, regarding only the rocks ahead, makes never a move. Good Lord! is the pilot dreaming? A single moment seems eternity. Uncontrollable exasperation loosens the tongue of the man at the nearest sweep, and perchance above the booming of the rapids the pilot hears the blasphemy, for at last the spell is broken. He turns his head, perceives the danger, frantically signals, and instantly we reverse oars. Dip, swish, swirl; dip, swish, swirl! sound the great bending sweeps as the men with might and main tug at them. Talk of galley-slaves! could ever men row harder? With clenched teeth, knitted brows, and straining muscles the crew fight the current in vain. Faster and faster swings the stern around, and now—worse luck than ever—a corner of the bow strikes a rock on the channel's southern side. The combat ends. The water wins. Above the sound of the roaring river rises the tumult of the floundering of loosened giant timbers, and of the breaking of cap-pieces, as we go broadside down the rapids. A hundred yards below three great boulders block the way. It is hopeless now. The men cease rowing, but never a word is spoken, though anxiety darkens every face. All eyes watch the rocks ahead, and Death seems to bar the way. Time surely waits for someone: seconds count as minutes. How slowly we go! Why prolong the torture? Let us have it over. After all, it is only delusion. What river can flow as fast as thought? But now we realize that we are riding with broken rein in the path of a raging torrent. One moment and the ends of the band almost simultaneously crash against the outer rocks. Amid the deafening roar of the lunging of waters, crunching of timbers, cracking of cap-pieces, snapping of pickets, and breaking of oars, the men rush from either end to the centre cribs. The outer

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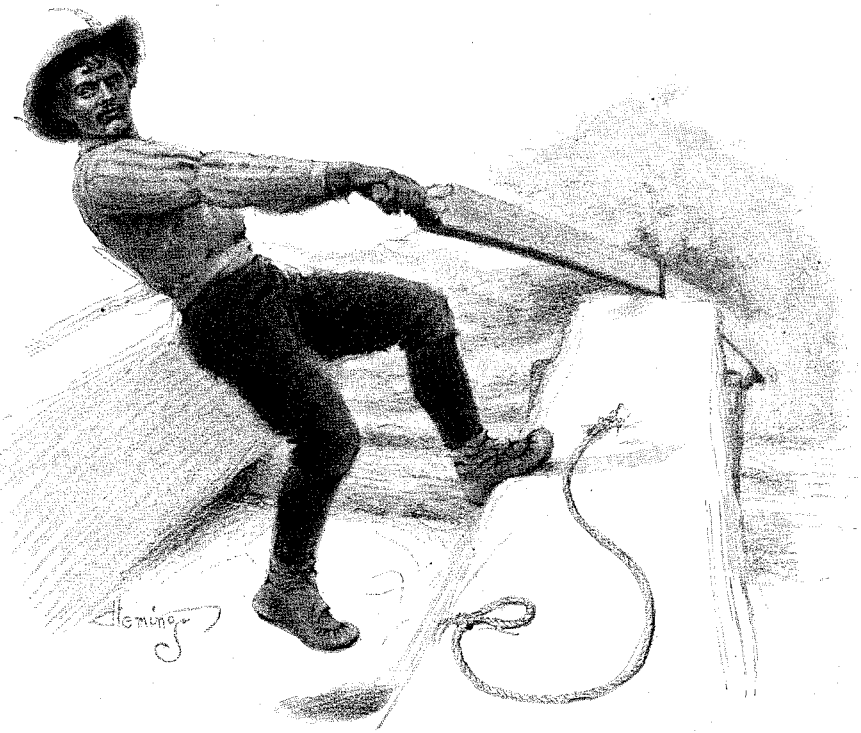

Raftsman working a sweep in a rapid.—Page 40.

cribs are smashing up. The loosened timbers, raising their ponderous heads above the leaping foam, lunge and plunge with all their stupendous weight against the granite barriers. The hissing waters hurl clouds of spray high into the air. Three men, in their rush, fall upon the revolving timbers. We hold our breath. They are up again; but only two reach the cookery; the third tumbles headlong among the grinding logs. His body disappears, but his hands still clutch the slippery timbers. My God! will the next wave crush out his life? But see, he rises! Swinging his legs across the opening, just as a rope is being hurled to his assistance, he scrambles upon his feet, and rushes in among us. The excitement is so intense that we are heedless of our own danger, when, with a tremendous crash, the sagging band jams fast upon the middle barrier. But now, of all din, this is the greatest. Over goes the battered stove, whose oven doors' black jaws fly open and vomit loaves of half-baked bread; and through a cloud of rising steam, reeling cauldrons hurl boiling potatoes, beans and soup over the revolving floor of the cookery crib. Helter-skelter dance the knives and forks and spoons. A hundred tin dishes with clatter and clang jump off the tottering table into the surge. Down upon the heads of the excited throng crowding the crib, comes with creak and groan the toppling roof. The flying boards stampede the crew. They rush to gain two boats that ride upon a neighboring crib, and scramble in. No sooner are we in the boats than violence subsides and confusion ends, for the raft is wedged between the rocks that hold it gripped while tons of leaping water wash over it.

How we change with the changing moments! Now we hear a comic song, merry oaths, and careless laughter. Presently we are as serious as trapped beavers while with pike-pole and cant-hook we toil to loosen the stranded timber. All day long we labor away and greatly miss our "drowned" dinner. As we free the cribs one after another, and send each down in charge of a couple of men, our work becomes more dangerous. Not until sunset turns the raging river into a torrent of molten gold, do we free the last of the mangled cribs. Then with weary limbs, but light hearts, we board the boats, and slip down to the "banding

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ground." On our way, to the sound of splashing oars and dipping paddles, we strike up:

À Bytown c'est une jolie place
Ou il s'ramass' ben d'la crasse;
Ou y a des jolies filles
Et aussi des jolis garcons,
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons.

Among Canadian industries none is more widely known than lumbering. Of this the Ottawa River is the principal outlet. Every fall armies of men enter the great forests of white pine along the tributaries of that mighty river. Every spring hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of timber and saw-logs float down its wild waters. The timber is rafted to Quebec City, there to be shipped principally to England. The saw-log, left to the mercy of the currents, finds its way to Ottawa City. There it is sawn into "lumber," "deals," and planks, which find a ready market all over the world. The men engaged in lumbering during the summer season are known as river-drivers and raftsmen. The most skilful among them are called "jam-crackers" or "white-water" men. The river-driver's work begins where that of the shantyman ends. With the coming of spring the river-driver dons his well-spiked shoes, tests his sturdy canthook, and is ready for the "run." As April's sun transforms the forest's carpet from white to green, and awakens the gurgling brook and roaring river, the timber that had been piled upon the frozen lake or stream, floats away with the broken ice, while the saw-logs at the great rollways come thundering down into the frothing current. Frequently the freshet only partly loosens the great accumulation of logs at the dumps. Then some daring volunteer will climb the bank and chop away the obstruction. I knew a brave young "breed" who just last spring did that very deed. Thousands of saw-logs towered above him as he swiftly worked, and, before his axe was half-way through it, the enormous pressure snapped the huge stop-log in two. Like a startled deer he bounded away, but with a merciless rush the logs overtook him, and now at the river's bend a nameless rough-hewn cross marks his lonely grave. Of all lumbering operations river-driving is the hardest and most hazardous. The logs and timber must be driven down the small turbulent streams while the spring freshets last, for if the water is allowed to run away before the logs are floated down, a "sticking" or "hanging up" of the drive will result, and the entire winter's work of perhaps several hundred men will remain fruitless until the following spring, a loss of many thousands of dollars. Nor is this the worst. The pine-borer's havoc will work the utter destruction of all the logs that remain out of the water.

As it may take several weeks before every "dump" is broken, dams are usually built to retain the freshet. These dams are made of strong timbers deep set in the river-bed. They are furnished with gates for regulating the depth of the water, and with a sluice-way. Toward this the logs are guided by a boom. Often the men must work waist-deep in the icy water, but wherever the stream is navigable the "pointer" or lumberman's boat follows the drive, and the drivers tent out wherever night may overtake them. When the logs have left the angry little creek and arrived in the main river, another danger arises from the logs jamming upon rocks at the head of rapids. Unless the "key-piece" that causes the block is removed they will stay jammed until the following spring. To remove the "key-log" is the climax of the river-driver's peril. It demands courage and skill; not infrequently it demands a driver's life. On either side of the rapids, precipitous banks of solid rock rise to a dizzy height. There only the surest-footed and most dexterous drivers—the "white-water" men or "jam-crackers"—venture out to break the jam. Under the pressure of the vast bulk behind, the "key-piece" frequently breaks before it is half-chopped through, and in a second many hundreds of logs become a seething, twisting, upending, and whirling mass, rushing at terrific speed through the boiling water. In their desperate rush to gain the bank or boat the men frequently get caught between logs and badly injured, or they are thrown into the foaming current, where a frantic fight for life ensues. Their comrades witness the terrible struggle, often utterly unable to render assistance. Seldom have the "jam-crackers" time to reach the shore after the logs begin to move. They must

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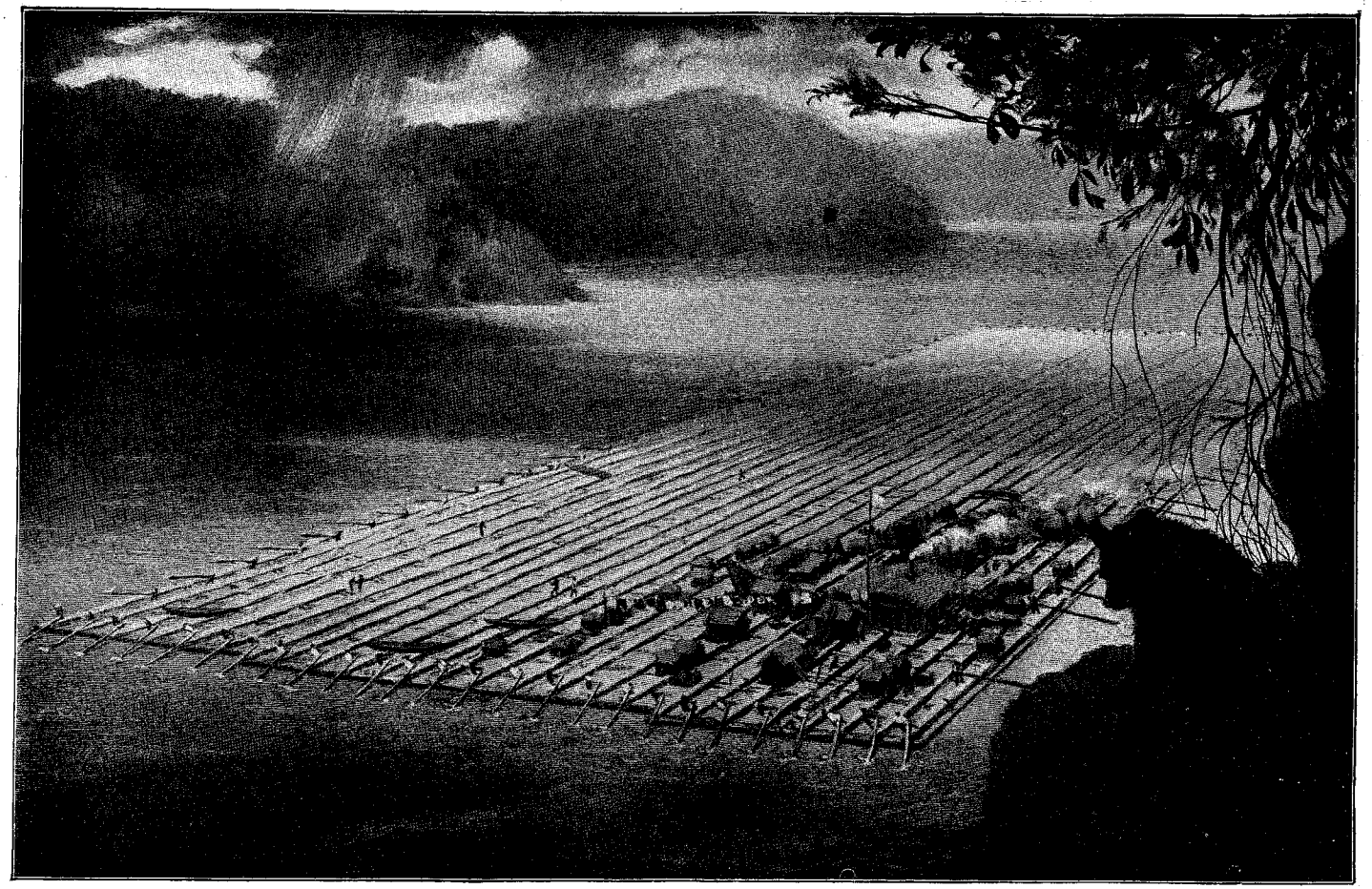

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

A timber raft in the upper Ottawa.—Page 46.

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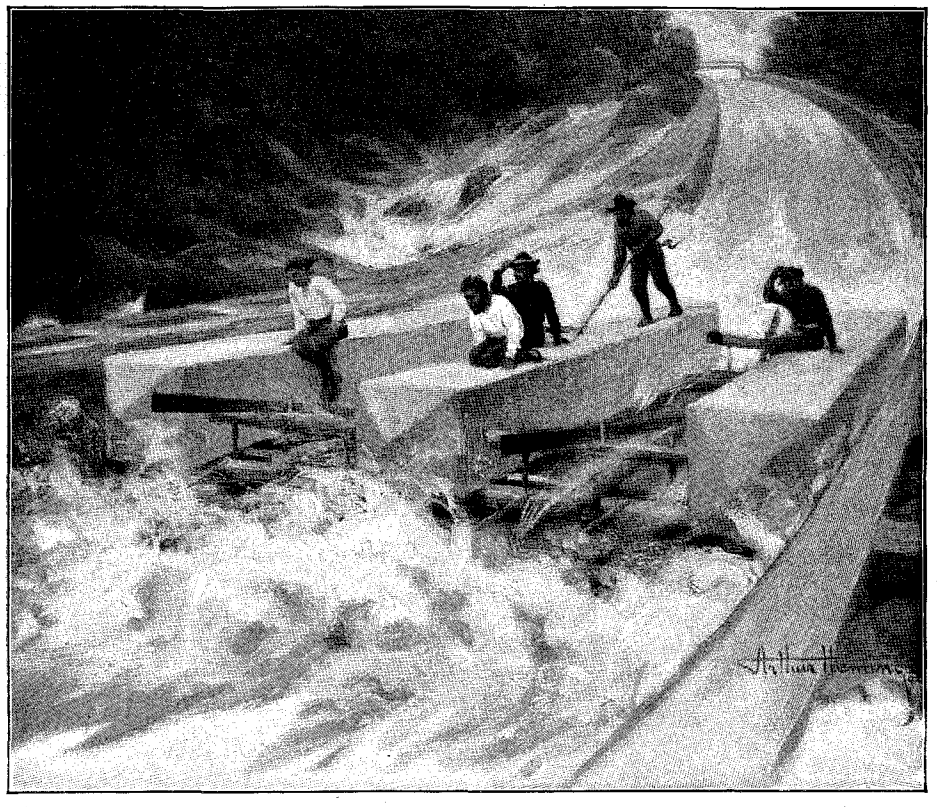
trust their lives upon a single stick, and keep their balance while it lunges wildly through the plunging froth.

To each drive fifty men are usually allotted. At the confluence of the neighboring streams these are joined by other gangs. The combined force—often numbering five hundred—press on the drive until the Ottawa River is reached. Then the task is handed over to the "sweepers." These do the work of the river-drivers, but on a larger scale, many hundreds of men being employed. On the upper reaches of the Ottawa River the sweepers live in log-cabins as stationary crews. Further down the river great rafts—capable of housing a crew of over a hundred men—follow the "sweep." On shorter stretches, between rapids, scows or house-boats are used for the men's accommodation. Tug-boats haul the logs in booms across the many lakes, both large and small. Just above Ottawa City the logs are sorted, according to their owners' brands, into separate booms, and floated down to the mills as required.

The Canadian river-drivers are the most famous "white-water" men in the world. Should one wish to see superb handling of "pointer boats" in white waters that rival the whirlpools of Niagara, one has but to join a crew of river-drivers on a timber drive through the River des Quinze. The experience may not be without risk, as the following example proves: A crew of seven men were loosening timbers from the rocks above a great cataract on the River des Quinze. The nearer they worked to the head of the rapids the more imminent grew their peril. At last the cautious steersman—a half-breed named Polson—refused to venture further the lives of his crew. The foolhardy foreman ordered him out, stepped aboard, and took Polson's steering paddle. Out from the bank they shot swiftly, and down the steep incline. All went well until they wished to turn their boat beside the rocks that blocked the timber, when to their consternation the speed of the boat slackened. Managing to point her bow upstream, they rowed with all



Timber crib running a slide.—Page 46.

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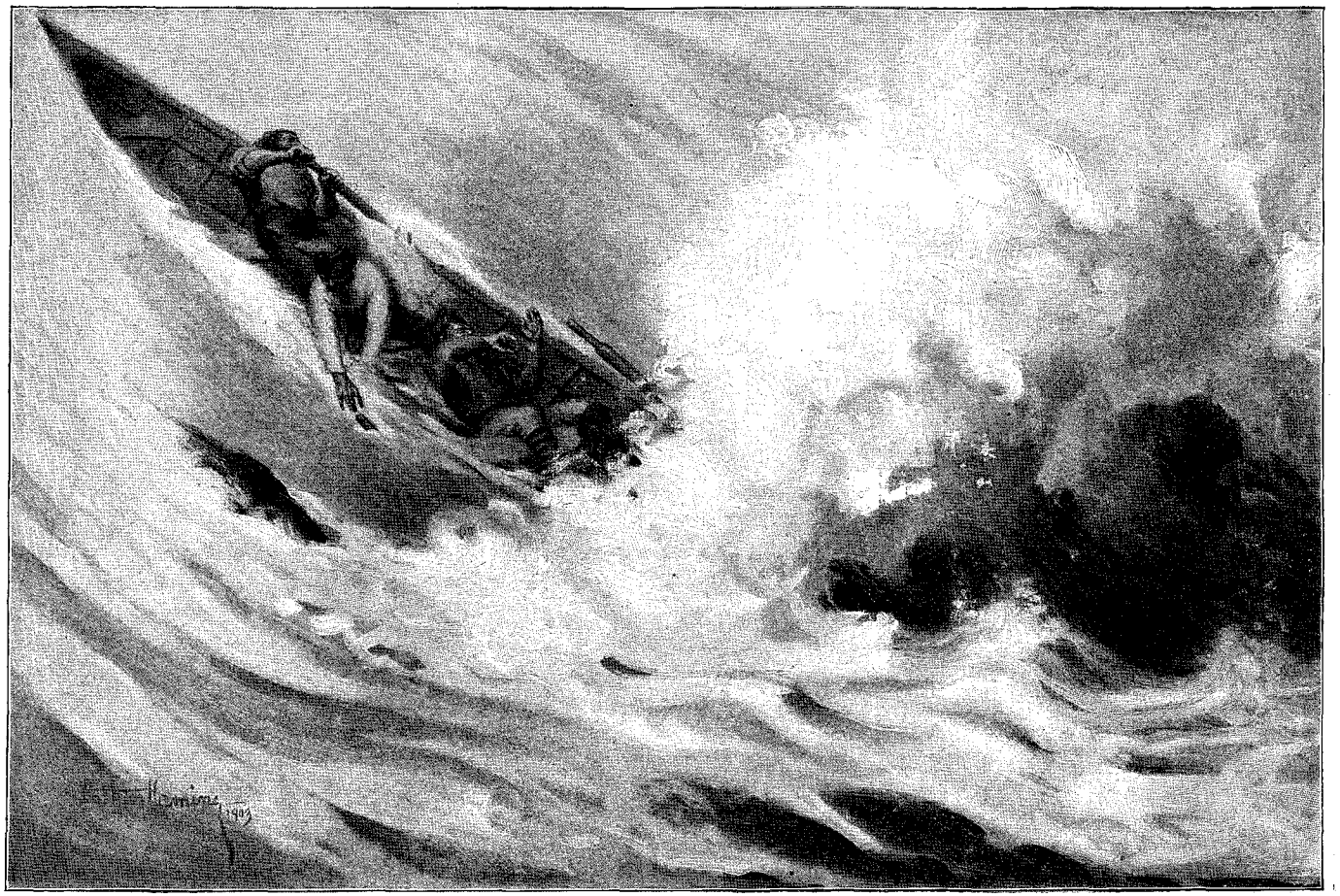

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

Into the very depths of the gigantic cauldron of boiling foam.—Page 46.

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their strength. For some seconds she never moved. Surely the Demon of the rapids had caught them. With pounding heart and panting breath, they tugged with all their might and main, but to no purpose. Inch by inch, with increasing rage, he drew them, until, at last, with a deafening roar he hurled them, boat and all, like a javelin, into the very depths of the gigantic cauldron of boiling foam.

The lumbermen in those regions make use of amphibious little tug-boats, known as "alligators." They are so designated for the reason that they travel on both water and land. One I saw on Lake des Quinze had previously made a cross-country run over lake and hill, river and dale, for a distance of seventy-five miles, during which it climbed two high hills that blocked a three-mile stretch between waters. An "alligator," I might add, is a flat-bottomed side-wheeler that hauls itself overland by a cable snubbed to rocks or trees or hitched to an anchor caught into the ground. Not only is it a powerful boat for towing booms of logs or rafts of timber, but it is used for many other purposes. One day it may crawl up a river bank and furnish power for a saw-mill; and, as likely as not, glide off during the night and next day be retailing energy to a grist-mill twenty miles away.

There are two classes of timber. The first, called "waney," or board timber, is left, as its name implies, with a wane or bevel on its edges. Only the best sections of the choicest trees are hewn into waney timber. The second is known as square timber, its edges being dressed sharp. For this class smaller and rougher trees are used, its value not being depreciated by the presence of small knots. The white pine produces the finest waney and square timber, and the country drained by the Ottawa River furnishes a better quality and a larger quantity of white pine than any other district in America. To see the raftsman at his best one must accompany him down the slide and through the rapid. Then one ceases to wonder why so many men are contented to toil and risk their lives year in and year out on the mighty rivers of Canada. There is an enchantment about those wild waters. There is a fascination that thrills one's being, as the ponderous crib rushes down the steep slide, surges along the narrow channel and plunges through the seething rapids, burying itself for a moment in the mighty swell of the cataract. The raftsmen are sturdy, jovial fellows; thinking little of work and much of fun. With a curse and a laugh they endure hardship. With a prayer and a joke they brave dangers. They sing when work is on, and dance when it is over.

Rafting begins where river-driving ends. The timber, after having been separately run down the small streams among the hills, and corralled by a boom at the "banding-ground" on the Ottawa, is sorted and adjusted into cribs or "drams." First a frame is made. Two timbers of equal length placed parallel are connected at each end by a flat twenty-six-foot traverse "bar" or, rather, beam, securely pegged into position by a large hard-wood picket. Beneath the frame thus made by the traverse "bars," and between the heavy outer "sticks," twelve or fifteen pieces of timber are placed and secured in position by plugging an end of rope into the butt of one timber, passing it over and under the traverse bar and plugging it into the butt of another. Upon the traverse bars three or four large timbers called "loading-sticks" are pegged into place. The pickets at the corners of the cribs are used as snubbing posts, and over these "cap-pieces" are placed to join any number of cribs together. In this way a raft is formed extending over several acres, and worth, perhaps, $100,000. Upon one of the strongest cribs the "cookery" is erected. To enlarge the floor space, the centre loading-stick is omitted. Over the crib an open shed is built, and the cookery range is placed upon a platform in the centre. The cookery is also used as a mess-room. Adjoining the cookery is a crib carrying the cook's cabin, in which the provisions are stored. Other cribs support the foreman's and the clerk's cabin, and the cabin of the pilots, each being seven feet square. The crews' cabins are only four by four by seven feet, and in each two men sleep. For convenience the cabin cribs are usually snubbed nearest the cookery.

When all is in readiness the hawsers are cast off, the sweeps manned, and amid the uproar of bellowing pilots and the splashing of great oars, the little village of tiny wooden houses and very valuable

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Drawn by Arthur Heming.

In the whirlpool of the Calumet.—Page 49.

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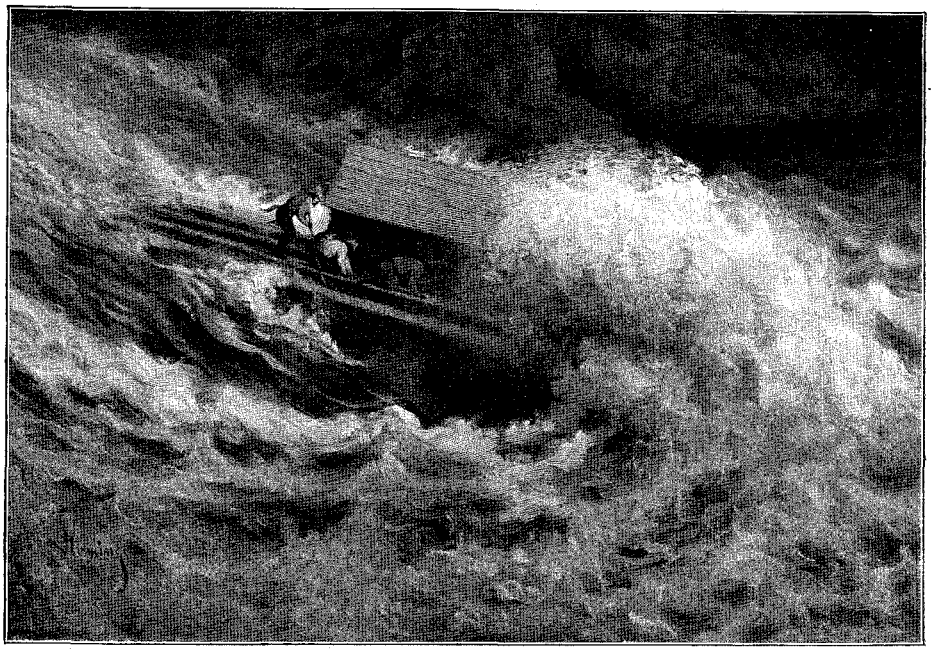

Shooting the "grand swell" at the foot of the Calumet rapids.—Page 48.

wooden yards, passes out of the "banding-ground," and sets out on its perilous journey of from four to five hundred miles, passing bald-headed mountains and wooded valleys; through swift currents and placid lakes; between rocky shores and prosperous farms; down precipitous slides and booming cataracts; past old French villages and new sawmills; trappers' cabins and Parliament buildings; on its way to the timber coves near the City of Quebec. Wherever the current is sluggish, and where tug-boats cannot be had, all the side sweeps, as well as those of the bow and stern, are manned, but where the water is swift the side oars are shipped. At night, if the raft is not in tow, it is "snubbed ashore," and while the men sleep it is in the care of a watchman. When snubbed above a rapid extra care is taken, for disaster would ensue if the hawsers gave way. On Sundays the raft is always snubbed. As the raft descends the river, there are many rapids to run; the wildest are those of the Rocher Capitaine and the Calumet. The cribs are run through rapids singly or in bands of as many as ten, according to the width of the channel. There are several cataracts of such magnitude that cribs cannot successfully descend them. Here the Dominion Government has erected "slides" through which the cribs are floated past the rapids. The slides are built of timber ballasted with stone. A gate at the upper end regulates the flow of water. At the lower end there is an "apron" which, giving under the weight of the crib, checks its velocity and prevents it from being submerged when it dips into the river. When passing the cribs through slides in the neighborhood of towns, the raftsmen have many visitors. The sport is much enjoyed by women and children, and is accompanied by but little danger. The visitors sit upon the centre "loading-sticks" and laugh and scream as the crib thunders down the long narrow slide and plunges, amid showers of spray, into the river below. The raftsman's most thrilling work is shooting rapids. Just above the Rocher Capitaine there is a great "cellar" or hole in the water out of which a crib never comes intact. Below the cellar the water is very wild: its roar drowns the yell of men, and its mad rush streaks the river with foam for a couple of miles. There is a small rock that stands between the head of the slide and the head of the cataract; to the rivermen it marks the point between life and death. If the oarsmen are stronger than the current, the crib turns to the left of the rock and glides safely through the slide, but should the cur-

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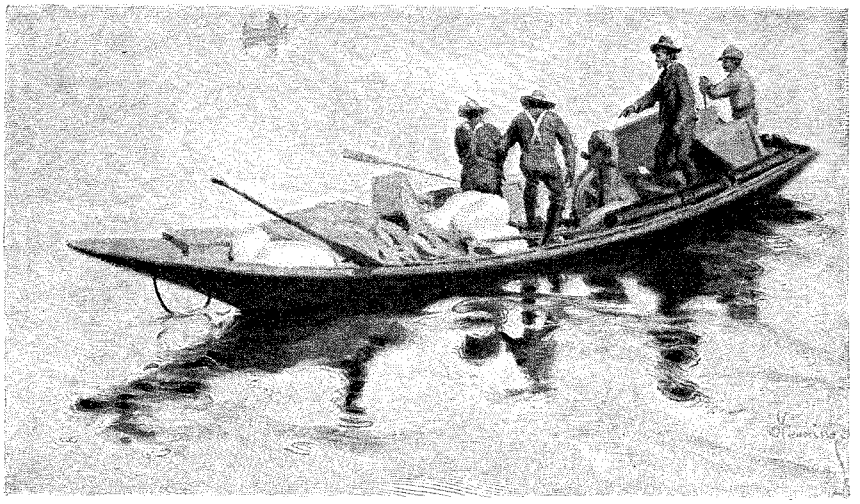
rent be the stronger, the crib passes to the right of the rock, and the men go down to their death. Many a poor fellow has crossed that line never to return, and on the rocky banks the little wooden crosses tell why. The first time I ran the Rocher Capitaine, our crib overlapped by a quarter of its width that perilous line where the currents divide, but by dint of mighty rowing we pulled it back. In the summer of 1896, while I was making a five weeks' rafting trip down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence—the usual time required to reach Quebec City—a serious accident happened. Overnight we had snubbed the raft ashore, just above the cataract of the Calumet. As dawn broke over the eastern bank, we were parting the raft into separate cribs, intending to man each with a pilot and three men to shoot them through the rapids. By sunrise all was in readiness.

But as the first crib moved away, and after successfully running the two long slides and shooting out upon the river, a change crept over the face of the water. Ghost-like figures of floating mist formed and drifted over the course of the crib, blotting out the wooded banks, shrouding the nearby rocks, muffling even the hurrying water down which the now apprehensive crew was gliding.

Alarmed, every man unshipped his oar and dropped upon bended knee to offer up a silent prayer. Then leaping up and thrusting trembling wrists into the noose of their life-lines, they waited in terrible suspense. For somewhere before them, they knew that the river had a sheer fall over a dam fifteen feet in height, at the southern end of which there was a large "apron," for the passage of cribs. It was this "apron," this narrow avenue to life, that the men so eagerly looked for as they rushed on through clouds of drifting mist. With dilated eyes they stared ahead and clinging to loading-sticks they waited for life or death. Not a cry broke from them, though, when under their feet yawned the dreaded brink of the open dam itself. They had missed the "apron."

With a deafening roar the ponderous crib, with a great upheaval, plunged into the surging water below and broke asunder. For a moment the men appeared amid the boiling waters beneath the dam, then they were dragged along by the lunging timbers and mercilessly tossed about in that awful cataract, the Calumet. After being submerged beneath the "Grand swell," they were finally dashed among the "white horses" that rear and plunge between the whirlpools. Three exhausted men rose to the surface beside their loading-sticks, and were piteously whirled about until rescue came. The fourth was found nine days after, in a boom twenty miles below. His "dog" had struck upon a rock, setting free his life-line, and the shadow of another cross is cast upon the bank of that wild river.



Riverdrivers' cook's outfit going ashore.

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THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXIV

BUT the sun sank next day from a sky that was aflame with rebel victories. It rose on a day rosy with rebel hopes, and the prophetic coolness of autumn was in the early morning air when Margaret in her phaeton moved through the front pasture on her way to town—alone. She was in high spirits and her head was lifted proudly. Dan's boast had come true. Kirby Smith had risen swiftly from Tennessee, had struck the Federal army on the edge of the Bluegrass the day before and sent it helter-skelter to the four winds. Only that morning, she had seen a regiment of the hated Yankees move along the turnpike in flight for the Ohio. It was the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, and Harry, and one whose name never passed her lips, were among those dusty cavalrymen; but she was glad and she ran down to the stile and, from the fence, waved the Stars and Bars at them as they passed—which was very foolish, but which brought her deep content. Now the rebels did hold Lexington. Morgan's men were coming that day and she was going into town to see Dan and Colonel Hunt and General Morgan and be fearlessly happy and triumphant. At the Major's gate, whom should she see coming out but the dear old fellow himself and, when he got off his horse and came to her, she leaned forward and kissed him, because he looked so thin and pale from confinement, and because she was so glad to see him. Morgan's men were really coming, that very day, the Major said, and he told her much thrilling news. Jackson had obliterated Pope at the second battle of Manassas. Eleven thousand prisoners had been taken at Harper's Ferry and Lee had gone on into Maryland on the flank of Washington. Recruits were coming into the Confederacy by the thousands. Bragg had fifty-five thousand men and an impregnable stronghold in front of Buell, who had but few men more—not enough to count a minute, the Major said.

"Lee has routed 'em out of Virginia," cried the old fellow, "and Buell is doomed. I tell you, little girl, the fight is almost won."

Jerome Conners rode to the gate and called to the Major in a tone that arrested the girl's attention. She hated that man and she had noted a queer change in his bearing since the war began. She looked for a flash of anger from the Major, but none came and she began to wonder what hold the overseer could have on his old master. She drove on, puzzled, wondering, and disturbed; but her cheeks were flushed—the South was going to win, the Yankees were gone and she must get to town in time to see the triumphant coming of Morgan's men. They were coming in when she reached the Yankee headquarters, which, she saw, had changed flags—thank God—coming proudly in, amid the waving of the Stars and Bars and frenzied shouts of welcome. Where were the Bluegrass Yankees now? The Stars and Stripes that had fluttered from their windows had been drawn in and they were keeping very quiet, indeed—Oh! it was joy! There was gallant Morgan himself swinging from Black Bess to kiss his mother, who stood waiting for him at her gate, and there was Colonel Hunt, gay, debonair, jesting, shaking hands right and left, and crowding the streets, Morgan's men—the proudest blood in the land—every gallant trooper getting his welcome from the lips and arms of mother, sister, sweetheart, or cousin of farthest degree. But where was Dan? She had heard nothing of him since the night

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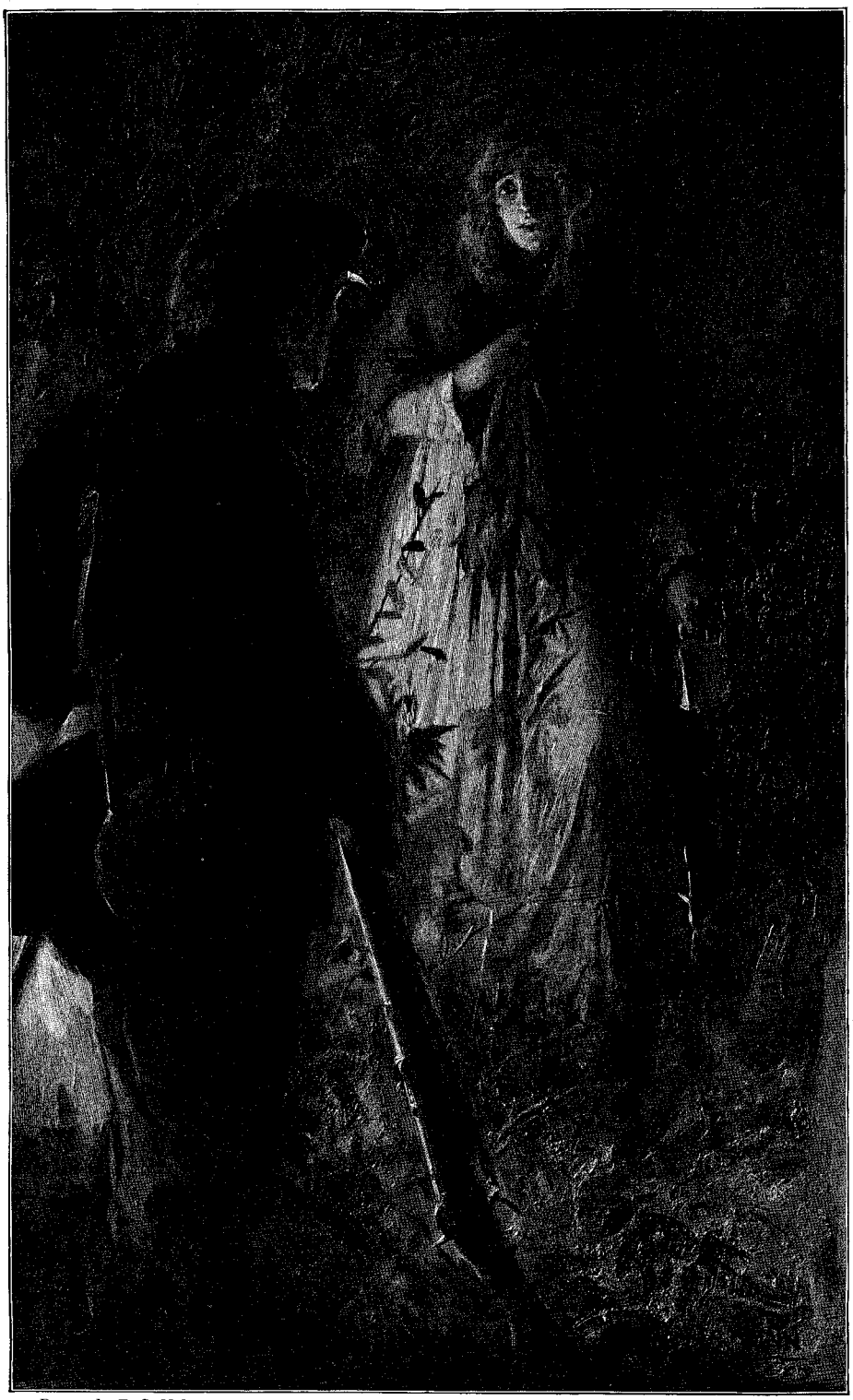

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I want to see Ch——, your captain," she said, timidly.—Page 63.

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he had escaped capture, and while she looked right and left for him to dash toward her and swing from his horse, she heard her name called and turning she saw Richard Hunt at the wheel of her phaeton. He waved his hand toward the happy reunions going on around them.

"The enforced brotherhood, Miss Margaret," he said, his eyes flashing, "I belong to that, you know."

For once the subtle Colonel made a mistake. Perhaps the girl in her trembling happiness and under the excitement of the moment might have welcomed him, as she was waiting to welcome Dan, but she drew back now.

"Oh! no, Colonel—not on that ground."

Her eyes danced, she flushed curiously, as she held out her hand, and the Colonel's brave heart quickened. Straightway he began to wonder—but a quick shadow in Margaret's face checked him.

"But where's Dan? Where *is* Dan?" she repeated, impatiently.

Richard Hunt looked puzzled. He had just joined his command and something must have gone wrong with Dan. So he lied swiftly.

"Dan is out on a scout. I don't think he has got back yet. I'll find out."

Margaret watched him ride to where Morgan stood with his mother in the midst of a joyous group of neighbors and friends and, a moment later, the two officers came toward her on foot.

"Don't worry, Miss Margaret," said Morgan with a smile. "The Yankees have got Dan and have taken him away as prisoner—but don't worry, we'll get him exchanged in a week. I'll give three brigadier-generals for him."

Tears came to the girl's eyes, but she smiled through them bravely.

"I must go back and tell mother," she said, brokenly. "I hoped——"

"Don't worry, little girl," said Morgan again. "I'll have him if I have to capture the whole State of Ohio."

Again Margaret smiled, but her heart was heavy and Richard Hunt was unhappy. He hung around her phaeton while she was in town. He went home with her, cheering her on the way and telling her of the Confederate triumph that was at hand. He comforted Mrs. Dean over Dan's capture, and he rode back to town slowly, with his hands on his saddle-bow—wondering again. Perhaps Margaret had gotten over her feeling for that mountain boy—that Yankee—and there Richard Hunt checked his own thoughts, for that mountain boy, he had discovered, was a brave and chivalrous enemy, and to such his own high chivalry gave salute always.

He was very thoughtful when he reached camp. He had an unusual desire to be alone, and that night, he looked long at the stars, thinking of the girl whom he had known since her babyhood—knowing that he would never think of her except as a woman again.

So the Confederates waited now for Bragg to strike his blow. He did strike it, but it was at the heart of the South. He fought the bloody battle of Perryville. Again he faced Buell at Harrodsburg and then he fell back without giving battle, dividing his forces and retreating into Tennessee. Morgan left Lexington. Kentucky fell under Federal control once more; and Major Buford, dazed, dismayed, unnerved, hopeless, brought the news out to the Deans.

"They'll get me again, I suppose, and I can't leave home on account of Lucy."

"Please do, Major," said Mrs. Dean. "Send Miss Lucy over here and make your escape. We will take care of her." The Major shook his head sadly and rode away.

Next day Margaret sat on the stile and saw the Yankees coming back to Lexington. To one side of her the Stars and Bars were fixed to the fence from which they had floated since the day she had waved the flag at them as they fled. She saw the advance guard come over the hill and jog down the slope and then the regiment slowly following after. In the rear she could see two men, riding unarmed. Suddenly three cavalrymen spurred forward at a gallop and turned in at her gate. The soldier in advance was an officer and he pulled out a handkerchief, waved it once and, with a gesture to his companions, came on alone. She knew the horse even before she recognized the rider and her cheeks flushed, her lips were set, and her nostrils began to dilate. The horseman reined in and took off his cap:

"I come under a flag of truce," he said, gravely, "to ask this garrison to haul down its colors—and—to save useless effusion of blood," he added still more gravely.

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"Your war on women has begun then?"

"I am obeying orders—no more, no less."

"I congratulate you on your luck or your good judgment always to be on hand when disagreeable duties are to be done."

Chad flushed.

"Won't you take the flag down?"

"No, make your attack. You will have one of your usual victories—with overwhelming numbers—and it will be safe and bloodless. There are only two negroes defending this garrison. They will not fight, nor will we."

"Won't you take the flag down?"

"No!"

Chad lifted his cap and wheeled. The Colonel was waiting at the gate.

"Well, sir?" he asked, frowning.

"I shall need help, sir, to take that flag down," said Chad.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"A woman is defending it."

"What!" shouted the Colonel.

"That is my sister, Colonel," said Harry Dean. The Colonel smiled and then grew grave.

"You should warn her not to provoke the authorities. The Government is advising very strict measures now with rebel sympathizers." Then he smiled again.

"Fours! Left wheel! Halt! Present—sabres!"

A line of sabres flashed in the sun and Margaret, not understanding, snatched the flag from the fence and waved it back in answer. The Colonel laughed aloud. The column moved on and each captain, following, caught the humor of the situation and each company flashed its sabres as it went by, while Margaret stood motionless.

In the rear rode those two unarmed prisoners. She could see now that their uniforms were gray and she knew that they were prisoners, but she little dreamed that they were her brother Dan and Rebel Jerry Dillon, nor did Chad Buford or Harry Dean dream of the purpose for which, just at that time, they were being brought back to Lexington. Perhaps one man who saw them did know: for Jerome Conners, from the woods opposite, watched the prisoners ride by with a malicious smile that nothing but impending danger to an enemy could ever bring to his face, and with the same smile he watched Margaret go slowly back to the house, while her flag still fluttered from the stile.

The high tide of Confederate hopes was fast receding now. The army of the Potomac, after Antietam, was retreating into its Southern stronghold, as was the army of the West after Bragg's abandonment of Mumfordsville, and the rebel retirement had given the provost-marshals in Kentucky full sway. Two hundred Southern sympathizers, under arrest, had been sent into exile north of the Ohio, and large sums of money were levied for guerilla outrages here and there—a heavy sum falling on Major Buford for a vicious murder done in his neighborhood by Daws Dillon and his band on the night of the capture of Daniel Dean and Rebel Jerry. The Major paid the levy with the first mortgage he had ever given in his life, and straightway Jerome Conners, who had been dealing in mules and other Government supplies, took an attitude that was little short of insolence toward his old master, whose farm was passing into the overseer's clutches at last. Only two nights before another band of guerillas had burned a farm-house, killed a Unionist, and fled to the hills before the incoming Yankees, and the Kentucky Commandant had sworn vengeance after the old Mosaic way on victims already within his power.

That night Chad and Harry were summoned before General Ward. They found him seated with his chin in his hand, looking out the window at the moonlit campus. Without moving, he held out a dirty piece of paper to Chad.

"Read that," he said.

"You have ketched two of my men and I hear as how you mean to hang 'em. If you hang them two men, I'm a-goin' to hang every man of yours I can git my hands on.

"Daws Dillon—Captin."

Chad gave a low laugh and Harry smiled, but the General kept grave.

"You know, of course, that your brother belongs to Morgan's command?"

"I do, sir," said Harry, wonderingly.

"Do you know that his companion—the man Dillon—Jerry Dillon—does?"

"I do not, sir."

"They were captured by a squad that was fighting Daws Dillon. This Jerry Dillon has the same name and you found the two together at General Dean's."

"But they had both just left General

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Morgan's command," said Harry, indignantly.

"That may be true, but this Daws Dillon has sent a similar message to the Commandant and he has just been in here again and committed two wanton outrages night before last. The Commandant is enraged and has issued orders for stern retaliation."

"It is a trick of Daws Dillon," said Chad, hotly, "an infamous trick. He hates his Cousin Jerry, he hates me, and he hates the Deans, because they were friends of mine." General Ward looked troubled.

"The Commandant says he has been positively informed that both the men joined Daws Dillon in the fight that night. He has issued orders that not only every guerilla captured shall be hung, but that, whenever a Union citizen has been killed by one of them, four of such marauders are to be taken to the spot and shot in retaliation. It is the only means left, he says."

There was a long silence. The faces of both the lads had turned white as each saw the drift of the General's meaning, and Harry strode forward to his desk.

"Do you mean to say, General Ward——"

The General wheeled in his chair and pointed silently to an order that lay on the desk, and as Harry started to read it, his voice broke. Daniel Dean and Rebel Jerry Dillon were to be shot next morning at sunrise.

. . . . . .

The General spoke very kindly to Harry.

"I have known this all day, but I did not wish to tell you until I had done everything I could. I did not think it would be necessary to tell you at all, for I thought there would be no trouble. I telegraphed the Commandant but—" he turned again to the window—"I have not been able to get them a trial by court-martial, or even a stay in the execution. You'd better go see your brother—he knows now—and you'd better send word to your mother and sister."

Harry shook his head. His face was so drawn and ghastly as he stood leaning heavily against the table that Chad moved unconsciously to his side.

"Where is the Commandant?" he asked.

"In Frankfort," said the General. Chad's eyes kindled.

"Will you let me go see him to-night?"

"Certainly, and I will give you a message to him. Perhaps you can yet save the boy, but there is no chance for the man Dillon." The General took up a pen. Harry seemed to sway as he turned to go and Chad put one arm around him and went with him to the door.

"There have been some surprising desertions from the Confederate ranks," said the General, as he wrote. "That's the trouble." He looked at his watch as he handed the message over his shoulder to Chad. "You have ten hours before sunrise and it is nearly sixty miles there and back. If you are not here with a stay of execution both will be shot. Do you think that you can make it? Of course you need not bring the message back yourself. You can get the Commandant to telegraph——" The slam of a door interrupted him—Chad was gone.

Harry held Dixie's bridle when he reached the street and Chad swung into the saddle.

"Don't tell them at home," he said, "I'll be back here on time, or I'll be dead."

The two grasped hands. Harry nodded dumbly and Dixie's feet beat the rhythm of her matchless gallop down the quiet street. The sensitive little mare seemed to catch at once the spirit of her rider. Her haunches quivered. She tossed her head and champed her bit, but not a pound did she pull as she settled into an easy lope that told how well she knew that the ride before her was long and hard. Out they went past the old cemetery, past the shaft to Clay rising from it, silvered with moonlight, out where the picket fires gleamed, and swinging on toward the Capital, unchallenged, for the moon showed the blue of Chad's uniform and his face gave sign that no trivial business, that night, was his. Over quiet fields and into the aisles of sleeping woods beat that musical rhythm ceaselessly, awakening drowsy birds by the wayside, making bridges thunder, beating on and on up hill and down until picket fires shone on the hills that guard the Capital. Through them, with but one challenge, Chad went, down the big hill, past the Armory, and into the town and pulling panting Dixie up before a wondering sentinel who guarded the Commandant's sleeping quarters.

"The Commandant is asleep."

"Wake him up," said Chad, sharply. A staff-officer appeared at the door, in answer to the sentinel's knock.

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"What is your business?"

"A message from General Ward."

"The Commandant gave orders that he was not to be disturbed."

"He must be," said Chad. "It is a matter of life and death."

Above him a window was suddenly raised and the Commandant's own head was thrust out.

"Stop that noise," he thundered. Chad told his mission and the Commandant straightway was furious.

"How dare General Ward broach that matter again? My orders are given and they will not be changed." As he started to pull the window down, Chad cried:

"But, General——" and at the same time a voice called down the street:

"General!" Two men appeared under the gaslight—one was a sergeant and the other a frightened negro.

"Here is a message, General."

The sash went down, a light appeared behind it and soon the Commandant, in trousers and slippers, was at the door. He read the note with a frown.

"Where did you get this?"

"A sojer come to my house out on the edge o' town, suh, and said he'd kill me to-morrow if I didn't hand dis note to you pussonally."

The Commandant turned to Chad. Somehow his manner seemed suddenly changed.

"Do *you* know that these men belonged to Morgan's command?"

"I know that Daniel Dean did and that the man Dillon was with him."

Still frowning savagely, the Commandant turned inside to his desk and a moment later the staff-officer brought out a telegram and gave it to Chad.

"You can take this to the telegraph office yourself. It is a stay of execution."

"Thank you."

Chad drew a long breath of relief and gladness and patted Dixie on the neck as he rode slowly toward the low building where he had missed the train on his first trip to the Capital. The telegraph operator dashed to the door as Chad drew up in front of it. He looked pale and excited.

"Send this telegram at once," said Chad.

The operator looked at it.

"Not in that direction to-night," he said with a strained laugh, "the wires are cut."

Chad almost reeled in his saddle—then the paper was whisked from the astonished operator's hand and horse and rider clattered up the hill.

. . . . . .

At headquarters the Commandant was handing the negro's note to his staff-officer. It read:

"*You hang those men at sunrise to-morrow, and I'll hang you at sundown.*"

It was signed "John Morgan," and the signature was Morgan's own.

"I gave the order only last night. How could Morgan have heard of it so soon, and how could he have got this note to me? Could he have come back?"

"Impossible," said the staff-officer. "He wouldn't dare come back now."

The Commandant shook his head doubtfully and just then there was a knock at the door and the operator, still pale and excited, spoke his message:

"General, the wires are cut."

The two officers stared at each other in silence.

. . . . . .

Twenty-seven miles to go and less than three hours before sunrise. There was a race yet for the life of Daniel Dean. The gallant little mare could cover the stretch with nearly an hour to spare and Chad, thrilled in every nerve, but with calm confidence, raced against the coming dawn.

"The wires are cut."

Who had cut them and where and when and why? No matter—Chad had the paper in his pocket that would save two lives and he would be on time even if Dixie broke her noble heart, but he could not get the words out of his brain—even Dixie's hoofs beat them out ceaselessly.

"The wires are cut—the wires are cut!"

The mystery would have been clear, had Chad known the message that lay on the Commandant's desk, for the boy knew Morgan, and that Morgan's lips never opened for an idle threat. He would have ridden just as hard, had he known, but a different purpose would have been his.

An hour more and there was still no light in the East. An hour more and one red streak had shot upward; then ahead of him gleamed a picket fire—a fire that seemed farther from town than any post he had

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seen on his way down to the Capital—but he galloped on. Within fifty yards a cry came:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friend," he shouted, without reining in. A bullet whizzed past his head and he pulled up outside the edge of the fire and shouted indignantly:

"Don't shoot, you fool! I have a message for General Ward!"

"Oh! All right! Come on!" said the sentinel, but his hesitation and the tone of his voice made the boy alert with suspicion. The other pickets about the fire had risen and grasped their muskets. The wind flared the flames just then and in the leaping light Chad saw that their uniforms were *gray*.

Chad almost gasped. There was need for quick thought and quick action now.

"Lower that blunderbuss," he called out, jestingly, and kicking loose from one stirrup, he touched Dixie with the spur and pulled her up with an impatient "Whoa," as though he were trying to replace his foot.

"You come on!" said the sentinel, but he dropped his musket to the hollow of his arm and before he could throw it to his shoulder again, fire flashed under Dixie's feet and the astonished rebel saw horse and rider rise over the pike-fence. His bullet went overhead as Dixie landed on the other side and the pickets at the fire joined in a fusillade at the dark shapes speeding across the bluegrass field. A moment later Chad's mocking yell rang from the edge of the woods beyond and the disgusted sentinel split the night with oaths.

"That beats the devil. We never touched him. I swear, I believe that hoss had wings."

Morgan! That name cleared the mystery for Chad like magic. Nobody but Morgan and his daredevils could rise out of the ground like that in the very midst of enemies when they were supposed to be hundreds of miles away in Tennessee. Morgan had cut those wires. Morgan had every road around Lexington guarded, no doubt, and was at that hour hemming in Chad's unsuspicious regiment, whose camp was on the other side of town, and unless he could give warning, Morgan would drop like a thunderbolt on it, asleep. He must circle the town now, to get around the rebel post, and that meant several miles more for Dixie.

He stopped and reached down to feel the little mare's flanks. Dixie drew a long breath and dropped her muzzle to tear up a rich mouthful of bluegrass.

"Oh, you beauty!" said the boy, "you wonder!" And on he went, through woodland and field, over gully, log, and fence, bullets ringing after him from nearly every road he crossed.

Morgan was near in disgust, for when Bragg retreated, he had got permission to leave Kentucky in his own way. That meant wheeling and making straight back to Lexington to surprise the Fourth Ohio Cavalry; representing himself on the way, one night, as his old enemy Wolford, and being guided a short cut through the edge of the Bluegrass by an ardent admirer of the Yankee Colonel—the said admirer giving Morgan the worst tirade possible, meanwhile, and nearly tumbling from his horse when Morgan told him who he was and sarcastically advised him to make sure next time to whom he paid his compliments.

So that while Chad with the precious message under his jacket and Dixie were lightly thundering along the road, Morgan's men were gobbling up pickets around Lexington and making ready for an attack on the sleeping camp at dawn.

The dawn was nearly breaking now, and Harry Dean was pacing to and fro before the old Court-House where Dan and Rebel Jerry lay under guard—pacing to and fro and waiting for his mother and sister to come to say the last good-bye to the boy—for Harry had given up hope and had sent for them. Richard Hunt was leading his regiment around the Ashland woods where the enemy lay; another regiment was taking its place between the camp and the town, and gray figures were slipping noiselessly on the provost-guard that watched the rebel prisoners who were waiting for death at sunrise. As the dawn broke, the dash came, and Harry Dean was sick at heart as he sharply rallied the startled guard to prevent the rescue of his own brother and straightway delirious with joy when he saw the gray mass sweeping on him and knew that he would fail. A few shots rang out; the rattle of musketry rose between the camp and town; the thunder of the "Bull Pups" saluted the coming light, and Dan and Rebel Jerry had suddenly—instead of death—life, liberty, arms, a horse each, and

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the sudden pursuit of happiness in a wild dash toward the Yankee camp, while in a dew-drenched meadow two miles away, Chad Buford drew Dixie in to listen. The fight was on.

If the rebels won, Dan Dean would be safe; if the Yankees—then there would still be need of him and the paper over his heart. He was too late to warn, but not, maybe, to fight—so he galloped on.

But the end came as he galloped. The amazed Fourth Ohio threw down its arms at once, and Richard Hunt and his men as they sat on their horses outside the camp, picking up stragglers, saw a lone scout coming at a gallop across the still, gray fields. His horse was black and his uniform was blue, but he came straight on, apparently not seeing the rebels behind the ragged hedge along the road. When within thirty yards, Richard Hunt rode through a roadside gate to meet him and saluted:

"You are my prisoner," he said, courteously.

The Yankee never stopped, but wheeled, almost brushing the hedge as he turned.

"Prisoner—hell!" he said, clearly, and like a bird, was skimming away while the men behind the hedge, paralyzed by his daring, fired not a shot. Only Dan Dean started through the gate in pursuit.

"I want him," he said, savagely.

"Who's that?" asked Morgan, who had ridden up.

"That's a Yankee," laughed Colonel Hunt.

"Why didn't you shoot him?" The Colonel laughed again.

"I don't know," he said, looking around at his men, who, too, were smiling.

"That's the fellow who gave us so much trouble in the Green River Country," said a soldier. "It's Chad Buford."

"Well, I'm glad we didn't shoot him," said Colonel Hunt, thinking of Margaret. That was not the way he liked to dispose of a rival.

"Dan will catch him," said an officer. "He wants him bad, and I don't wonder." Just then Chad lifted Dixie over a fence.

"Not much," said Morgan. "I'd rather you'd shot him than that horse."

Dan was gaining now, and Chad, in the middle of the field beyond the fence, turned his head and saw the lone rebel in pursuit. Deliberately he pulled in Dixie, faced about, and waited. He drew his pistol, raised it, saw that the rebel was Daniel Dean and dropped it again to his side. Verily the fortune of that war was strange. Dan's horse refused the fence and the boy, in a rage, lifted his pistol and fired. Again Chad raised his own pistol and again he lowered it just as Dan fired again. This time Chad lurched in his saddle, but recovering himself, turned and galloped slowly away, while Dan—his pistol hanging at his side—stared after him, and the wondering rebels behind the hedge stared hard at Dan.

. . . . . .

All was over. The Fourth Ohio Cavalry was in rebel hands and a few minutes later, Dan rode with General Morgan and Colonel Hunt toward the Yankee camp. There had been many blunders in the fight. Regiments had fired into each other in the confusion and the "Bull Pups" had kept on pounding the Yankee camp even while the rebels were taking possession of it. On the way they met Renfrew, the Silent, in his brilliant Zouave jacket.

"Colonel," he said, indignantly—and it was the first time many had ever heard him open his lips—"some officer over there deliberately fired twice at me, though I was holding my arms over my head."

"It was dark," said Colonel Hunt, soothingly. "He didn't know you."

"Ah, Colonel, he might not have known *me*—but he must have known this jacket."

On the outskirts of one group of prisoners was a tall, slender young lieutenant with a streak of blood across one cheek. Dan pulled in his horse and the two met each other's eyes silently. Dan threw himself from his horse.

"Are you hurt, Harry?"

"It's nothing—but you've got me, Dan."

"Why, Harry!" said Morgan. "Is that you? You are paroled, my boy," he added, kindly. "Go home and stay until you are exchanged."

So, Harry, as a prisoner, did what he had not done before—he went home immediately. And home with him went Dan and Colonel Hunt, while they could, for the Yankees would soon be after them from north, east, south and west. Behind them trotted Rebel Jerry. On the edge of town they saw a negro lashing a pair of

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horses along the turnpike toward them. Two white-faced women were seated in a carriage behind him, and in a moment Dan was in the arms of his mother and sister and both women were looking, through tears, their speechless gratitude to Richard Hunt.

The three Confederates did not stay long at the Deans'. Jerry Dillon was on the lookout and even while the Deans were at dinner, Rufus ran in with the familiar cry that Yankees were coming. It was a regiment from an adjoining county, but Colonel Hunt finished his coffee, amid all the excitement, most leisurely.

"You'll pardon us for eating and running, won't you, Mrs. Dean?" It was the first time in her life that Mrs. Dean ever speeded a parting guest.

"Oh, do hurry, Colonel—please, please." Dan laughed.

"Good-by, Harry," he said. "We'll give you a week or two at home before we get that exchange."

"Don't make it any longer than necessary, please," said Harry, gravely.

"We're coming back again, Mrs. Dean," said the Colonel, and then in a lower tone to Margaret: "I'm coming often," he added, and Margaret blushed in a way that would not have given very great joy to one Chadwick Buford.

Very leisurely the three rode out to the pike-gate where they halted and surveyed the advancing column, which was still several hundred yards away, and then with a last wave of their caps, started in a slow gallop for town. The advance guard started suddenly in pursuit and the Deans saw Dan turn in his saddle and heard his defiant yell. Margaret ran down and fixed her flag in its place on the fence—Harry watching her.

"Mother," he said, sadly, "you don't know what trouble you may be laying up for yourself."

Fate could hardly lay up more than what she already had, but the mother smiled.

"I can do nothing with Margaret," she said.

In town the Federal flags had been furled and the Stars and Bars thrown out to the wind. Morgan was preparing to march when Dan and Colonel Hunt galloped up to head-quarters.

"They're coming," said Hunt, quietly.

"Yes," said Morgan, "from every direction."

"Ah, John," called an old fellow, who though a Unionist believed in keeping peace with both sides, "when we don't expect you—then is the time you come. Going to stay long?

"Not long," said Morgan, grimly. "In fact, I guess we'll be moving along now."

And he did—back to Dixie with his prisoners, tearing up railroads, burning bridges and trestles and pursued by enough Yankees to have eaten him and his entire command if they ever could have caught him. As they passed into Dixie, "Lightning" captured a telegraph office and had a last little fling at his Yankee brethren.

"Headquarters, Telegraph Dept. of Ky., Confederate States of America"—thus he headed his "General Order No. 1" to the various Union authorities throughout the State.

"Hereafter," he clicked, grinning, "an operator will destroy telegraphic instruments and all material in charge when informed that Morgan has crossed the border. Such instances of carelessness as lately have been exhibited in the Bluegrass will be severely dealt with.

"By order of
"LIGHTNING,
"Gen. Supt. C. S. Tel. Dept."

Just about that time Chad Buford in a Yankee hospital was coming back from the land of ether dreams. An hour later the surgeon who had taken Dan's bullet from his shoulder, handed him a piece of paper, black with faded blood and scarcely legible.

"I found that in your jacket," he said. "Is it important?"

Chad smiled.

"No," he said. "Not now."

XXV

ONCE more, and for the last time, Chadwick Buford jogged along the turnpike from the Ohio to the heart of the Bluegrass. He had filled his empty shoulder straps with two bars. He had a bullet wound through one shoulder and there was a beautiful sabre cut across his right cheek. He

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looked the soldier every inch of him; he was, in truth, what he looked; and he was, moreover, a man. Naturally, his face was stern and resolute, if only from habit of authority, but he had known no passion during the war that might have seared its kindness; no other feeling toward his foes than admiration for their unquenchable courage and miserable regret that to such men he must be a foe.

Now, it was coming spring again—the spring of '64, and but one more year of the war to come.

The capture of the Fourth Ohio gave Chad his long-looked-for chance. He turned Dixie's head toward the foothills to join Wolford, for with Wolford was the work that he loved—that leader being more like Morgan in his method and daring than any other Federal cavalryman in the field.

Behind him, in Kentucky, he left the State under martial sway once more, and thereafter the troubles of rebel sympathizers multiplied steadily, for never again was the State under rebel control. A heavy hand was laid on every rebel roof. Major Buford was sent to prison again. General Dean was in Virginia, fighting, and only the fact that there was no man in the Dean household on whom vengeance could fall, saved Margaret and Mrs. Dean from suffering, but even the time of women was to come.

On New Year's Day Lincoln freed the slaves—and no rebel was more indignant than was Chadwick Buford. The Unionists, in general, protested: the Confederates had broken the Constitution, they said; the Unionists were helping to maintain that contract and now the Federals had broken the Constitution and their own high ground was swept from beneath their feet. They protested as bitterly as their foes, be it said, against the Federals breaking up political conventions with bayonets and the ruin of innocent citizens for the crimes of guerillas, for whose acts nobody was responsible, but all to no avail. The terrorism only grew the more. Murfreesboro was fought. Again Bragg withdrew.

As the spring wore on, Chad, with Wolford, chased Morgan when he gathered his clans for his last daring venture—to cross the Ohio and strike the enemy on its own hearth-stones—and thus give him a little taste of what the South had long known from border to border. Pursued by Federals, Morgan got across the river, waved a farewell to his pursuing enemies on the other bank and struck out. Within three days, one hundred thousand men were after him and his two thousand daredevils, cutting down trees behind him (in case he should return!), flanking him, getting in his front, but on he went, uncaught and spreading terror for a thousand miles, while behind him for six hundred miles, country people lined the dusty road, singing "Rally 'round the Flag, Boys," and handing out fried chicken and blackberry-pie to his pursuers. Men taken afterward with typhoid fever sang that song through their delirium and tasted fried chicken no more as long as they lived. Hemmed in as Morgan was, he would have gotten away, but for the fact that a heavy fog made him miss the crossing of the river and for the further reason that the first rise in the river for twenty years made it impossible to swim. He might have fought out, but his ammunition was gone. Many did escape and Morgan himself could have gotten away. Chad, himself, saw the rebel chief swimming the river on a powerful horse, followed by a negro-servant on another—saw him turn deliberately in the middle of the stream, when it was plain that his command could not escape, and make for the Ohio shore to share the fortunes of his beloved officers who were left behind. Chad heard him shout to the negro:

"Go back, you will be drowned." The negro turned his face and Chad laughed—it was Snowball, grinning and shaking his head:

"No, Mars John, no suh!" he yelled. "It's all right fer *you!* You can git a furlough, but dis nigger ain't gwine to be cotched in no free State. 'Sides, Mars Dan, he gwine to get away, too." And Dan did get away and Chad saw Morgan and Colonel Hunt loaded on a boat to be sent down to prison in a state penitentiary. It was no surprise to Chad, two months later, to learn from a Federal officer that Morgan with six others had dug out of prison and escaped.

"I was going through that very town," said the officer, "and a fellow, shaved and sheared like a convict got aboard and sat down in the same seat with me. As we

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passed the penitentiary, he turned with a yawn—and said in a matter-of-fact way:

"'That's where Morgan is kept, isn't it?' and then he drew out a flask. I thought he had wonderfully good manners in spite of his looks, and, so help me, if he didn't wave his hand, bow like a Bayard, and hand it over to me:

"'Let's drink to the hope that Morgan may always be as safe as he is now.' I drank to his toast with a hearty Amen, and the fellow never cracked a smile. It was Morgan himself."

Early in '64 the order went round for negroes to be enrolled as soldiers, and again no rebel felt more outraged than Chadwick Buford. Wolford, his commander, was dishonorably dismissed from the service for bitter protests and harsh open criticism of the Government, and Chad, himself, felt like tearing off with his own hands, the straps which he had worn with so much bravery and with so much pride. But the instinct that led him into the Union service kept his lips sealed when his respect for that service, in his own State, was well-nigh gone—kept him in that State where he thought his duty lay. There was need of him and thousands more like him. For, while active war was now over in Kentucky, its brood of evils was still thickening. Every county in the State was ravaged by a guerilla band—and the ranks of these marauders began to be swelled by Confederates, particularly in the mountains and in the hills that skirt them. Banks, trains, public vaults, stores, were robbed right and left, and murder and revenge were of daily occurrence. Daws Dillon was an open terror in the mountains and in the Bluegrass. Hitherto the bands had been Union and Confederate, but now, more and more, men who had been rebels joined them. And Chad Buford could understand. For, many a rebel soldier, "hopeless now for his cause," as Richard Hunt was wont to say, "fighting from pride, bereft of sympathy, aid, and encouragement that he once received, compelled to wring existence from his own countrymen; a cavalryman on some outpost department, perhaps, without rations, fluttering with rags; shod, if shod at all, with shoes that sucked in rain and cold; sleeping at night under the blanket that kept his saddle by day from his sore-backed horse; paid, if paid at all, with waste paper; hardened into recklessness by war, became a guerilla—consoling himself, perhaps, with the thought that his desertion was not to the enemy."

Bad as the methods of such men were, they were hardly worse than the means taken in retaliation. At first, Confederate sympathizers were arrested and held as hostages for all persons captured and detained by guerillas. Later, when a citizen was killed by one of these bands, four prisoners, supposed to be chosen from this class of free-booters, were taken from prison and shot to death on the spot where the deed was done. Now it was rare that one of these brigands was ever taken alive, and thus regular soldier after soldier who was a prisoner of war and entitled to consideration as such, was taken from prison and murdered by the Commandant without even a court-martial. It was such a death that Dan Dean and Rebel Jerry had escaped. Union men were imprisoned even for protesting against these outrages, so that between guerillas and provost-marshal no citizen, rebel or Yankee, in sympathy, felt safe in property, life, or liberty. The better Unionists were alienated, but worse yet was to come. Hitherto, only the finest chivalry had been shown women and children throughout the war. Women whose brothers and husbands and sons were in the rebel army, or dead on the battle-field, were banished now with their children to Canada under a negro guard or sent to prison. State authorities became openly arrayed against provost-marshals and their followers. There was almost an open clash. The Governor, a Unionist, threatened even to recall the Kentucky troops from the field to come back and protect their homes when Lincoln interfered. Even the Home Guards got disgusted with their masters, and for a while it seemed as if the State, between guerilla and provost-marshal, would go to pieces. For months the Confederates had repudiated all connection with these free-booters and had joined with Federals in hunting them down, but when the State government tried to raise troops to crush them, the Commandant not only ordered his troops to resist the State, but ordered the muster-out of all State troops then in service.

The Deans little knew how much trouble Captain Chad Buford, whose daring ser-

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vice against guerillas had given him great power with the Union authorities, had saved them—how he had kept them from arrest and imprisonment on the charge of none other than Jerome Conners, the overseer; how he had ridden out to pay his personal respects to the complainant and that brave gentleman, seeing him from afar, had mounted his horse and fled, terror-stricken. They never knew that just after this he had got a furlough and gone to see Grant himself, who had sent him on to tell his story to Mr. Lincoln.

"Go back to Kentucky, then," said Grant with his quiet smile, "and if General Ward has nothing particular for you to do, I want him to send you to me," and Chad had gone from him, dizzy with pride and hope.

"I'm going to do something," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I'm going to do it right away."

And now Chad carried in his breast despatches from the President himself to General Ward at Lexington.

As he rode over the next hill, from which he would get his first glimpse of his old home and the Deans', his heart beat fast and his eyes swept both sides of the road. Both houses—even the Deans'—were shuttered and closed—both tenantless. He saw not even a negro cabin that showed a sign of life.

On he went at a gallop toward Lexington. Not a single rebel flag had he seen since he left the Ohio, nor was he at all surprised; the end could not be far off, and there was no chance that the Federals would ever again lose the State.

On the edge of the town he overtook a Federal officer. It was Harry Dean, pale and thin from long imprisonment and sickness. Harry had been with Sherman, had been captured again and, in prison, had almost died with fever. He had come home to get well only to find his sister and mother sent as exiles to Canada. Major Buford was still in prison, Miss Lucy was dead, and Jerome Conners seemed master of the house and farm. General Dean had been killed, had been sent home, and was buried in the garden. It was only two days after the burial, Harry said, that Margaret and her mother had to leave their home. Even the bandages that Mrs. Dean had brought out to Chad's wounded sergeant, that night he had captured and lost Dan, had been used as proof that she and Margaret were aiding and abetting Confederates. Dan had gone to join Morgan and Colonel Hunt over in southwestern Virginia, where Morgan had at last got a new command only a few months before. Harry made no word of comment, but Chad's heart got bitter as gall as he listened. And this had happened while he was gone to serve them. But the bloody Commandant of the State had been removed from power—that much good had been done—not more than a day or two too late, as Chad learned when he presented himself, with a black face, to his general.

"I could not help it," said the General, quickly. "It was his last act." He read the despatches slowly. "You have done good work. There will be less trouble now." Then he paused. "I have had a letter from General Grant. He wants you on his staff." Again he paused and it took the three past years of discipline to help Chad keep his self-control. "That is, if I have nothing particular for you to do. He seems to know what you have done and to suspect that there may be something more here for you to do. He's right. I want you to destroy Daws Dillon and his band. There will be no peace until he is out of the way. You know the mountains better than anybody. You are the man for the work. You will take one company from Wolford's regiment and go at once. When you have finished that—you can go to General Grant. The General smiled. "You are rather young to be so near a major—perhaps."

A major! The quick joy of the thought left him when he went down the stairs to the portico and saw Harry Dean's thin, sad face, and thought of the new grave in the Deans' garden and those two lonely women in exile. There was one small grain of consolation. It was Daws Dillon who had slain Joel Turner; Dillon who had almost ruined Major Buford and had sent him to prison—Dillon had played no small part in the sorrows of the Deans, and on the heels of Daws Dillon he soon would be.

"I suppose I am to go with you," said Harry.

"Why, yes," said Chad, startled; "how did you know?"

"I didn't know. How far is Dillon's hiding-place from where Morgan is?"

"Across the mountains." Chad under-

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stood suddenly. "You won't have to go," he said, quickly.

"I'll go where I am ordered," said Harry Dean.

XXVI

IT was the first warm day of spring and the sunshine was very soothing to Melissa as she sat on the old porch early in the afternoon. Perhaps it was a memory of childhood; perhaps she was thinking of the happy days she and Chad had spent on the river bank long ago, and perhaps it was the sudden thought that, with the little they had to eat in the house and that little the same three times a day, week in and week out, Mother Turner, who had been ailing, would like to have some fish; perhaps it was the primitive hunting instinct that, on such a day, sets a country boy's fingers itching for a squirrel rifle or a cane fishing-pole, but she sprang from her seat, leaving old Jack to doze on the porch, and, in half an hour, was crouched down behind a boulder below the river bend, dropping a wriggling worm into a dark, still pool. As she sat there, contented and luckless, the sun grew so warm that she got drowsy and dozed—how long she did not know—but she awoke with a start and with a frightened sense that someone was near her, though she could hear no sound. But she lay still—her heart beating high—and so sure that her instinct was true that she was not even surprised when she heard a voice in the thicket above—a low voice, but one she knew perfectly well:

"I tell you he's a-comin' up the river now. He's a-goin' to stay with ole Ham Blake ter-night over the mountain an' he'll be a-comin' through Hurricane Gap 'bout daylight ter-morrer or next day, shore. He's got a lot o' men, but we can layway 'em in the Gap an' git away all right." It was Tad Dillon speaking—Daws Dillon, his brother, answered.

"I don't want to kill anybody but that damned Chad—Captain Chad *Buford*, he calls hisself."

"Well, we can git him all right. I heard that they was a-lookin' fer us an' was goin' to ketch us if they could."

"I wish I knowed that was so," said Daws with an oath. "Nary a one of 'em would git away alive if I just knowed it was *so*. But we'll git *Captain* Chad Buford, shore as hell! You go tell the boys to guard the Gap ter-night. They mought come through afore day." And then the noise of their footsteps fainted out of hearing and Melissa rose and sped back to the house.

From behind a clump of bushes above where she had sat rose the gigantic figure of Rebel Jerry Dillon. He looked after the flying girl with a grim smile and then dropped his great bulk down on the bed of moss where he had been listening to the plan of his enemies and kinsmen. Jerry had made many expeditions over from Virginia lately and each time he had gone back with a new notch on the murderous knife that he carried in his belt. He had but two personal enemies alive now—Daws Dillon, who had tried to have him shot, and his own brother, Yankee Jake. This was the second time he had been over for Daws, and after his first trip he had persuaded Dan to ask permission from General Morgan to take a company into Kentucky and destroy Daws and his band, and Morgan had given him leave, for Federals and Confederates were chasing down these guerillas now—sometimes even joining forces to further their common purpose. Jerry had been slipping through the woods after Daws, meaning to crawl close enough to kill him and, perhaps, Tad Dillon, too, but after hearing their plan he had let them go, for a bigger chance might be at hand. If Chad Buford was in the mountains looking for Daws, Yankee Jake was with him. If he killed Daws now, Chad and his men would hear of his death and would go back, most likely—and that was the thought that checked his finger on the trigger of his pistol. Another thought now lifted him to his feet with surprising quickness and sent him on a run down the river where his horse was hitched in the bushes. He would go over the mountain for Dan. He could lead Dan and his men to Hurricane Gap by daylight. Chad Buford could fight it out with Daws and his gang, and he and Dan would fight it out with the men who won—no matter whether Yankees or guerillas. And a grim smile stayed on Rebel Jerry's face as he climbed.

On the porch of the Turner cabin sat Melissa with her hands clenched and old

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Jack's head in her lap. There was no use worrying Mother Turner—she feared even to tell her—but what should she do? She might boldly cross the mountain now, for she was known to be a rebel, but the Dillons knowing, too, how close Chad had once been to the Turners might suspect and stop her. No, if she went at all, she must go after nightfall—but how would she get away from Mother Turner, and how could she make her way, undetected, through Hurricane Gap? The cliffs were so steep and close together in one place that she could hardly pass more than forty feet from the road on either side and she could not pass that close to pickets and not be heard. Her brain ached with planning and she was so absorbed as night came on that several times old Mother Turner querulously asked what was ailing her and why she did not pay more heed to her work, and the girl answered her patiently and went on with her planning. Before dark, she knew what she would do, and after the old mother was asleep, she rose softly and slipped out the door without awakening even old Jack, and went to the barn, where she got the sheep-bell that old Beelzebub used to wear and with the clapper caught in one hand, to keep the bell from tinkling, she went swiftly down the road toward Hurricane Gap. Several times she had to dart into the bushes while a man on horseback rode by her, and once she came near being caught by three men on foot—all hurrying at Daws Dillon's order to the Gap through which she must go. When the road turned from the river, she went slowly along the edge of the road, so that if discovered, she could leap with one spring into the bushes. It was raining—a cold drizzle that began to chill her and set her to coughing so that she was half afraid that she might disclose herself. At the mouth of the Gap she saw a fire to one side of the road and could hear talking, but she had no difficulty passing it, on the other side. But on, where the Gap narrowed—there was the trouble. It must have been an hour before midnight when she tremblingly neared the narrow defile. The rain had ceased and as she crept around a boulder she could see, by the light of the moon between two black clouds, two sentinels beyond. The crisis was at hand now. She slipped to one side of the road, climbed the cliff as high as she could and crept about it. She was past one picket now and in her eagerness one foot slipped and she half fell. She almost held her breath and lay still.

"I hear somethin' up thar in the bresh," shouted the second picket. "Halt!"

Melissa tinkled the sheep-bell and pushed a bush to and fro as though a sheep or a cow might be rubbing itself, and the picket she had passed, laughed aloud:

"Goin' to shoot ole Sally Perkins's cow, air you?" he said, jeeringly. "Yes, I heard her," he added, lying; for being up all the night before, he had drowsed at his post. A moment later, Melissa moved on, making considerable noise and tinkling her bell constantly. She was near the top now and when she peered out through the bushes no one was in sight and she leaped into the road and fled down the mountain. At the foot of the spur another ringing cry smote the darkness in front of her:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Don't shoot!" she cried, weakly. "It's only me."

"Come on, 'Me,'" said the picket, astonished to hear a woman's voice. And then into the light of his fire stepped a shepherdess with a sheep-bell in her hand, with a beautiful, pale, distressed face, a wet clinging dress, and masses of yellow hair surging out of the shawl over her head. The startled picket dropped the butt of his musket to the ground and stared.

"I want to see Ch—, your captain," she said, timidly.

"All right," said the soldier, courteously. "He's just below there and I guess he's up. We are getting ready to start now. Come along."

"Oh, no!" said Melissa, hurriedly. "I can't go down there." It had just struck her that Chad must not see her; but the picket thought she naturally did not wish to face a lot of soldiers in her bedraggled and torn dress, and he said quickly:

"All right. Give me your message and I'll take it to him." He smiled. "You can wait here and stand guard."

Melissa told him hurriedly how she had come over the mountain and what was going on over there, and the picket with a low whistle started down toward his camp without another word.

Chad could not doubt the accuracy of the

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information—the picket had names and facts.

"A girl, you say?"

"Yes, sir"—the soldier hesitated—"and a very pretty one, too. She came over the mountain alone and on foot through this darkness. She passed the pickets on the other side—pretending to be a sheep. She had a bell in her hand." Chad smiled—he knew that trick.

"Where is she?"

"She's standing guard for me."

The picket turned at a gesture from Chad and led the way. They found no Melissa. She had heard Chad's voice and fled up the mountain. Before daybreak she was descending the mountain on the other side, along the same way, tinkling her sheep-bell and creeping past the pickets. It was raining again now and her cold had grown worse. Several times she had to muffle her face into her shawl to keep her cough from betraying her. As she passed the ford below the Turner cabin she heard the splash of many horses crossing the river and she ran on, frightened and wondering. Before day broke she had slipped into her bed without arousing Mother Turner and she did not get up that day, but lay ill abed.

The splashing of those many horses was made by Captain Daniel Dean and his men, guided by Rebel Jerry. High on the mountain side they hid their horses in a ravine and crept toward the Gap on foot—so that while Daws with his gang waited for Chad, the rebels lay in the brush waiting for him. Dan was merry over the prospect:

"We will just let them fight it out," he said, "and then we'll dash in and gobble 'em both up. That was a fine scheme of yours, Jerry."

"Rebel Jerry smiled—there was one thing he had not told his captain—who those rebels were. Purposely he had kept that fact hidden. He had seen Dan purposely refrain from killing Chad Buford once and he feared that Dan might think his brother Harry was among the Yankees. All this Rebel Jerry failed to understand, and he wanted nothing known now that might stay anybody's hand. Dawn broke and nothing happened. Not a shot rang out and only the smoke of the guerillas' fire showed in the peaceful mouth of the Gap. Dan wanted to attack the guerillas, but Jerry persuaded him to wait until he could learn how the land lay, and disappeared in the bushes. At noon he came back.

"The Yankees have found out Daws is thar in the Gap," he said, "an' they are goin' to slip over before day ter-morrer and s'prise *him*. Hit don't make no difference to us, which s'prises which—does it?"

So the rebels kept hid through the day on the mountain side and when Chad slipped through the Gap next morning, before day, and took up the guerilla pickets, Dan had moved into the same Gap from the other side, and was lying in the bushes with his men, near the guerillas' fire, waiting for the Yankees to make their attack. He had not long to wait. At the first streak of dawn overhead, a shout rang through the woods from the Yankees to the startled guerillas.

"Surrender!" A fusillade followed. Again:

"Surrender!" and there was a short silence, broken by low curses from the guerillas, and one stern Yankee voice giving short quick orders. The guerillas had given up. Rebel Jerry moved restlessly at Dan's side and Dan cautioned him:

"Wait! Let them have time to disarm the prisoners," he whispered.

"Now," he added, a little while later—"creep quietly, boys."

Forward they went like snakes, creeping to the edge of the brush whence they could see the sullen guerillas grouped to one side of the fire—their arms stacked, while a tall figure in blue moved here and there, and gave orders in a voice that all at once seemed strangely familiar to Dan.

"Now, boys," he said, half aloud, "give 'em a volley and charge."

At his word there was a rattling fusillade, and then the rebels leaped from the bushes and dashed on the astonished Yankees and their prisoners. It was pistol to pistol at first and then they closed to knife thrust and musket butt, hand to hand—in a cloud of smoke. At the first fire from the rebels Chad saw his prisoner, Daws Dillon, leap for the stacked arms and disappear. A moment later, as he was emptying his pistol at his charging foes, he felt a bullet clip a lock of hair from the back of his head and he turned to see Daws on the farthest edge of the firelight levelling his pistol for another shot before he ran. Like lightning he wheeled and when his finger pulled the trigger, Daws sank limply, his grinning,

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malignant face sickening as he fell. The tall fellow in blue snapped his pistol at Dan and as Dan, whose pistol, too, was empty, sprang forward and closed with him, he heard a triumphant yell behind him and Rebel Jerry's huge figure flashed past him. With the same glance he saw another giant —who looked like another Jerry—among the Yankees, saw his face grow ghastly with fear when Jerry's yell rose, and then grow taut with ferocity as he tugged at his sheath to meet the murderous knife flashing toward him. The terrible twins were come together at last, and Dan shuddered, but he saw no more, for he was busy with the lithe Yankee in whose arms he was closed. As they struggled, Dan tried to get his knife and the Yankee tugged for his pistol—each clasping the other's wrist. Not a sound did they make nor could either see the other's face, for Dan had his chin in his opponent's breast and was striving to bend him backward. He had clutched the Yankee's hand, as it went back for his pistol, just as the Yankee had caught his left in front, feeling for his knife. The advantage would have been all Dan's, except that the Yankee had an underhold with his left arm and Dan could not whirl him round; but he could twist that wrist and twist it he did, with all his strength. Once the Yankee gave a smothered groan of pain and Dan heard him grit his teeth to keep it back. The smoke had lifted now and, when they fell, it was in the light of the fire. The Yankee had thrown him with a trick that Harry used to try on him when they were boys, but something about the Yankee snapped, as they fell, and he groaned aloud. Clutching him by the throat, Dan threw him off—he could get at his knife now.

"Surrender!" he said, hoarsely.

His answer was a convulsive struggle and then the Yankee lay still.

"Surrender!" said Dan again, lifting his knife above the Yankee's breast, "or, damn you, I'll——" the Yankee had turned his face weakly toward the fire and Dan, with a cry, threw his knife away and sprang to his feet. Straightway the Yankee's closed eyes opened and he smiled faintly.

"Why, Dan, is that you?" he asked. "I thought it would come," he added, quietly, and then Harry Dean lapsed into unconsciousness.

Thus, at its best, this war was being fought out that daybreak in one little hollow of the Kentucky mountains and thus, at its worst, it was being fought out in another little hollow scarcely twenty yards away, where the giant twins—Rebel Jerry and Yankee Jake—who did know they were brothers, sought each other's lives in mutual misconception and mutual hate.

There were a dozen dead Federals and guerillas around the fire, and among them was Daws Dillon with the pallor of death on his face and the hate that life had written there still clinging to it like a shadow. As Dan bent tenderly over his brother Harry, two soldiers brought in a huge body from the bushes, and he turned to see Jerry Dillon. There were a half a dozen rents in his uniform and a fearful slash under his chin—but he was breathing still. Chad Buford had escaped; and so had Yankee Jake Dillon.

(To be concluded.)

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IN THE OPEN

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

I

THE WAY OF HAPPINESS

SET in green hills, yellow-flecked where the birch tops were turning, half of the lake swam in afternoon sunshine. The other half, in the shadow of the shore, lay cool and brown, and in the blacker depths trout were beginning to jump. The great god Pan leaned on his paddle by the dock and watched smilingly, as I turned the leaves of my fly-book, from blue sparkling eyes. Damp hair lay in classic rings on his forehead; his muscles were full of wild grace; he was very beautiful, and in his vague, greasy clothes, very heathen. He was a French-Canadian guide, my great god Pan, and his name was Godin. I called him Pan because he took me fishing "down in the reeds by the river," and because he looked the part. He had never heard of the god, and would highly have disapproved of so shiftless a person. When the flies were on the leader, and flashing steadily through air to water, a thread of light with three hints of color, when the canoe crossed with its quick, even heart-beats to the mouth of the *Rivière Sauvage*, I began to talk, and to make Godin talk. We both spoke French—Godin the soft Canadian *patois*, I what will pass for Parisian of the purest, so long as I reproduce it in English.

I.—Godin, did you ever hear of Izaak Walton?

Godin.—Madame?

I.—Of Izaak Walton. He was a fisherman.

Godin.—There was a monsieur from New York, Madame, of a name that resembles. Val-tong? Was the monsieur of our club?

I.—I believe not, Godin. But he was a famous fisherman, and wrote a book about fishing. Everyone likes to read it, because he was so gentle and so happy.

Godin.—Ah, that! It is a great thing, Madame, to be happy. It is what is of the most important.

I.—Yes. Everyone cannot manage it, however.

Godin.—But pardon, Madame. It is generally the case that one can. Certainly I do not mean the very miserable, the suffering. Certainly not. But if one has health, if one has enough work and gains reasonably of money, if the family are well and the beasts—with a little of fishing, a little of hunting, a little of gayety in the evening—one should then be happy.

I.—You are happy, are you, Godin?

Godin.—But yes, Madame. Very certainly. Why not? I have my house, which I built with my own hands, and it is a pleasure to beautify it. I have the pig and my wife and the infants. Fifty acres of land I have, and a horse and two cows, and a very large, fine pig, as I said, which I shall kill for the winter's meat. I am desirable as a guide; I have of work in the season. With the money that Monsieur will pay me for guiding, I shall have gained two hundred dollars this year. It is not bad, with the little farm. And I have my ambition. I have the hope to be made next year *gardien* of the club—that is three hundred dollars *tout seul*, and by the trapping I can gain much more.

I.—All that, Godin, is good; it is comfort, but it is not quite happiness. Do you never wish for something that is not duty, but only pleasure?

Godin.—Cast just to the right, ahead, Madame. *Un gros* jumped where one sees the little foam.

The dialogue is interrupted while I cast, hook, play and land a two-pound trout. Godin holds it up, his thumb through the gills.

Godin.—*Tiens!* Not bad of a trout? Madame is skilful. But there was a question, a little argument. See then, Madame, what it is that I think. The happiness comes not always when one searches, when

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see. It's rather a drawback to a man—much money. If you aren't careful it changes the whole perspective of life, deadens ambition, kills simplicity, takes away almost every sort of happiness.

I.—Takes away happiness? I don't see how you mean?

Craig.—Why, all sorts of things that are other boys' dreams, were thrown at me from the start. I had nothing to wish for, and it was all such an old story that I was pretty near having nothing to enjoy. But—then I woke up.

I.—In time.

Craig (with a cheerful grin).—Yes, in time. Because now I get fun out of everything.

I.—I know one thing you got fun out of. Baptiste Gros-Louis, who would have died of consumption last winter. His brother Tomas was one of our guides. I know a lot more, too.

Craig.—Oh, that! I'd have been a brute not to have seen that. And it meant nothing to me to send him down there. There's no credit in that. But it was fun, as you say. That isn't the trick, however, for everybody enjoys giving away money they don't want.

I.—Oh, do they?

Craig.—As I say, the trick is, not that, but to learn to like things without any money standard, to have a slice of bacon up here taste exactly as good as terrapin at Sherry's; to get the good time out of being wet and tired and bitten by black flies—that last comes hard at the moment, but it is a good story afterward.

I.—You have a yacht and a lot of horses, and all that sort of thing. Do you really like them no better than—this?

Craig.—Oh, I like them a lot. I have a good time out of them, and it's a man's business, I believe, situated like me, to spread his good time around as far as he can reach. But I believe I like this a bit better. You see, as you pointed out, you get mail on the yacht, and here—it's as if I were a primeval savage! It's great! I have rain and cold and flies and a-plenty of discomfort to stand up against. Sometimes up here I can get to believe that I really have to fight my own way and win whatever I own, instead of having it served to me on toast, with mushrooms. It must be good to work for a thing and get it!

I.—You did that with your muscle.

Craig.—By Jove! I did—that's so! How nice of you to think of it. And what a satisfaction it was when I got discouraged and then worked twice as hard and got stale and thought I'd never be any good on a team, and then came out all right.

I looked at his arm where his flannel sleeves were pushed back, and then at the big shoulders, and thought of the splendid dash of the game I had seen him win for Yale a few years before. And meanwhile, with even ripplings of water under the bow, the "Ouitouche" had slipped back to the mouth of the Indian River. Craig Martin's eyes wandered up the opening where the patch of sunlight lay, dazzling as the afternoon before, across the pool above the golden sand.

Craig.—It's like that a bit (nodding). The way things go for me mostly is like that quiet part where it's all sunshine and no effort, and of course, it's right to be happy over that part, too. But the life and the fun come in rather more, I think, when the stream strikes the rocks.

As his gaze and his thoughts wandered far away from me, I considered how the path of happiness lies through neither much nor little; how the manliness to meet poverty gaily is, perhaps, no more than the manliness to meet riches simply; and how only unselfishness may find that pathway anywhere. And again, as yesterday, the falling water sang a rippling "Amen" to the unconscious sermon of a simple and courageous soul.

II

THE STORIES OF VÉZINA

LIKE the patter of summer rain in the night-time on the bark-covered logs of a camp-roof is the conversation of Vézina. It is never loud or insistent, but soothing and steady, and the gentle, unceasing tinkle of it goes on till the listener finds his eyes drooping with pleasant drowsiness. Yet it is interesting almost always, for the French-Canadian has the French instinct for dramatic effect, which is yet wholly an instinct, for the life of a *habitant* is of too sharp a simplicity to admit often of pose. So Vézina's little stories of his adventures

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He was a French-Canadian guide, my great god Pan.—Page 66.

and his friends' adventures, are as unconscious as a child's tales of play, yet crisp with the relish for the theatrical which is of his race. Vézina is not my guide, but we are great friends, and sometimes of an August afternoon when the shadows are stealing over the water, and there are deep black holes along the western shore of the *Castor Noir* River, I get a thirst for one of his *petites histoires* and borrow him from the monsieur whose property he is, and go fishing. His knotted, rough hands hold a paddle as delicately as a lady holds a needle, and a canoe seems magnetized by him, so lightly does it obey his touch. He is a strong and skilful paddler, which adds much to the pleasure of fishing from a boat.

I.—I want to fish this pool at the head of the rapids first, Vézina.

Vézina.—But yes, Madame. One is sure of a number of trout here. Little ones, perhaps, but *v'là*, that makes nothing. (With a cheerful shrug of his shoulders.) It is those that are much the best to eat. In fact, it is much wiser for Madame to cast here first.

Vézina would find some advantage in the plan if I told him I had decided to fish from the tops of the trees. I consult him about the flies, and we decide on a brown hackle as conservative and safe, a Parmachene Belle, always good in Canadian waters, and a Scarlet Ibis, because I like its looks. Vézina laughs gently at that, but instantly suggests that Madame fishes to amuse herself, and if it amuses her to have the red fly, why not? What matter if one misses a few fish, the little miserables! At last——

Vézina.—Ah! *V'là!* Everything is arranged. Will Madame embark in the boat?

He squats on the big rock and holds it with as anxious a care as if Madame were a paralytic. I embark, and settle myself in the bottom of the canoe near the bow, my *bottes sauvages* taking up the immediate foreground, and my back against Vézina's old coat, carefully folded over the bar behind me.

Vézina.—Madame finds herself comfortable?

I.—Very, thank you. And now, Vézina, I'm going to catch fifty trout, and while I do it, I want you to tell me a little story—*racontez moi une petite histoire.*

Vézina.—Ah, but with pleasure. It is only unlucky that I know nothing worthy to tell Madame. We are poor people, we others, and we go nowhere but to our villages and the forest—how can one know stories of interest so? But if Madame cares to listen—one has one's little advent-

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one attempts for pleasure. It is to be gay out of what one has, to make a little *fête* of walking to the far woods for the chopping, perhaps. It is well a small thing, Madame, yet my wife and I have been more content with the *drôle* of a cow that danced a big dance in the shed, than another evening, when we wore our clothes of Sunday, and went out to supper with the cousins of the school-mistress. Even of a year when the pig died and we had no meat, we made fun, we others, by the pretending that the brown of the *patates* was meat. We pretended so all winter and were content. I think, indeed, it is wise in our life to be like the little river *là-bas*. One can not deny that it does its best in every part. It is gay where the sands are smooth under the water and the sun shines through it. Oh, yes! and it is of a good coolness in the shadows near the logs of the shore. But one sees easily that it laughs most in the rapids, where the rocks are thick. Is it not true, Madame?

The Indian River—the "*Rivière Sauvage*"—creeping out from its long journey through the hush of forest silences, lay above us in a patch of sunshine between the heavenward points of thick-set spruces, and from the rift twenty feet away a sudden fall of water rippled out to the god Pan's bright little heathen sermon a musical "Amen."

. . . . . .

There was the smoke of a camp-fire and the white gleam of tents from the far hollow of a bay on our lake that evening, and we were displeased. It was our theory in these deep woods that no one lived in the world but ourselves. But in the morning, behold! it was Craig Martin and his party, which altered everything. No one grudges Craig Martin a place in the world, not even in the woods. That afternoon I played guide to his "*Monsieur*," and paddled him in my birch-bark canoe, for fishing. Because he could have had a navy of canoes if it so pleased him, it seemed to me very attractive of him to admire and examine mine.

Craig.—What's that queer name you call it?

I.—"Ouitouche." That's Montagnais Indian for chub.

Craig.—Oh! "Ouitouche," is it? But why chub? Why not a high-bred fish? Why not Ouanamiche—or Troutche?

I.—Look at the way it goes—do you see that sidewise wobble? That's exactly the way a chub swims. And no high-bred fish was ever short and squat like this canoe. It has no lines and no speed, and it's so tippy that no one will go in it but Godin and me—and you. But it's a beautiful piece of bark, and I like it, and no one expects anything of it.

Craig.—That's a great point. The moment you get advantages you get responsibilities. That's why I come into the woods—to escape my responsibilities.

I.—It's the one place for that, isn't it? I suppose everyone feels it, but to you billionaire people it must be like splashing into water from fire. Aren't you glad to miss your mail every morning?

Craig.—Oh! (Stretching his arms across the gunwales.)

I.—Oh, don't! Oh, do be careful—you'll have us over. And you never could swim in those boots.

Craig.—Beg pardon.

Then a long silence while Craig, taking up his four-ounce rod in his three-pound hands, let loose the dancing flies on their stiff, curly snells, and with a skilful side-cast dipped them delicately in water. Then was heard the click of the reel and the pleasant antiphonal whirr that fishermen love as he let out more and more line, and cast each time between.

I.—It's a bit early for them to rise. I don't see any jumping. But you might cast in the pool there beyond the old log. A big fellow rose there the other day. Cast carefully—a long line. I won't put you any nearer at first.

Ten minutes of steady, conscientious fishing with no result.

I.—Too early, I'm sure. I'll paddle down the lake and back again for half a mile. Don't tire your wrist casting any more for a while.

Craig (with a smile).—My wrist! I'm not a very delicate flower, my lady, if I am—if I have—if I am what you called me.

I.—What I called you? Oh, a billionaire!

Craig.—I made up my mind young that I'd be as strong as other boys, if I did happen to be rich. I had no family, only a lot of money, so I had to help myself, you

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ures. Strange things happen sometimes. I do not believe all of them, of course—I. But the people who are superstitious believe them. Have I ever recounted to Madame the story of the great black man who was about our village? No? It was this way: Achille Dupré was a *garçon* of the village, a wild boy, but with no harm in him—yet he drank too much. (Vézina shook his head solemnly, and his voice was full of sadness.) So it happened that there was a dance one night at the house of Achille's uncle, Réné Dupré, and there was a game played in which the boys drew straws for the choice of the girls for the going home. It was well known that Achille loved Marie Jeunesse, the prettiest girl in St. Raymond, but it was not known if she loved him or the big André St. Jean. So it happened that when he came to draw he had drunk much whiskey, and was well *en fête*, as I have told Madame—he cried out that if he might draw the short straw, and have first choice of the girls, he would let the devil have his soul. And so it happened that he drew it. It was but two days after that, Madame, that André St. Jean was walking in the wood nearest the village when he saw suddenly, coming toward him, a man, perfectly black and quite eight feet tall. André stopped short and waited, and the man came toward him, and bent to look at him, and passed him by with no sound. So it happened that several others of St. Raymond met this great black man, always walking, always regarding closely, as if searching for someone, and making no sound. At the end he came boldly one day to the house of Achille's father, when only the mother and the youngest infant, a child of three years, were at home. Madame Dupré caught the baby and ran with him in great fear to the neighbors, and after that no one saw the great black man again, but early in the spring Achille was drowned. He was walking logs that one was rafting in the river that goes down to the Lac St. Pierre. It was a pity. He was a capable young man, Achille.

I.—Vézina, how many trout have you taken off the hook?

His paddle stuck in the crevice of two mossy rocks a foot below the water, my guide leans over to count the slippery bits of pink and silver in the bottom of the boat.

Vézina.—It makes seven. But *v'là!* Madame, where a good one jumped—to the left, beyond the branch.

I (a moment later, as I swung the flopping half-pounder through bubbling, lashing water to the stern of the canoe).—There he is. But, Vézina, about your story. Do you mean that the big black man was the devil whom Achille had called on to help him, and that he was after Achille's soul?

Vezina.—I? But pardon, Madame—I mean nothing. It is the way I heard the tale. I did not see him—I.

I.—Did anyone tell you about it who did see him?

Vézina.—But surely—André St. Jean himself told me. He saw him most certainly. But I—I do not believe easily. Yet many saw him. But it is not such tales as that—such foolishness—that interest Madame. It is the tales of hunting and fishing—the true tales, is it not?

I.—I like all sorts. But tell me one of the others now—a hunting story. Did you ever kill a moose?

Vézina laughed softly in his pretty, deferential way.

Vézina.—But yes, Madame—a number! It was the first that was the most wonderful. I was well an infant at that hour there, I had but nine years. It was the first winter I went into the woods with my father, and I felt like a man. But *v'là!* my father fell ill—oh, but very ill! And I had the care of him and the fear of his dying there, and the chopping of wood and the cooking—all, I was forced to do *tout seul*. And after some days the provision ran low. We had well very little to eat, and my father was very ill. So I took his *carabine* and went into the woods on my snow-shoes for partridges, for even then I could cut off the head of a partridge with a *carabine*-bullet. And not a hundred yards from camp, as I walked softly on the *racquettes*, *v'là!* a bull-moose. The wind was from him, and he had not scented the fire or me. He looked as large as a house, I think, for I was quite young, as I said before, Madame, but I fired at him, with the old *carabine* that one charged from the muzzle, and he fell. I had shot him through the head, which was well, for he had no knowledge of me. And so I loaded again, and put a second shot through his heart, for I was little, and wished him to

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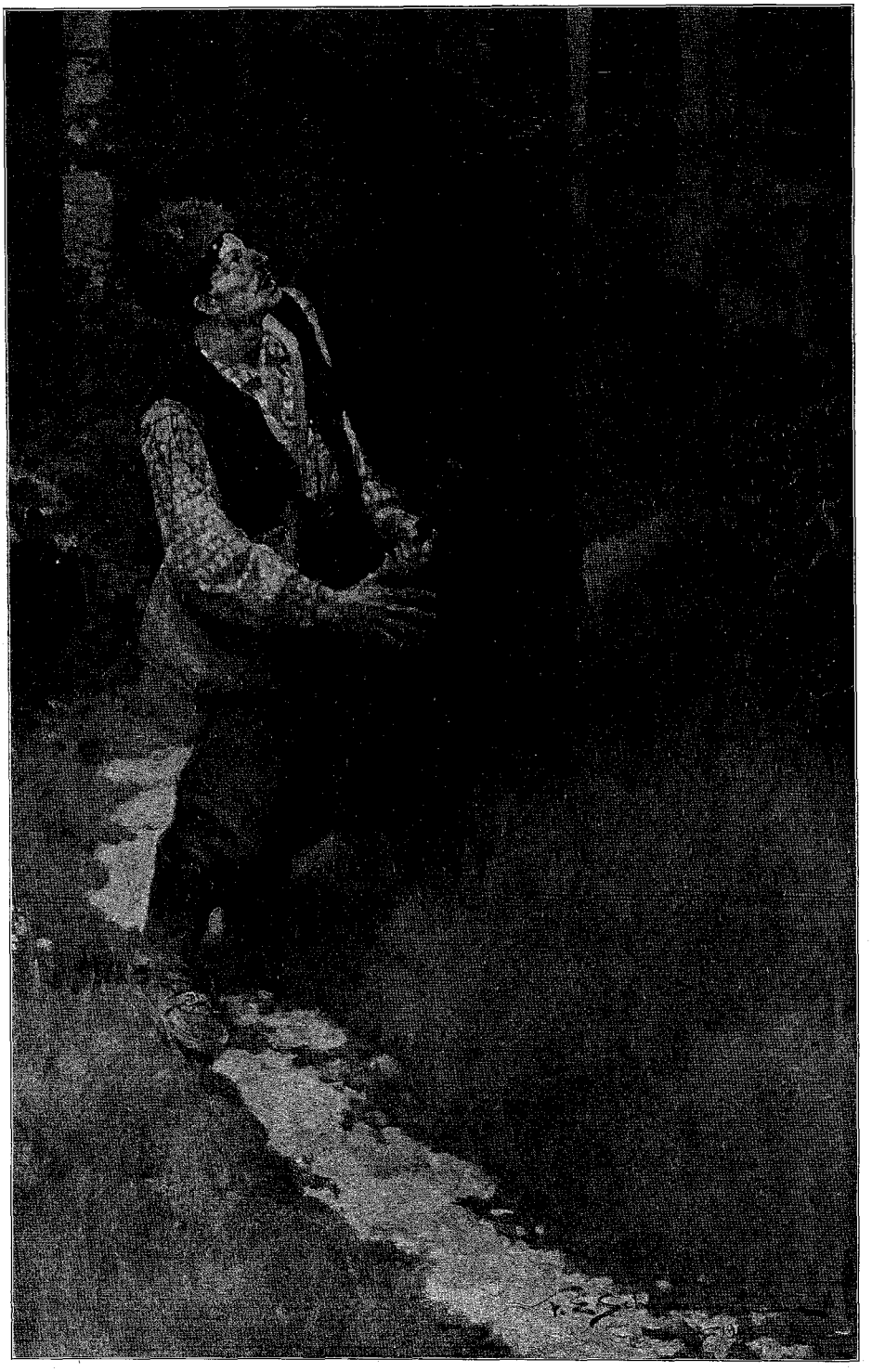

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The man came toward him and bent to look at him.—Page 70.

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be entirely dead. He was so large. And my father was much cheered by that killing, and while I tried to skin the moose, the good God sent Jacques Duplain, a neighbor of St. Raymond, hunting by our tent,

Vézina (laughing to himself a mirthful, bewitching, childlike laugh).—There is a *drôle* of a tale about that, Madame. But hope a moment (*esperez un moment* is French-Canadian for "wait") the trout are

Godin.

and then all was well, and my father recovered his health so that we brought him home, and I had a distinction among the boys of St. Raymond, because I had killed a moose first of them all.

I.—That's a very pretty story, Vézina. I like that. What a plucky little chap you must have been to take all that on your shoulders and carry it through! Tell me another hunting story. Have you ever seen a moose angry and dangerous?

becoming few. I will put the boat quite at the head of the chute, and Madame will cast in the swift water. There should be good ones there.

The black water of the *Castor Noir* ran in a smooth band of forty feet wide for perhaps twenty yards in front of us, and then with a roar and a tumble shot down between the green walls of a gorge in broken white cascades, over boulders and through chasms for fifty yards more of steep rapids.

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Vézina's skilful paddle held the egg-shell canoe back strongly as we went steadily down the fast, smooth current, and caught it deftly behind a rock at the very crest of the fall. There we swung, balancing, a moment, and then the bow nestled cosily against the green velvet moss and the lovely pinks and blues and grays of the rock, and I faced down-stream, with a clear, wide space back of me for the recover. Vézina had placed me perfectly, as he always did.

Vézina.

I.—Now, then, Vézina, for the moose story that made you laugh.

Vézina (with light-hearted soft laughter again).—Yes, indeed, it was a *drôle* of a tale, that—as I said to Madame—to see two messieurs with *carabines* and four guides all hunted by a bull-moose, and no one of them daring to fire a shot. I was of the guides, but yet I must laugh to think of it. It was this way: We had left the canoes at the beginning of a *portage*, and were to walk to a lake—it was not in this club, Madame—and there hunt, and Godin and I, we were to explore a turn, to find another lake of which the savages had told us. So it happened that the *portage* was a long one, and we made lunch on the way. So it happened that while we others, the guides, made our lunch after the messieurs, the messieurs walked on slowly ahead. And at some distance beyond the place of

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lunch the *portage* divided into two branches and the messieurs did not know which to follow, the left or the right. So as they stood at the fork, waiting for us, behold a bull-moose, who walked at his ease down the right branch of the *portage*, followed by a cow and two *petits*. And the messieurs had left their *carabines* with us others. So it happened that they stood and regarded and the animals also stood and regarded. And so we others, the guides, came up, and seeing the beasts, slipped the *carabines* to the messieurs softly. But the great one, at our coming, had lifted the mane along his back so that it stood upright—*crais!* but it was terrible! And his eyes became bloodshot and savage, and he was of enormous size. And so it happened that the two messieurs and the four guides turned very quietly and did their possible to reach the boats. And as we entered the boats with some quickness, *v'là!* the grand duke, M. *l'Orignal*, who came rushing with a huge noise through the woods, and charged out upon us. But happily we had all embarked in the canoes, and we others forced ourselves at the paddles, believe it, Madame and so we escaped. *Crais!* but it was the king of all moose, and a very dreadful sight to see!

I.—Vézina, you ought to be ashamed to tell that story. I think it is disgraceful. Why didn't one of the guides fire if the messieurs were afraid?

Vézina (laughing deliciously again).—Truly, Madame, it sounds so to me now, myself. But it was exactly as I tell you—so horrible was the beast that we became like children. Madame, by good luck, did not see that *orignal*.

I.—Perhaps I really haven't more courage than six men, yet it does seem to me I should not have run away with a repeating rifle in my hands.

Vézina.—Ah! One sees it is impossible to make Madame comprehend how he was terrible! There is another *petite histoire* of a friend of mine—but Madame is doubtless fatigued to hear so stupid stories?

I.—No. Tell it to me.

Vézina.—If Madame will pardon, I will light my pipe.

There were shuffling sounds back of me as he dived into his pockets for matches and tobacco, the canoe swung loose a second as the paddle was held in his arm, then a short, quick puff or two, the pleasant, pungent odor of Canadian plug floated forward about me, and Vézina's voice began again, its easy, liquid tones chording with the bubbling water. Every few sentences were punctuated with a puff, and the dim scent of tobacco set the little hunting story as in a soft-colored frame. The canoe hung on the very edge of the steep drop of the river; on either side the tall hills, whose coming together made the gorge, rose gloomily green and impassive; below us the water rushed down, a mass of brightness—white foam on top like champagne, yellow like sherry under the sparkle, and beneath, in the depths, the tawny gold of old whiskey. And as I cast, and brought in every two minutes or so a flashing, spotted line of intense life, Vézina talked, and hardly interrupted himself with a gratified "Ah!" or a little pleasant laugh as he took one after another from the hook, and laid them, quiet, in the bottom of the boat.

Vézina.—But yes, this is another sort of tale, and one hopes Madame will be better pleased. There is of courage in it—oh, yes, a little. It was Henri Gros-Louis told it to me—the nephew of my uncle's wife. He and his brother Josef were in the woods hunting, it was in the month of January and the snow was deep. They came out on a lake and saw, resting in a hollow where the snow had drifted, a large moose. Each of them had a *carabine*, but of the old sort, which one loads from the muzzle, and one has, as Madame knows well, but a single shot. So it happened that Josef fired his shot, and wounded the animal, but slightly, across the shoulder. And the moose ran into the woods. And Josef, stopping to load again as rapidly as might be, followed him. But Henri had loosened the thong of his snow-shoe, and it was necessary to arrange it, so he did not accompany Josef. So it happened that Henri heard another shot, all near, and looking up, saw his brother Josef come running, and crashing behind him the great beast. And Josef, as he ran, looked over his shoulder and seeing the moose close upon him, threw himself to one side in the snow—for one knows that the *orignal* charges always in a straight line—and thus saved himself for that time, though so close was the animal that his hoof broke Josef's snow-shoe. And Henri,

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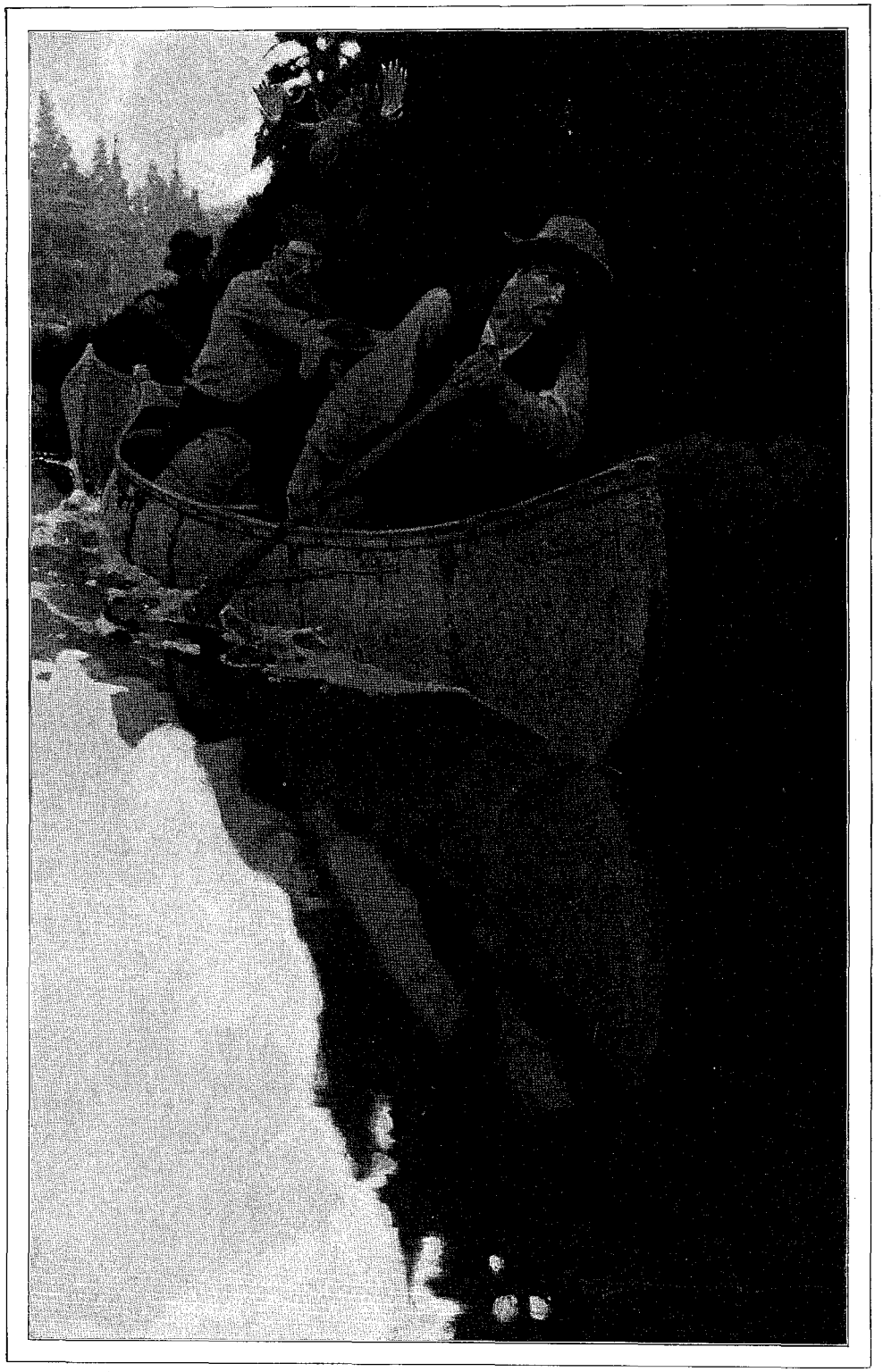

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Came rushing with a huge noise through the wood.—Page 74.

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who is my friend, saw the moose turn and make ready to charge again at Josef, lying in the snow, and unable yet to rise, for his *racquette* was broken. And Henri had but one bullet, because his *carabine* was of the old sort, as I have said to Madame. But yet it was necessary to act, so he fired, and happily the moose fell, and very soon died. It was a large one of twelve hundred pounds.

Madame has already forty fish which I have counted, and it begins to grow dark. It will soon be difficult to see the *portage* back to our camp. Does Madame think that perhaps one had better stop fishing for the time? Another day, and if Madame will allow me to paddle her, we will take all of the fifty—oh, yes, and more. It will be easy. I and Madame, we are always lucky!

Two nights after we were camped on lovely Lake Aberdien. A jewelled sunset had died behind hills and water and islands of fairy beauty, but far different had been our welcome to the enchanted lake. We had landed in a thunder-storm, and in spite of everybody's strenuous efforts, most things had gotten wet, and camp had to be made in dripping woods, with damp tents to put up and the corners of all belongings moist and muddy. Yet a woodsman learns that such times must be the jolliest, for without large extra allowance of cheerfulness, the situation would be unbearable. As the calculation is not made exactly, there is always an overflow of good humor that brings gayety out of discomfort and makes the bad episode a good story to be remembered pleasantly long after. We sat in the doorway of the tent after supper before a roaring fire of six-foot logs, with a drowsy, healthy ache in every hard-worked muscle, and enjoyed the uncomplicated happiness of a well-fed, well-warmed animal. There was not a care or a responsibility in the world, or if there was it did not trouble us. Vézina came across, with his light hunter's step, from the guides' camp a hundred yards away, to look after the fire. A tongue of flame leaped up as he came and lighted the woods for yards around the tent, and we saw him standing there, a humble figure in nondescript damp clothes, with a faded felt hat pulled over his shock hair, but smiling and sunshiny as always, and with the pretty politeness of a Frenchman ready as ever on his lips.

Vézina.—Madame must not be chilled. Is it that perhaps there is need of wood?

Monsieur.—Perhaps one more log would be a good thing.

Vézina.—Ah, but willingly, M'sieur!

Pulling his ax from his belt, he goes into the half-darkness to the hastily gathered wood-pile, strikes a swift blow or two, and comes back his arms filled with birch. It seems far too pretty to burn, the clean, cream-colored wood with its long streamers of shining bark, but the Frenchman lays it with no compunctions on the altar of our comfort, and the loose silver of the bark catches and flames with a joyful crackle. Deep under the blaze is a bed of pulsing orange coals. Vézina, squatting by the fire, as the guides sit for hours, pulls his pipe from one moist pocket, a tobacco-pouch of discolored caribou-skin from another, fills the former from the latter, and then, with a keen look at the glowing mass, puts his hand quickly into the heart of the heat, and knocking out a bit of golden fire, drops it deftly from one palm to another, and so into the pipe.

I.—Vézina! Didn't that burn you?

Vézina.—Ah! No, Madame. One is accustomed.

Then the pleasant dull scent of the Canadian tobacco, which carries so much of woods and water and mountains, surrounds us slowly, and suddenly from the dark lake that lies unseen a few yards away comes a weird, loud, long cry. Everyone jumps, and we stare in startled silence for a moment, past the near birches gleaming tall and slim in the circle of the firelight, past their shadowy sisters swaying ghostlike in the dimness, into the deep blackness of silent woods and water. Vézina, with his fish mouth open and his huge gray eyes wide, sits alert like a creature of the woods on guard, and then laughs softly, delightedly.

Vézina.—Un gru.

I.—Oh, a heron! I thought it was a lost soul.

Vézina.—It was like that they called, the night—but I have recounted to M'sieur that tale.

Monsieur.—Never mind—tell Madame.

Vézina.—Ah! It was a night of much misery, that! We were building a camp

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On a portage.

for a m'sieur, Madame understands, eight of us others, guides. It was in a valley of perhaps a mile wide and four miles long, and we were living in tents by the cabin which was as yet but half built. There was a little river, wide of twenty feet or more, which ran by the camp, and through the valley. Otherwise there were steep mountains on both hands. The night of which I speak it was dead weather, and the air weighed—a night displeasing. As we sat by our tents, smoking, the *grus* called, as a moment ago. But there were a number of them, and they called repeatedly. I have never heard it so. It was, as Madame has said, like the cry of a soul lost. We were troubled a little, for Pierre, my brother said, "It means no good when birds call in the night like that." But so it happened that we smoked our pipes and then went to bed and slept. And it must have been soon after that we all waked together hearing much noise of a storm, and the tents were lifted like rags from us, and we held each other that the great wind should not blow us apart. The valley was full of thick trees, and we heard them falling and snapping in the blackness, and the rain fell upon us, and our *butin*, our things, were blown from us like matches. Simply we held to each other and were content not to die, all that night in the wind and rain. And so it happened that in the morning, to go out of the valley we were obliged to walk all the long of the little river, over the water, upon the trees that the storm had laid across it. Ah, yes! But that is quite true, Madame.

The gentle, deprecatory inflections seemed to leave an emptiness as they stopped, and as if trying to fill it, a loose bit of birch bark caught suddenly, and crackled and blazed with energy. A large spark flew across to the open flap of the tent. With a noiseless spring Vézina had it in his hands and had put out the fire instantly, but yet with a black-rimmed hole to tell the tale. Vézina mourned like a mother over a hurt child, and his soft lamenting "Ahs" and "Malheurs" almost brought tears to my eyes.

Monsieur.—Don't bother, Vézina. The tent isn't burned down yet.

Vézina (crouching once more by the fire, and drawing a puff of consolation from his pipe).—But it is that which might arrive, M'sieur, if one is not careful. I have known it to be. I and Godin, we have known it. One will not forget that night—*crais*, no!

The lean, muscular figure in the dingy coat shivered.

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I.—Is it a story, Vézina? Tell about it.

Vézina.—Not exactly that is to say a story, Madame. It is but of a night when I and Godin almost perished of the cold in sight of good warmth. *Tiens!* I will tell Madame, and she can judge how it was a small thing. We guided, I and my cousin Godin, for two messieurs, in the winter. And so it happened that we camped one night at a club camp of logs certainly in good order, with a large stove, and cooking utensils and all very convenient. The messieurs took the cabin, as was right, and Godin arranged our tent outside, and we had a small camp-stove and were comfortable. It was a great storm of wind and snow, but one is accustomed to make camp in the winter like that. With one blanket for each man and a small stove it is not bad—by no means. But by unhappiness we were careless, and that tent there took fire from the stove. *V'là!*—(he snapped his fingers sharply)—it was all gone like that. As I said, the wind was very great. We knocked at the door of the messieurs' log camp and told them what had happened. They were playing at cards by the fire—for there was a good lamp also in the camp. It was warm in that room. The messieurs said they were very sorry, it was a pity—and then they continued to play at cards. So I and Godin, we regarded them a moment, and then we went out and closed the door carefully, and put a log against it, as we had arranged, that the cold should not enter by the crack beneath. And as we had no tent, we were obliged to walk up and down to be a little warm. But it was a night of great coldness, and the wind drove the snow sidewise, in sheets, and it cut us like knives, so that we could not become comfortable, walking. So we went into the woods and chopped logs to heat ourselves, and built a great fire, but yet while our faces burned, our backs were very cold, and our feet were chilled from standing in the snow. So we walked harder, and waved our arms with force. And we could see through the window of the camp where the messieurs played at cards very late, by the warm stove. And after they were in bed we saw the red of the stove-door where the fire shone through, and it seemed hard to us, because we were so cold, and also because we became very fatigued. It was a large room of about six yards square, and we others would not have taken much place in a corner. It would not have incommoded the messieurs, or very little. And toward morning, as we walked in the woods, Godin broke his snow-shoe, because in that great cold the wood of a *racquette* becomes brittle. And in arranging it we both escaped freezing by a very little—it was dangerous to arrest walking for even a few minutes, one sees well. And all the night as we turned toward the cabin from walking in the snow, we saw that evil red eye of the stove of the messieurs, looking out upon us without pity. We could have wished that the fire would go out.

Vézina lifted his swarthy and wrinkled, care-worn face—a face not yet thirty years old—and smiled at us with apologetic eyes.

Vézina.—It was perhaps wrong to wish so, but we were extremely fatigued and cold, and men become wicked, so. Some messieurs do not remember that we others, though we are poor, are yet men. It is not right, I think, to treat us like the beasts, yet probably those messieurs did not rightly know how it was cold. But Madame is *ennuyée* with my long talking. I think there is wood enough. Does M'sieur wish that one should come in the night and arrange the fire? Or will that disturb M'sieur?

With soft rustling of underbrush the dull-colored figure had slipped into the woods again, leaving an echo that stole like a refrain into our dreams, of a gentle voice that seemed compounded of the bubbling burning of birchwood fire, of the happy laughter of little rivers where the water runs in rapids, of all peaceful and homely forest sounds, and with them an echo of the loveliness of a soul that "suffers long and is kind."

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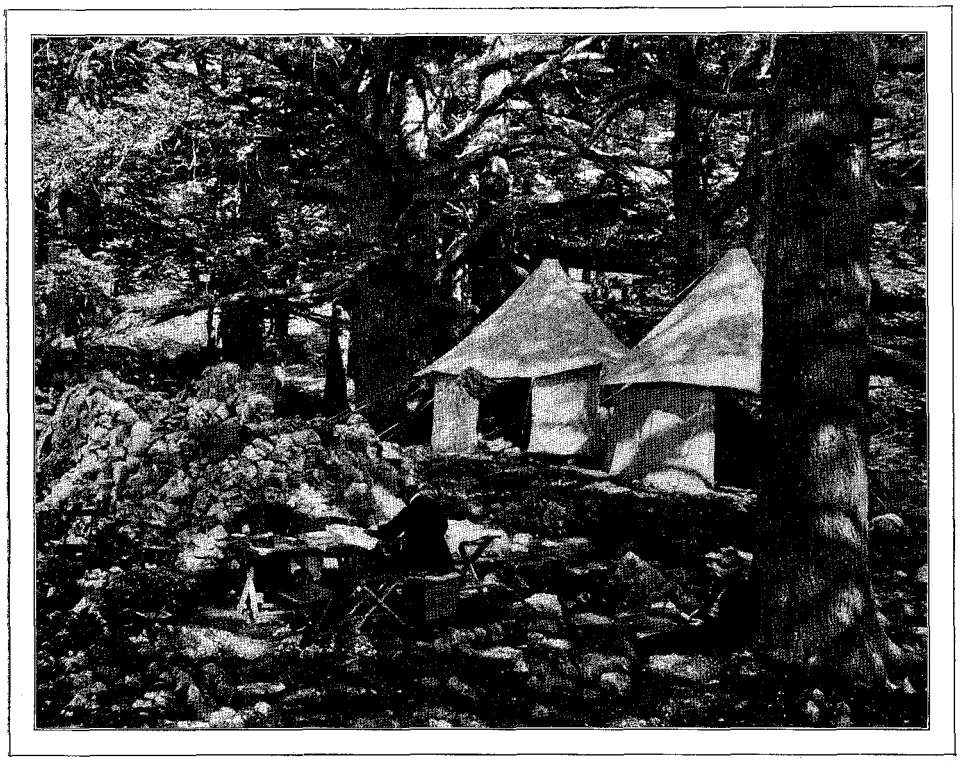

View of the camps.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

By Lewis Gaston Leary

He shall grow like a Cedar in Lebanon.
. . . They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be full of sap and green.
Psalm 92: 12, 14.

We had watered our horses, eaten the last olive and the last scrap of dirty bread that remained in the bottom of our saddle-bags, and were shivering and irritable and impatient, for a sea of beautiful but chilly clouds was rolling around us, and there was no sound of the far-off tinkle that would herald the arrival of the belated mule-train, with its wealth of food and shelter and warmth.

But suddenly, just as the sun was setting, a friendly wind swept the clouds to the valleys below; and, in a moment, fatigue and hunger and vexation were forgotten, as we contemplated one of the most beautiful panoramas in all Lebanon. Before us, the mountain sloped quickly to a precipice, whose foot lay unseen, thousands of feet below; while directly opposite, so steep and lofty as to be almost oppressive, towered the highest peak in Syria—*Jebel El-Arz*—the Cedar Mountain. The whole range, two miles high and a dozen miles long, was covered with that wonderful golden hue, more brilliant, yet more ethereal, than the alpen-glow of Switzerland. Soon the gold faded into blue, and that to Tyrian purple; a color so royal that those who have not seen cannot believe; so deep

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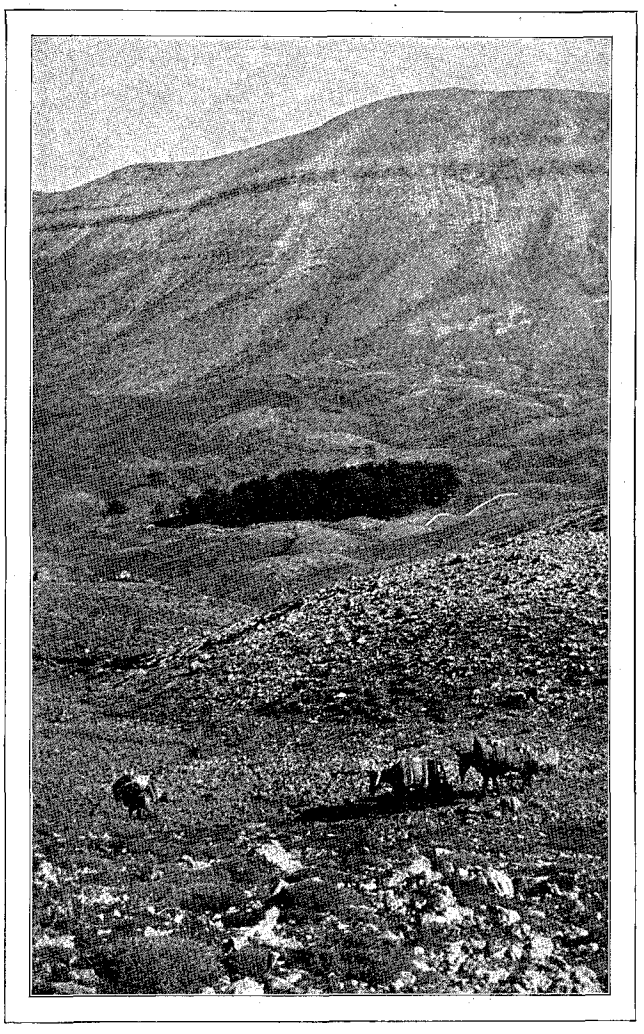
and strange that to those who *have* seen, it seems almost unearthly. It is not the mountain alone that draws one. The color itself seems to have a real existence; and one must gaze and gaze in a vain attempt to fathom its unsearchable depths, until



View of the Cedars of Lebanon from the Baalbek Pass.

The mountain in the background rises about 4000 feet above the cedars.

the purple darkens into black, and the watcher walks on silent, as if the setting sun had, for a moment, swung open the door that leads into the eternal.

"But where are the cedars?" "There!" "But the mountain seems to be one mass of rock." "There!" Yes, there, hung against the rock, hung in such a precarious position that it seems as if a falling cone would drop clear of the little shelf and not stop rolling until it reached the valley far below. It is a very little bunch of green on the great mountain-side. It is as big as the palm of your hand—like a finger-nail—like a speck on the field-glass. Yet these are all the cedars that remain: these and a few scattered trees near Barûch are all that are left of the forests that once covered the mountain region of Syria. They have gone; and when the trees were cut the rains grew less, so that, in a very real sense, these great, solemn giants are memorials of the departed power of the land.

The size of the forest is, indeed, disap-

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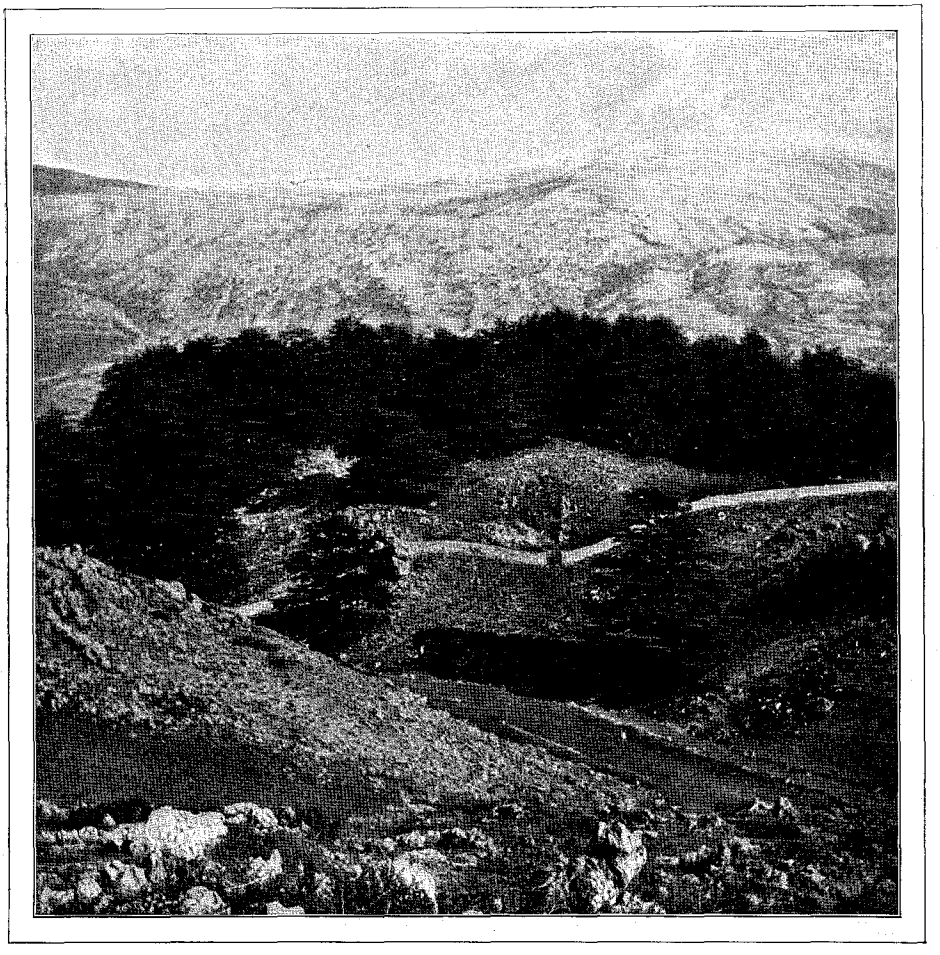

Nearer view of the Cedars.

pointing. There are only about four hundred trees. High up on the rocky slopes, Hadrian sculptured his imperial anathema against all who should cut these sacred trees; the Maronite peasants almost worship them, and call them the "Cedars of the Lord"; and a recent governor of the Lebanon has surrounded them by a great wall, so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet, century by century, their number grows less.

But if the cedars are few in number, these few are of royal blood. They are not the largest of trees, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide-spreading limbs, which often cover a circle two or three hundred feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical, with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks, and charming beds on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs.

The wood has a sweet odor, is very hard, and seldom decays. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except where lightning or the axe has been at work. Often a great bough of one tree has grown into a neighbor, and the two are so bound together that it is impossible to say which is the parent trunk. Perhaps the unusual strength and vitality of the cedars are due to their slow growth. When a little sprout, hardly waist-high, is said to be ten or fifteen or twenty years old, one cannot help asking What must be the age of the great patriarchs of the grove? It is hard to tell exactly. By the aid of a microscope I have

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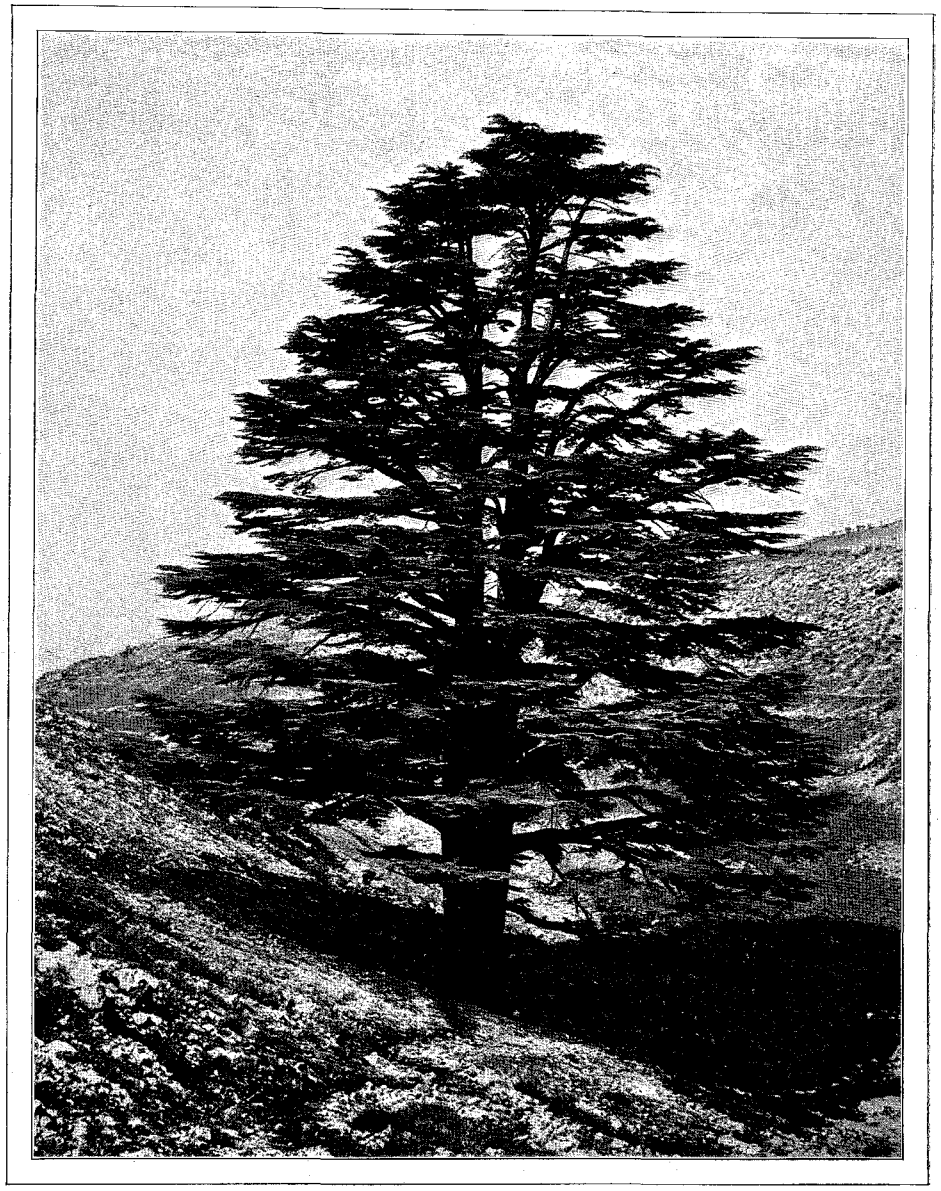

The "symmetrical Cedar," emblem of the Syrian Protestant College

counted more than seven hundred rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Those who have studied the matter more deeply, think that some of these trees must be more than a thousand years old. Indeed, there is nothing wildly improbable in the thought that perhaps the "Guardian," for instance, may have been a young tree when Hiram began cutting for the temple at Jerusalem. So let us believe that this venerable giant of the forest has lived through all the ages since Solomon; and from his throne on Lebanon has calmly looked down over Syria and the Great Sea, while Jew and Assyrian, Persian and Egyptian, Greek and Roman, Arab and Crusader and Turk have labored and fought and sinned and died for the possession of this goodly land.

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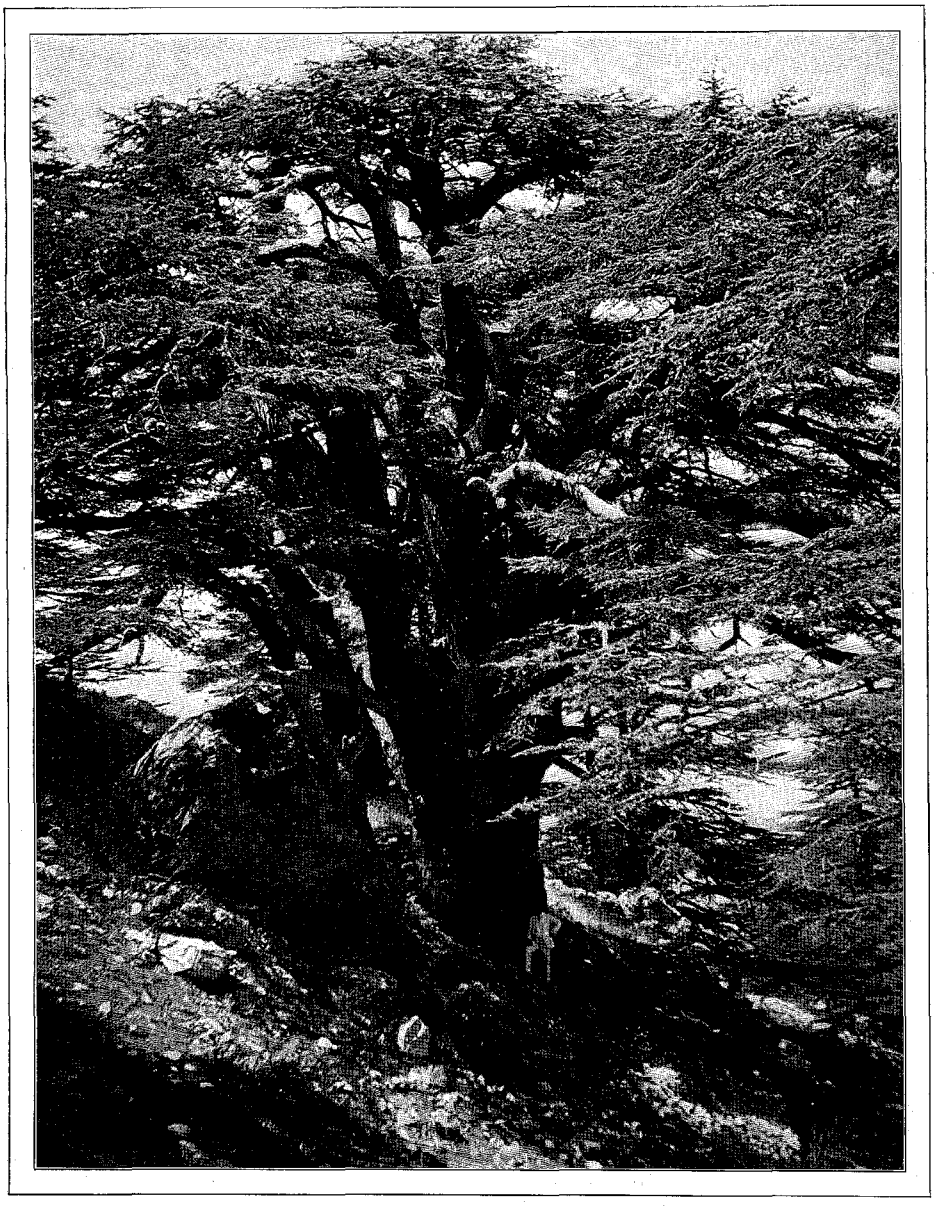

"St. James," one of the largest trees, whose trunk is over 40 feet in circumference.

We spent a month in the grove, and never had a dull day. At dawn we could look out of the tent to where the green branches framed a charming bit of blue sea. Then the Studious Man would climb up to his favorite fork and esconce himself there with pen and ink and papers and books and cushions. The Adventurous Man would scramble up to the topmost bough of some lofty tree and stretch out for a sun-bath. The Lazy Man would curl up against a comfortable root and read. Or there would be sketching or photographing or mountain climbing, varied by unsuccessful hunts and aimless conversations with Maronite priests. But the cedars dominated it all. From our supper-table we could see under the branches to where the

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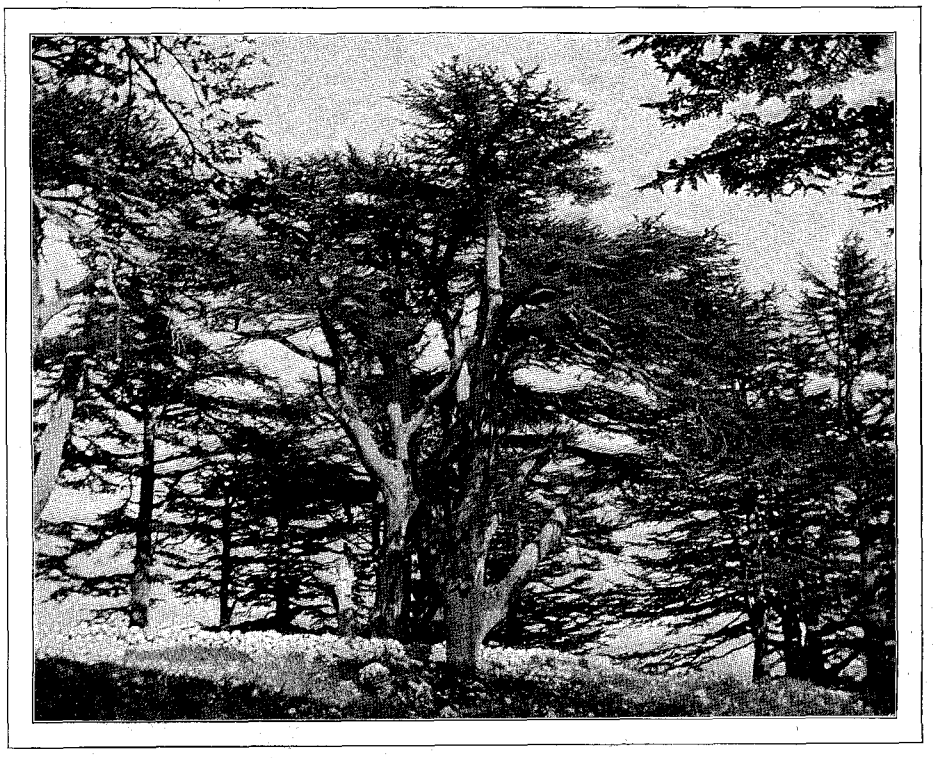
sun went down into a sea of brass, with the jagged peaks of Cyprus outlined against its red disk. Then there was the camp-fire, with its merry sparkle, its new-born confidences, and the black depths of the forest outside. Or the moon shone so brightly that the whole mountain would take on a soft silver glow, and colors could be distinguished almost as well as by day. Now it was cold and foggy; but the trees beat back the clouds, and although a solid wall of white surrounded the grove, within all was warm and dry and home-like. Now it was the feast of the finding of the Holy Cross, and far down in the valley village after village blazed up with the fiery signals, while here and there on the mountain-top a star-like twinkle showed where some lonely shepherd was joining in the general thanksgiving. But the shelter, the support, the background, the inspiration of all the camp-life were the great, solemn trees.

One comes to love the cedars—or rather to reverence them. They are so large, so old; they have such marked individuality. This one, so beautiful that it has been pictured on the seal of the American College at Beirût, has been called the Symmetrical Cedar. These many trunks, springing from a single root, we call the Seven Sisters. Those two that stand side by side at some distance from the main group, are the Sentinels. On the hillside are St. John and St. James, immense, fatherly trees, with trunks over forty feet in circumference, and gigantic forks in which a dozen persons could sit together. Then there is the Guardian, oldest and largest of all; its great trunk twisted and gnarled by struggles against the storms of ages; the names which famous travellers carved a century ago not yet covered by its slow-growing bark. But the knotted, wrinkled trunk is crowned by a garland of evergreen, and the old tree, which perhaps heard the ring of Hiram's axemen, may still be standing proudly erect when the achievements and glory of our own times are but legends of the past.



"The Guardian," the Patriarch of the grove.

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THE WAR DEPARTMENT

ADMINISTRATION OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT

BY CHARLES E. MAGOON
Law Officer, Bureau of Insular Affairs, War Department

DURING several periods of our national history the War Department administered the affairs of civil government in territory and over inhabitants subject to the sovereignty of the United States. Omitting the occasions when the army maintained social order in domestic territory by martial law, and considering instances only wherein the United States, acting through the War Department, installed and maintained governments exercising powers and performing functions usually relegated to State, municipal or other forms of local government administered by civilians, we find that the United States, in the exercise of its sovereign power, provided for the necessities of society by administering the affairs of civil government, through the agency of its military establishment, in Louisiana (1803), Florida (1821), California (1846), New Mexico (1846), the rebellious States of the Union (1862 and 1867), Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippine Archipelago (1899).

The basis of the right to institute military government, is military occupancy of the territory affected. The authority to institute such government in territory subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, may be exercised by the President, in time of war; and by Congress, in time of peace. The military governments in California, New Mexico, Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines were instituted by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. The military governments of Louisiana and Florida were instituted by legislative acts of Congress. During the Civil War President Lincoln, by executive action, instituted military governments in those portions of the rebellious States that were occupied by the Union forces. These governments were recognized and sustained by both the legislative and judicial branches of the Federal Government. President Lincoln also undertook to weaken the rebellion by inducing the inhabitants of rebellious districts to form loyal State governments. Such governments were formed by the people of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee. To the State executives, thus chosen, were given the powers theretofore exercised by the military governors previously appointed by the President. These State governments elected Senators and Members of Congress, but the Senate and House both refused to recognize them as entitled to participate in the proceedings of the respective bodies. In 1867, more than a year after peace had been proclaimed, Congress enacted—"That said rebel States shall be divided into military districts, and made subject to the military authority of the United States," and, by what are known as the "reconstruction acts," provided for military government to be administered by martial rule in the several States mentioned. The Supreme Court refused to interfere with the enforcement of said reconstruction acts; holding that this legislation was political in character, and therefore outside of the jurisdiction of the judicial department; that in creating such legislation, Congress exercised sovereign powers of the nation, which exist, but are reserved to the people by the Constitution. The action of Congress found legal justification as an exercise of the inherent right of national sovereignty to deal adequately with a national emergency. The Supreme Court affirmatively determine that the establishment of military government, by order of the President, in time of war, is a lawful exercise of belligerent right over territory subject to military occupancy, and that after the war is ended, such government may be continued as a *de facto* government until changed by legislation.

A military government acts in a dual

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capacity—military and civil. On its military side it deals with territory and inhabitants with reference to the relations they individually and collectively sustain to the contending sovereignties. While the condition of war prevails the territory is hostile and the inhabitants enemies. The military government is an instrument intended to accomplish their subjugation, and, therefore, the military commanders, exercising the powers of military government over them, possess authority limited only by the laws and usages of war. Such governing authority, say the court—"may do anything necessary to strengthen itself and weaken the enemy. There is no limit to the powers that may be exercised in such cases, save those which are found in the laws and usages of war . . . In such cases the laws of war take the place of the Constitution and laws of the United States as applied in time of peace." (New Orleans v. Steamship Co., 20 Wall., 394.)

Military government, on its civil side, deals with the inhabitants of territory subject to its jurisdiction, with reference to the relations which they sustain to each other and to the community. The authority to deal with these matters is derived from the laws and usages of war, or, to speak accurately, is an obligation imposed by the laws of civilized warfare. The Brussels project of an international declaration concerning the laws and customs of war, recites:

> The authority of the legal power being suspended, and having actually passed into the hands of the occupier, he shall take every step in his power to re-establish and secure, as far as possible, public safety and social order.

The military occupation of territory terminates the political relations theretofore existing between the inhabitants and the expelled sovereignty; and the laws respecting and regulating those relations, *i. e.*, the political laws, pass away with the expelled sovereignty; for example, the laws penalizing treason against the former sovereign, or the laws imposing taxes, customs duties and other revenue measures.

The relations which the inhabitants sustain to each other and the community do not cease, and the laws relating thereto continue in force and effect unless abrogated by the new government. Lieber's "Instructions for the Government of the United States in the Field," says:

> All civil and penal law shall continue to take its usual course in the enemies' places and territories under martial law (military government), unless interrupted or stopped by order of the occupying military power; but all the functions of the hostile government—legislative, executive, or administrative—whether of a general, provincial, or local character, cease under martial law (military government), or continue only with the sanction or, if deemed necessary, the participation of the occupier or invader.

The great and insurmountable objection to the administration of civil government by the military is, that under such government all the powers of the legislative, judicial and executive branches are exercised by one department—the executive; and usually by one individual—the commander of the occupying forces. Happily there are few, if any, instances of abuse of these great powers to be found in the history of the military governments maintained under the direction of the War Department of the United States. But the history of the world records many abuses resulting from the continued exercise of these combined powers by one department of government.

The exercise of legislative power is unavoidable when the military government deals adequately with the new conditions incident to military occupancy, or attempts the work of reformation or construction. To prevent the abuse of the legislative power in dealing with the affairs of civil government in the islands ceded and relinquished by Spain as a result of the Spanish-American War, a plan was evolved providing for the exercise of these powers by different officials of the military arm of the United States Government. The administrative policies to be pursued respecting the relations between the territory and inhabitants and the Federal Government of the United States; the relations to be sustained to the other nations of earth, including the regulations of commercial intercourse and navigation, were fixed and rendered effective by the action of the President, although formulated and proposed by the Secretary of War. The administrative policies respecting the general government of each island or group of islands, which may be designated as insular as distinguished from

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provincial or municipal, were determined upon and rendered effective by the action of the Secretary of War. The policies and procedure relative to local affairs, such as the preservation of the peace, sanitation, schools, hospitals, prisons, public improvements of local character, exercises of municipal powers, etc., were determined upon and rendered effective by the action of the military governor. These general policies and principles being determined, their application in the individual instances and special cases arising was left to the local authorities of the insular governments.

Each of these superior officials availed himself of the services of a corps of assistants; and all worked together with ardent desire to properly discharge the duty devolving upon the War Department and the nation. The fact therefore is, that in general, the legislative orders respecting the affairs of civil government in the islands, during the time those affairs were administered by the War Department, while they appear to be exercises of discretion by one individual, are, in reality, the results of a systematic procedure which subjected them to consideration by three governmental organizations working independently of each other, but as a harmonious whole. The legislative orders emanating from the War Department or approved by it, successfully stood the test of practical working and met the approval of the legislative bodies charged with the responsibility of providing permanent legislation for the territories affected. The orders relating to Porto Rico were continued in force by the Act of Congress providing a civil government for that island, with the exception of one provision of a legislative order respecting marriage and divorce, issued in March, 1899, by the Military Governor, before the adoption of the procedure described. The Constitutional Convention for the Cuban Republic and the Congress of the United States, both approved of the body of laws worked out by the Military Government of Cuba, and the Constitution of Cuba provides:

> That all the acts of the United States in Cuba during the military occupancy of said island shall be ratified and held as valid, and all rights legally acquired by virtue of said acts shall be maintained and protected.

The legislative power of the civil side of the Military Government of the Philippine Archipelago was exercised by the coordinate action of the President, the Secretary of War and the Military Governor of the Philippines, pursuant to the general plan described, from the establishment of military occupation, until September 1, 1900, on which date there became effective the order of the President set forth in his instructions to the Philippine Commission that:

> The authority to exercise, subject to my approval, through the Secretary of War, that part of the power of government in the Philippine Islands which is of a legislative nature is to be transferred from the military governor of the islands to this Commission, to be thereafter exercised by them in the place and stead of the military governor, under such rules and regulations as you (the Secretary of War) shall prescribe. . .

The body of laws created by the military authorities in the Philippines was adopted by the Commission as the basis of permanent legislation for the Archipelago, when they entered upon the execution of a plan of comprehensive legislation adapted to the existing and prospective needs of the islands. The legislation enacted by the Commission, during the first year they exercised legislative powers, is referred to by Secretary Root in his annual report for 1901, as follows:

> I invite the attention of Congress to the 263 statutes now set before them, with the hope that the work of the Commission will receive the approval which, I believe, it merits for its high quality of constructive ability, its wise adaptation to the ends desirable to be accomplished, and its faithful adherence to the principles controlling our own Government. It should be observed that these statutes are not mere expressions of theoretical views as to how the Philippines ought to be governed, but are the practical treatment of carefully studied conditions. Many of the most important are not the beginnings, but the results of patient experiments—the outcome and improvement of successive military orders dealing with the same subjects.

Only one of the statutes thus brought to the attention of Congress was subjected to criticism; that was the act defining and penalizing treason and sedition. A fierce assault was made on this statute, in Congress and in the public press, during which it was charged that this legislation was

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"unprecedented, tyrannical and contrary to the principles of government on which this Republic stands." But examination disclosed that the act had been formulated by adopting the existing provisions, respecting those offenses, of the federal statutes of the United States and of a majority of the States of the Union. The section most severely criticised was found to be a reenactment of an existing law of Tennessee.

The action of the Military Government of the Philippines, in adopting measures for the regulation of commercial intercourse with the archipelago and to impose customs duties on articles passing from the States of the Union into the Philippine Islands, presents an interesting question which is yet to be determined by the courts. The first tariff regulations enforced in the Philippines were created by an order of the President issued while the war with Spain was existing. Under the rule declared by the court in the Insular Cases (182 U. S.), the President was authorized to enforce such regulations so long as the condition of war continued; but as to Porto Rico, the authority ceased upon the treaty of peace and cession being duly proclaimed. In the Fourteen Diamond Rings case, the Court held that the Philippine Islands became domestic territory appertaining to the United States, upon the treaty being ratified and exchanged; and, therefore, until Congress should provide otherwise, merchandise arriving in a port of the United States from the Philippines was not liable for customs duties. But the conditions existing in the Philippines were not those prevailing in Porto Rico at the time the incident arose which was passed upon by the Court, and the reciprocal obligation, on which the Court based its determination, did not exist as to the Philippine Islands; an armed insurrection against the United States existed therein, and the executive was using the military forces of the United States for its suppression. The existence of this insurrection was officially communicated to Congress and legislative authority granted for its suppression. The insurrection was of such magnitude as to create the condition of war, and the military government was continued as an instrumentality for the successful prosecution of that war. The islands continued subject to military occupation and by international law and the laws of war, commercial intercourse with territory so occupied is subject to such regulations and restrictions as the authorities, maintaining the occupancy, see fit to impose. The question involved was not, Is the territory domestic? but, Is the territory hostile? The existence of a war renders illegal all commercial intercourse between the contending sides, excepting as permitted by affirmative acts of the military authorities. This rule prevails in both domestic and foreign wars. At the very beginning of the Civil War, President Lincoln, without obtaining the consent of Congress, blockaded the ports of the South, and subsequently, purchase of cotton, in territory of the rebellious States, even within the military lines of the Union forces, was permitted only on payment of a tax of four cents a pound. The Supreme Court sustained the blockade order of President Lincoln and the collection of the tax on cotton as legitimate exercises of belligerent right. (The Prize Cases 2 Black 365; Hamilton v. Dillin, 21 Wall., 73.) Both the McKinley administration and that of President Roosevelt took the position that the conditions prevailing authorized the Executive of the United States to regulate and restrict commercial intercourse with the Philippine Islands as either policy or regard for the exigencies of the military situation might justify. This administrative policy was carried out; and Congress by act approved July 1, 1902, declared:

> That the action of the President of the United States heretofore taken, by virtue of the authority vested in him as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, as set forth in his order of July 12, 1898, whereby a tariff of duties and taxes, as set forth by said order was to be levied and collected at all ports and places in the Philippine Islands upon passing into the occupation and possession of the forces of the United States, together with the subsequent amendments of said order, are hereby approved, ratified and confirmed.

There are a number of cases pending in the courts involving the correctness of the doctrine acted upon by the Executive, and eventually the questions involved will be adjudicated by the United States Supreme Court.

In making provision for the exercise of judicial powers under military government, it is necessary to take note of the fact that

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the inhabitants and sojourners in territory subject to military occupancy are not subject *en masse* to the same code or body of laws. In time of war and in territory considered hostile, persons in the military service of the United States are exempt from the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the enemy. As stated by the United States Supreme Court, "Officers and soldiers of the armies of the Union were not subject during the war to the laws of the enemy, or amenable to his tribunals for offences committed by them. They are answerable only to their own government, and only by its laws, as enforced by its armies, could they be punished." (97 U. S., 515.) Persons in the military service of the United States are governed by the Articles of War and the rules prescribed for the discipline of the army. These articles and rules have the sanction of Congress, and the individual voluntarily subjects himself to their jurisdiction when he enters the military service. The sixty-fourth of the Articles of War is: "The officers and soldiers of any troops, whether militia or others, mustered and in pay of the United States, shall, at all times and in all places, be governed by the articles of war, and shall be subject to be tried by courts-martial." It sometimes happens that an individual in the military service of the United States in hostile territory, commits a criminal offence against the person or property of a native civilian. The necessity for provisions of law adequate for such cases was made manifest during the late Civil War, and thereupon the fifty-eighth article was adopted, providing that "In time of war, insurrection or rebellion" criminal offences "shall be punishable by the sentence of a general court-martial, when committed by persons in the military service of the United States. . . ."

The uniform holding of the office of the Judge Advocate General U. S. A. has been, that the jurisdiction of the military authority, respecting violations of this Article of War, ceases upon the termination of the war or of the offender's connection with the military service. This doctrine will probably be re-examined with reference to alleged offences charged against volunteers in the Philippines.

It became necessary in Cuba and the Philippine Islands to provide for a class of cases arising from the refusal of persons in the military service of the United States to discharge contract or other civil liabilities to inhabitants of the occupied territory. A remedy was provided by permitting a suit on the alleged liability to be maintained in the civil courts, to be tried according to the law and procedure of the locality; if judgment were secured against the soldier, the case was certified to the military authorities for approval and enforcement.

The officers and men who constitute the military forces of the enemy, in arms by the authority or sanction of the opposing sovereignty and openly avowing adherence to the enemy, when subjected to the jurisdiction of the military authorities of the United States, are to be treated as prisoners of war and are amenable to the laws and usages of war. Offenders of this class are tried by courts-martial.

Non-combatants are not amenable to the articles of war and the rules adopted for the discipline of the army. The laws and usages of war do not permit either belligerent to arbitrarily incorporate the non-combatants into his military establishment and thereby subject them to the rigid rules and procedures by which the discipline of that establishment is maintained. But during the war, in territory occupied or threatened by military forces, it frequently happens that non-combatants commit offences which are not within the territorial jurisdiction of an existing civil court. Such cases must be investigated and the offenders punished. The good of society and the safety of the army imperiously demand this; and the duty devolves upon the military power. Ordinarily the service is performed by quasi-judicial tribunals known as military commissions and provost courts. These tribunals are created and their powers conferred by the commanding officer. Their jurisdiction includes offences against the common law of war and the local penal laws. The offences are against the military authority, and the power to punish resides in the officer charged with the preservation of that authority. The commissions are his instruments for its exercise. He may exercise the authority himself, but as a convenience to him and an act of grace to the community, it is usually exercised by commissions.

It is the established usage of war to con-

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tinue in force, in territory subject to military occupancy, such of the civil and penal laws of the prior sovereignty as regulate the relations which the non-combatant inhabitants sustain to each other or to the community in which they live. The authority to judicially determine questions arising under these laws, passes to the commander of the occupying military forces, to be exercised thereafter by him or those whom he shall designate. The commander usually designates the persons occupying the judicial positions at the time the military occupancy is established; such persons possess a knowledge of the laws they are called upon to interpret and the controversies they adjudicate are between their neighbors and friends, and are of local interest and effect.

The exercise of judicial powers by the military authorities, although justified by the laws of war respecting military occupancy, is repugnant to the theories and principles of government prevailing in the United States. The Military Governors of Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands were admonished to proceed with all convenient dispatch to establish courts, and thereafter relegate to them all controversies between the inhabitants of the islands which involved questions of local law. This was especially necessary in those islands, for, at that time, few officers in the United States Army possessed the requisite knowledge of Spanish language and laws to act as judges. It was found impossible, however, to entirely exclude the executive or administrative department from participation in the exercise of judicial power over numerous matters of individual and local character. Necessity required that the Spanish judicial system be continued in effect, for it was the basis of the social organism and the only system with which the people were familiar. Under the Spanish system many judicial functions are required to be performed by officials of the executive branch, which, under our system, are performed by the judiciary. For example, the courts of Spanish dependencies are without authority to issue an injunction; parties desiring to restrain the action of an adversary are required to apply to the superior authority of the executive department for relief; also, nearly all questions involving the rights of the government are required under Spanish procedure to be determined by the executive department instead of the judicial. The War Department, however, steadfastly adhered to the policy of relegating to the courts all questions and controversies which those courts were competent to determine.

When the frauds against the postal service in Cuba were discovered, the War Department considered the question as to whether the offenders were triable by a court-martial. The question turned on the fact as to whether or not the offenders were in the military service of the United States. The conclusion was reached that the postal service in Cuba was a part of the civil side of the military government of the island, and no more connected with the military establishment of the United States in Cuba, than in one of the States of the Union, and, therefore, a court-martial was without jurisdiction. Consideration was then given as to whether a court-civil of the military government had jurisdiction of the offences and offenders, and Secretary Root decided that inasmuch as these frauds were manifestly assaults upon the military government of which the postal service was an instrumentality, therefore that government might bring the assailants into its courts to answer for their deeds.

In 1847, during the existence of the military government of New Mexico, the inhabitants rose in insurrection, assassinated Governor Bent and a number of other officials of the civil government installed under military occupancy. After the insurrection was suppressed by the army, a number of the conspirators were indicted by a grand jury for treason against the United States. Trial was had in a court-civil of the military government, resulting in a conviction and sentence of death. The case came to the attention of W. L. Marcy, then Secretary of War, who was of opinion that the offence was not against the United States, but against the Military Government of New Mexico, and that said government had authority to proceed in its courts against those who assailed it.

The military governments of Porto Rico and Cuba continued the Spanish judicial system, with such changes as were essential to operation under the new conditions. For example, the Spanish system provided for appeals to the Supreme Court at Madrid,

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and it was necessary to create a court in the respective islands to provide for the exercise of appellate and reviewing authority. The same course was pursued, for a time, by the military government of the Philippines; but on June 11, 1901, the Philippine Commission adopted an act providing for the organization of courts in the Philippine Islands, under which a judiciary was provided which now exercises the powers and performs the functions of the judicial branch of government. The Commission have also adopted civil and criminal codes and procedures. The judicial system thus installed by the Philippine Government was brought to the attention of Congress, and by Section 9 of the Act of July 1, 1902, Congress declared:

> That the Supreme Court and the courts of first instance of the Philippine Islands shall possess and exercise jurisdiction, as heretofore provided, and such additional jurisdiction as shall hereafter be prescribed by the government of said islands, subject to the power of said government to change the practice and method of procedure. The municipal courts of said islands shall possess and exercise jurisdiction as heretofore proviedd by the Philippine Commission, subject in all matters to such alteration and amendment as may be hereafter enacted by law; *Provided*, That the admiralty jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and courts of first instance shall not be changed except by Act of Congress.

The executive branch of the civil side of military government is charged with enforcing the laws and carrying into effect the policies and purposes of the occupying State. The authority to perform the functions appertaining to all offices and departments of the executive branch, exercised by office-holders under the prior sovereignty, passes to the commander of the occupying forces, upon military occupancy being established; and is to be exercised by such persons or governmental agencies as the commander may designate. The transfer of authority is accomplished by the war. The resulting responsibility is an obligation imposed upon the military commander, not an obligation assumed by him. In carrying out this rule, an interesting incident arose in Cuba. The military occupancy of Havana being established, Major-General Brooke, as commanding officer, directed certain officials to take charge of the slaughter-houses, from which emanated the meat supply for the city. The Countess O'Reilly y Buena Vista, a lady residing in Spain, brought to the attention of the military authorities, that in 1728, Don Sebastian Calvo de la Puerta bought at public auction, from the Spanish Crown, the office of high sheriff of Havana; that said office was declared to be perpetual, capable of passing by inheritance and of being transferred by purchase and sale, under certain conditions; that among other perquisites of said office was that of being a member of the city council of Havana, and to that municipal office was attached the right of supervision of the slaughter-houses and transportation of the carcasses to the city dealers; for which fees were collected, aggregating "in the neighborhood of $100, net, per day"; that said perpetual office was "property" and belonged to her; and as the treaty of peace with Spain guaranteed the preservation of rights of property, she insisted that she was entitled to continue her incumbency of said office and the enjoyment of its emoluments. This incident raised the important question, Must the inhabitants of Cuba ransom the right of self-government from Spanish office-holders after the United States had voluntarily undertaken to wrest that right from Spanish sovereignty by force of arms? Upon examination and consideration Secretary Root determined that the right to perform the duties and receive the compensation attached to that office was not a perpetual franchise which survived Spanish sovereignty and was not property. The claimant recently instituted a suit against Major-General Brooke in a court of the United States, seeking to recover $250,000, damages occasioned by the refusal to permit her to enjoy said office.

The duty of enforcing the laws by means of administering the affairs of the executive offices, although arduous, is not the whole or greater service devolving upon the executive head of a military government. It is relatively small, when compared with the duty of carrying out the policies and purposes of the occupying State. In Porto Rico, that purpose was to fit the inhabitants to properly exercise the powers of local government, which under our Federal system would be conferred as soon as ability and inclination to make good use of them were demonstrated. To this end a

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system of public schools was established; patriotism promoted; courts instituted; revenue measures adequate to secure means for maintaining the local government adopted; a system of audit competent to prevent dishonest or inconsiderate expenditures of public moneys was devised; the separation of Church and State effected; in short, a communal entity that would fit into the Government of the United States was constructed.

In Cuba the purpose of the United States was to permit the people of the island to select and create a government by the exercise of the sovereignty belonging to them in their associate capacity; a government in which equality of right and privilege should be guaranteed to all; and which would take a place in the family of nations, prepared to maintain domestic tranquillity and discharge the obligations resulting from international relationship. To accomplish this endeavor it was necessary to heal the wounds of war, allay the animosities resulting from twenty years of strife and centuries of class prejudice, and make the component parts of the social structure homogenial. It was also necessary to relieve the industrial paralysis with which the island is afflicted, for no government is stable when the nation and its citizens are bankrupt. During the time necessary to accomplish the work of pacification and construction, the affairs of government in the island were to be administered; and that service was performed in such manner as to secure the unqualified approval of the Cuban people and to impel the admiration of the world. Revenues amounting to nearly sixty millions of dollars were honestly collected and expended; a general system of free public schools was established; the courts and court procedures were rendered more efficacious for the administration of justice; great and necessary public works constructed; adequate hospitals and asylums provided; sanitary measures of far-reaching effect and importance carried into effect; improving the public health, lowering the death-rate and eliminating yellow-fever, that dreaded scourge which had for centuries destroyed the lives and interfered with the commerce of the Cuban people; and the Cubans, trained in all branches of administration, so that the new government entered upon the control of affairs with a corps of employees competent to perform the functions of all governmental offices.

In the Philippine Islands the paramount purpose of the United States was to uphold its sovereignty against the assaults of the insurrection. The insurrection was promoted, largely through a want of understanding, by the inhabitants, of the policies and purposes of the United States respecting them and the archipelago, and the results to follow acceptance of American sovereignty. The administration realized that the only way of conferring an understanding of these matters upon the inhabitants was to demonstrate by example. To this end the formation of civil government, administered by native officials, elected by popular vote, was kept abreast with the success of our military forces, and when the insurrection terminated, a civil government administered by civilians, assumed direction and control of public affairs, almost before the smoke of the hostile guns had disappeared. That government, planned and formulated by Secretary Root, administered under his direction and control, first by military officers and subsequently by Governor Taft and the American Commission, gave to the islands the guaranties of liberty enjoyed by the people of the States of the Union. Under it municipal and provincial officials were elected by popular vote; a native constabulary was organized and faithfully discharged the duties of peace officers; the people in the districts in which it was established resumed their customary vocations under the protection of law; social order was restored; a body of laws enacted which showed constructive ability, legislative skill, familiarity with existing conditions and fidelity to the principles of just government; the public revenues were honestly collected and expended; tariff measures adopted which promoted the interests of the islands and their commercial welfare, and, notwithstanding the insurrection, doubled the commerce of the islands; millions of dollars were expended in long-needed public improvements; a system of free public schools was established; a shipload of teachers brought from America and four thousand native teachers employed; night schools were opened to afford instruction in the English language; a comprehensive civil-service law enacted and

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enforced; three of the seven members of the Commission, the Chief Justice and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and many judges of the Courts of First Instance were selected from native Filipinos, as were also nearly all the municipal and provincial officials. The result anticipated was accomplished. The Filipino mind was dispossessed of its misconceptions respecting the policies and purposes of the United States and given a realization of the fact that under American sovereignty the islands had secured freedom and self-government, such as would not have existed had the people of the United States abandoned them to tyranny from within or without. To what extent the civil government aided in inducing the Filipinos to abandon the insurrection, cannot be ascertained; but that its beneficial influence was potent, no one will deny.

Congress when called upon to provide legislation for civil government in the Philippines, found the Government instituted by executive authority so just and efficient that the only change made was to increase its powers. The first section of the act providing for civil government in the Philippines reads:

> That the action of the President of the United States in creating the Philippine Commission and authorizing said Commission to exercise the powers of government to the extent and in the manner and form and subject to the regulation and control set forth in the instructions of the President to the Philippine Commission, dated April 7, 1900 . . . is hereby approved, ratified, and confirmed, and until otherwise provided by law, the said islands shall continue to be governed as therein and herein provided.

The master mind in the work of administering the Government of Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands under military occupation, and in building up civil government in those islands, was that of the Secretary of War. He was obliged to construct even the tools with which he worked. The War Department had no bureau or administrative organization for disposing of the vast amount of department work occasioned by the acquisition and government of our new possessions, yet such organization was necessary to keep the Secretary of War from being overwhelmed in hopeless confusion; thereupon, what is now the Bureau of Insular Affairs was created. With reference thereto Secretary Root, in his report for 1901, said: "It performs, with admirable and constantly increasing efficiency, the great variety of duties which, in other countries, would be described as belonging to a colonial office, and would be performed by a much more pretentious establishment." The responsibility of determining the problems which arose, devolved upon the Secretary of War, and practical necessities required a determination in advance of Congressional action or judicial decision. Many problems raised new or long-forgotten questions as to the character of the Federal Government, the nature and extent of the Nation's sovereignty, the division of its powers, and the extent of its authority at home and abroad. It was necessary to ascertain and observe precedents in dealing with unprecedented situations, and duly regard a long line of judicial decisions touching but not meeting the issue involved. Different civilizations, different systems of law and procedure, and different modes of thought brought into contact evolved a great crowd of difficult questions. New facts and changed conditions called for the interpretation and application of our own rules of policy and the establishment of further rules. Different views as to the scope of authority under the distribution of powers required reconciliation. The application of the law of military occupation to rights and practices existing under the laws of Spain, and the process of overturning inveterate wrongs brought about frequent appeals to the highest authority, which, being made in the name of justice, compelled consideration. At the same time the work of construction of civil government was carried to successful completion. A delicate and difficult task was that of transferring the public powers from the military to the civil organization, to bridge the chasm between the military camps and the forums of peace. In Cuba the change was effected by means of a constitutional convention which adopted a form of government and a constitution therefor; officials were elected thereunder at elections held under the auspices of the Military Government. The necessities of the public service being provided for, the military authorities withdrew from place and power,

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the civilian officials entered upon the discharge of their duties, and the Republic of Cuba took its place in the family of nations.

At this stage in the affairs of Cuba it became necessary for Secretary Root to solve the far-reaching problem of fixing the general principles for the permanent regulation of the relations between Cuba and the United States, so as to preclude the possibility of complications which might interfere with the amity essential to the welfare of both countries. Cuba is so situated, geographically, that it must be either the steadfast ally or the natural enemy of the United States. Internationally, the United States is bound to see that the Government of Cuba is conducted with due regard to the standards erected by modern civilization and the obligations devolving upon a member of the family of nations. Nationally, the United States is bound to promote its own industrial welfare, military defence, and domestic tranquillity, and especially to prevent the recurrence of yellow-fever, that in the past periodically ravaged our shores. The measures adopted necessarily must be projected into the period when Cuba would be an independent State; mutuality was essential to their continuance, if not to their adoption; the inhabitants of the island were eager to exercise the powers of independent sovereignty; and, therefore, the task presented was that of permitting the exercise of the powers of the on-coming Government of Cuba, in respect of these matters, and at the same time insure that said powers would not be employed in an unwarranted or ill-advised manner, so as to embarrass or delay the accomplishment of the laudable purposes of the United States. The plan adopted by Secretary Root was to make the general relations to be sustained by the Republic of Cuba to the United States part and parcel of the basic structure of the Republic of Cuba; the declaration of those relations to be a condition precedent to the establishment of independent government in the island, and the surrender thereto of the powers and authority acquired by the United States by the war with Spain and the Treaty of Paris. The order of the Military Government, dated July 25, 1900, authorizing the election and assemblage of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, declared the purpose of the convention to be "to frame and adopt a constitution for the people of Cuba, and, as a part thereof, to provide for and agree with the Government of the United States upon the relations to exist between that Government and the Government of Cuba." When the Convention assembled the Military Governor, pursuant to instruction, admonished them as follows:

> It will be your duty, first, to frame and adopt a constitution for Cuba, and when that has been done, to formulate what, in your opinion, ought to be the relations between Cuba and the United States. When you have formulated the relations which, in your opinion, ought to exist between Cuba and the United States, the Government of the United States will, doubtless, take such action on its part as shall lead to a final and authoritative agreement between the people of the two countries to the promotion of their common interests.

The wisdom of this course was soon manifest. The Cuban convention formulated a constitution, but omitted action with reference to the relations to exist between Cuba and the United States; whereupon Congress took the initiative and adopted what is known as the "Platt Amendment," specifically setting forth the general characteristics of such relations. The provisions of that amendment were adopted by the Constitutional Convention, and thereby became as much a part of the governmental organization and polity of the Cuban State as is the Constitution of Cuba.

The construction and maintenance of popular government in the Philippines presented no problem more serious than how to accomplish the transition from military to civil government, for the change was to be made "under fire" and in the presence of a formidable insurrection. The task set before Secretary Root was to devise a plan which would enable civil government to keep abreast with the success of our arms and at the same time continue available at all times the authority and organization of the Military Government to meet possible emergencies. The task was nearly as difficult as the impossible proposition of causing two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time. The plan adopted and successfully carried out was that set forth in the instructions to the Philippine

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Commission, dated April 7, 1900. These instructions were prepared by Secretary Root. They constitute the Magna Charta of the Philippines, and will contest with the Emancipation Proclamation for the rank of first of American State documents.

It is remarkable and gratifying that the work of developing civil government in Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines was accomplished by exercising the military powers of the United States. The army, organized, trained, and equipped for the work of destruction, was utilized by the President and the Secretary of War as an instrument of construction. That which was fashioned to overthrow and expel one government was devoted to the purpose of erecting another. The war powers of this nation, although outside of the limitations of our laws and Constitution, knowing nothing of their restrictions, bound only by the discretion of the Commander-in-Chief and the practices of civilized warfare, were effectively used to construct, out of and for a people ignorant of our form of government and the principles on which it is founded, a government incorporating and inculcating the principles and theories which have made the United States foremost among the nations of the earth.

THE GRAY COLLIE

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS.

THE steam had retired, clanking, from the radiator, withdrawing to the cellar like the dragging chain of Marley's ghost. The blue flame of a Bunsen burner was the only light and heat left. Now and then the wind flung handfuls of spiteful sleet at the window.

"I don't know anything about ghosts," said Henrietta, plaintively. "I'm as bad in psychology as mathematics. I might tell about the gray collie, but he was real. Don't let that chocolate boil over, Isabel."

Isabel poured out three steaming cups, thick and sweet, for in the young twenties and late teens the appetite is still bizarre.

"I'll tell it as it happened," sighed Henrietta. "I don't believe I could make anything up to save my neck."

She was small and sad-eyed, with a timid manner, and sat on a wolf-skin, leaning one elbow on its head, which had green eyes of sinister slant, and bristling ears.

"You know who Artaxerxes was?"

"Artaxerxes," they recited, "was your old wolf-hound who was really benevolent, but everybody was afraid of him, and when he wagged his tail it waved like a cat's, sinuously, instead of swinging in a clubby, careless way, as a dog's should."

"He was white with gray spots," mused Henrietta; "I suppose his family in Siberia looked like that to match the snow when they went out hunting, and he was shaggy and soft."

"We chained him the night the circus came to town. He heard a lion roar as the train went by at three o'clock, and, at first, I thought we had another lion in the barn. Gracious! If he hadn't been chained he would have been over the wall and chased that lion to the station.

"I went down to soothe him and see if his chain had given in any of its links. I never saw him so out of temper. Finally he consented to lie down, though he grumbled about it, and the tip of his tail kept twitching, not wagging. He hardly ever wagged it.

"He worried all that day. 'Don't you know there are bears and lions and tigers and wolves out there?' he'd say—'Isn't it my business to protect you from such things? Do let me go and kill a few. I'll come right back!'

"We supposed he would stop worrying when the circus went, but instead, he got worse. He explained how it was his business to find out what had become of all those animals. In the evenings, as soon as

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he was unchained, he would march up and down inside the wall, holding his nose to the wind and every now and then making a low impatient sound in his throat, as if he were worried about something and making plans.

"One morning Farmer Grosman came to our house, very fierce: 'Your dog's been killing my sheep.' We explained that he never got over the six-foot wall, but nothing would do. If he hadn't done it, who had? If we did not shoot him, he would, and so on.

"Papa was very polite. He said he regretted that he could allow no shooting on the place except what he did himself. 'You are certainly entitled to shoot any dog or dogs which you may discover molesting your sheep, and I shall exercise the same prerogative in protecting my dog.'

"He said it with that deprecating smile of his—I believe he smiled deprecatingly when he got cut off from his men at Antietam, and fought his way out of a lot of rebels who tried to make him prisoner. He hated Grosman, who was the meanest man in town and starved his horses.

"The man went off growling, and said he'd see the Mayor. We chained Artie up that night. In the morning we found his cat, dead, with a half-eaten piece of poisoned meat beside it. Artie thought everything of that cat. He had carried it around in his mouth ever since it was a little kitten. He always had to have his cat, the way a child has to have a doll. Any other cat he'd have sighted half a mile away and chased. But that one was his own, and anything it did was all right. It's all in being acquainted. Papa sat up all the next night with a shot-gun. We heard that the people from the French quarter of the village insisted that Artie got over the wall at night and roamed around and got into mischief. They said they heard him howling up on Mount Phelim, and talked a great deal about what they were going to do to him and us. Those Canucks would have it that he was a man-wolf, and could change about from one thing to another. You can't argue with them when they get a notion like that.

"One morning Pete Lancto, who mows the lawn, said he had seen the devil, and that he was like a shaggy dog.

"'Probably it *was* a dog!' I said. But he told a lot of lies about smelling brimstone and flames coming out of its eyes.

"I said 'I guess you were *tenet*' (that's their word for 'tight').

"But he hadn't touched a drop, and had only been to get a new salt codfish at the store.

"'Well, anyway, if it smelt brimstone, it wasn't Artie.'

"But that idiot said: 'The devil, he can smell brimstone when he wants to—*je pense que oui!*'

"So I let him alone. You can't argue with a man who hasn't any premises to argue from.

"It was my work to go to the village for the mail. I went after supper, about sunset, or a little later.

"The road curves along the side of Mount Phelim, which is not much of a mountain, but rather too big for a hill. When you look south it is as if the trees stood on each others' heads, and there are wide, open spaces, like a park, so that you can see between the trunks, only by the road the underbrush is thick like a hedge. But on the north side of the road you don't want to tumble off, for the Powasket runs below, hidden under the tops of trees, so that you only know it's there from the sound. When I was little, I used to be afraid of that road, because a Canuck nurse-girl had scared me with stories of bears and catamounts and Indians.

"That was why papa had me go for the mail. He never could stand cowards. At first he used to sneak along behind me, and when I got hysterical would saunter up as if he were just out for a walk, and show me how pretty the sunset was over toward Canada, or cluck for squirrels to come out and see what we wanted, or take me up into the woods a little to find Indian pipes like caryatides holding up dead leaves. So it wasn't very long before I grew to love the walk, and the sound of the wind in the trees, even when it was dark. I got quite friendly with the squirrels, and used to leave little piles of nuts as I went to the village, and when I came back they would be all gone. There aren't many squirrels up there that can afford pecans and Brazil-nuts. I suppose they wondered till their heads ached, why I left them around so carelessly.

"But when I grew to like it at night,

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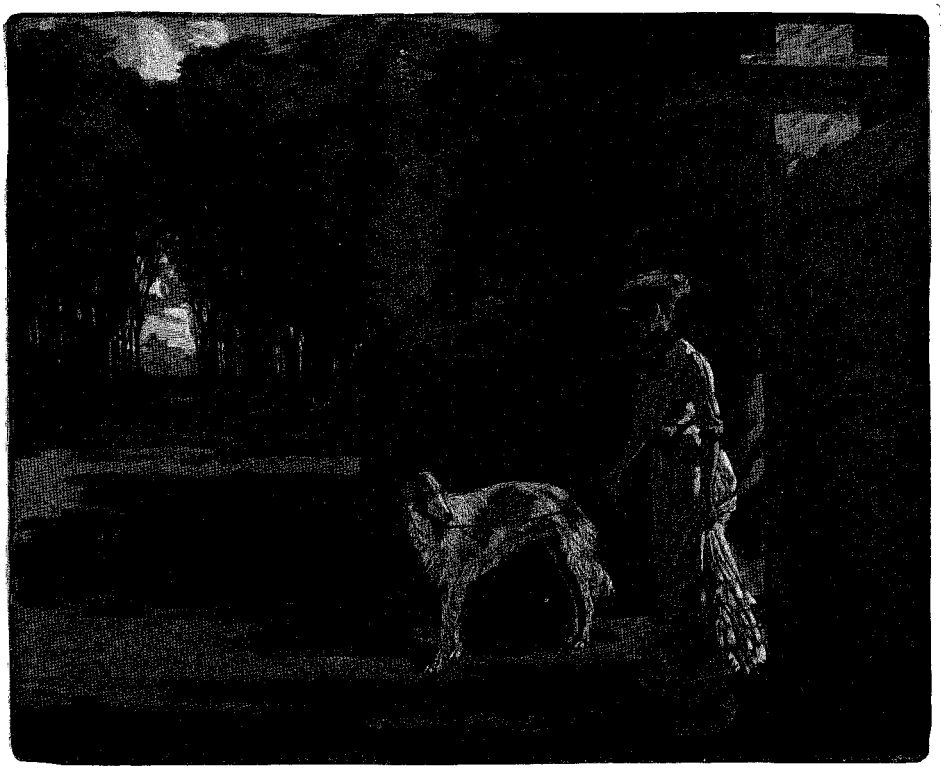

So about that time he got me Artaxerxes for a chaperone.

papa began to object. A good many times when I've been sitting on the edge of the road swinging my feet over the Powasket, watching the last color going out beyond Canada, and listening to the owls and frogs and things, he has come to meet me and grumbled about 'going to extremes.' But I had him, you see, and only laughed. Hadn't he trained me to it?

"So about that time he got me Artaxerxes for a chaperone, and he was good deal of a nuisance, for the village folk disliked him from the first. When they whistled to their own dogs to get them out of his way, how could he tell they weren't calling to him? And when he'd turn to see what they wanted, they'd think he was coming after them and run, which was nonsense.

"We were keeping Artie chained that week of the sheep-killing fuss. How he hated it! When I stepped up on the horse-block to mount Pixie—I rode most of that week, and he knew I never took him when I took Pixie, because he had a nasty way of snapping at her nose, not meaning anything, but it got on her nerves dreadfully—and when I mounted Pixie and shook my crop at him, he would stand up at the end of his chain, his fore paws beating the air and his tongue hanging out, because he was choking himself so hard, and I've often thought he looked more unattractive that way with his one head than any picture of Cerberus with three.

"It was particularly hard on him now that his cat was dead. We had got him a new kitten, but it wasn't broken in yet, and couldn't understand that he didn't mean anything when he carried it around in his mouth.

"It was that evening that I saw the gray collie the first time. There were long streaks of late sunlight reaching up into the mountain, and he was so mixed up in the light and shadow that it was only by chance I saw him at all, he was so like the tree trunks and boulders; but he happened to be in a place that I knew all about, because it was where papa and I had often sat, and I knew no gray patch of anything belonged

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just there. It was like finding an animal in one of those old puzzle-pictures, where they're all mixed up in the branches.

"I reined up and whistled, and called him every name I could think of, but he did not stir, so that I almost thought my eyes were wrong after all; but there was no mistaking those pointed ears cocked toward me. I thought he might be the sheep-killer, though he was such an aristocratic creature, for what can you expect of a dog that's lost and hungry and unhappy? I'd probably steal something myself if I felt that way. I knew that nobody in our part of the country owned such a dog as that, and I wondered if his master were dead up there on the mountain. There are so many queer accidents—but it was the close season. The more I wondered, the queerer it seemed.

"All of a sudden, Pixie snorted and plunged so that I was almost thrown, for I wasn't expecting it, and was leaning over with a loose rein and my arm out toward the collie. I had trusted that mare like my own sister, and had believed her a sensible soul, but she never stopped until she reached the barn, sweating and trembling like anything.

"I was so out of patience that I left her at home with Artie the next time I went for the mail. I planned as I went through the woods how I would make the collie's acquaintance and bring him home, and how he and Artie would strike up a friendship. They were both such splendid fellows and so lonely. I thought a good deal about it, how I'd manage, for I knew that if I wasn't careful they'd be more likely to kill each other first—like Balin and Balan, you know—and make up afterward.

"I didn't meet the collie until I was coming back. It was twilight, and the moon was rather narrow to see by. There was a rustle and snapping in the bushes at the side of the road.

"'Nice fellow!' I said, and stopped. I could make out the silhouette of his ears cocked toward me, and a little glimmer where his eyes were. 'Poor old chap,' I said, 'did you lose your folks?' But he wouldn't say a word, and backed off when I went toward him, so finally I went on, hoping he would follow, and he did, but slily, so I could hardly be sure it was he, keeping beside me in the underbrush.

"When I reached the open, and looked back, he was standing in a faint patch of moonlight, in the middle of the road, looking after me with his head down a little, something the way people look at you under their eyebrows when they're trying to understand.

"I whistled and called, but it was no use. He stood there as long as I did, and I finally went on without him. But I couldn't get him off my mind. It seemed such a wild, lonesome life for a dog that must have been brought up in a pleasant home, with regular meals and a fireplace to lie in front of, and probably a girl like me to take him walking. And it seemed as if it must be something queer and tragic to send him off that way by himself. I thought more and more how some young fellow might be lying dead up there on the mountain. I made up a whole story about it that evening. And that night I dreamed I had the collie and found a collar hidden in his ruff, and was trying to read his name on it—but you know how hard it is to read anything in a dream; you look at a letter and it changes to something else, or dances off to one side. Then he seemed to be telling me a long story, the way animals do in dreams, but when I woke up it turned into nonsense.

"I knew he would meet me the next evening, and so I took some of Artie's dog-biscuit with me, and while the collie padded along the other side of the bushes, tried to reach some through to him, but he wouldn't touch it, though once he sniffed a little very daintily, and then blew out his breath as dogs do when they've found out all they want to know about a smell. He kept right beside me. As we neared the opening he grew bolder, frisked across the road in front and came up from the other side. As I pretended to pay no attention, he came close behind and touched my elbow, hardly enough to say so, but I felt his breath warm through my sleeve.

"When I came out into the open moonlight he stood as he had before at the edge of the woods, and watched me out of sight. I couldn't believe that he was the sheep-killer, he seemed so gentle and timid, but I didn't dare speak of him to anyone—it would have seemed like betraying a trust—for I knew that in other people's minds, if they found out that he was there, it would lie between him and Artie, and as Artie was

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I whistled and called, but it was no use.—Page 98.

out of the question, they would take it out in killing the collie anyhow. I felt something the way Southern girls do in novels, when they're hiding a handsome Union soldier.

"The next evening I started as usual, but just as I got to the woods, Artie came tearing after me, dragging a yard of chain and pretending he thought I wanted him! I could have slapped him, but took it out in being sarcastic, with words he couldn't understand, and hitched his chain to my belt, so that if he started to be impolite to the other fellow, I could have something to say about it.

"We reached the post-office safely enough, but I was glad he was tight to my belt, for some rough men looked at us in that ugly, suspicious way and said 'sheep-killer' once or twice, and 'loup-garou.' So I really felt safer when we reached the woods, in spite of dreading the meeting between Artie and the collie.

"But I didn't hear or see anything of him

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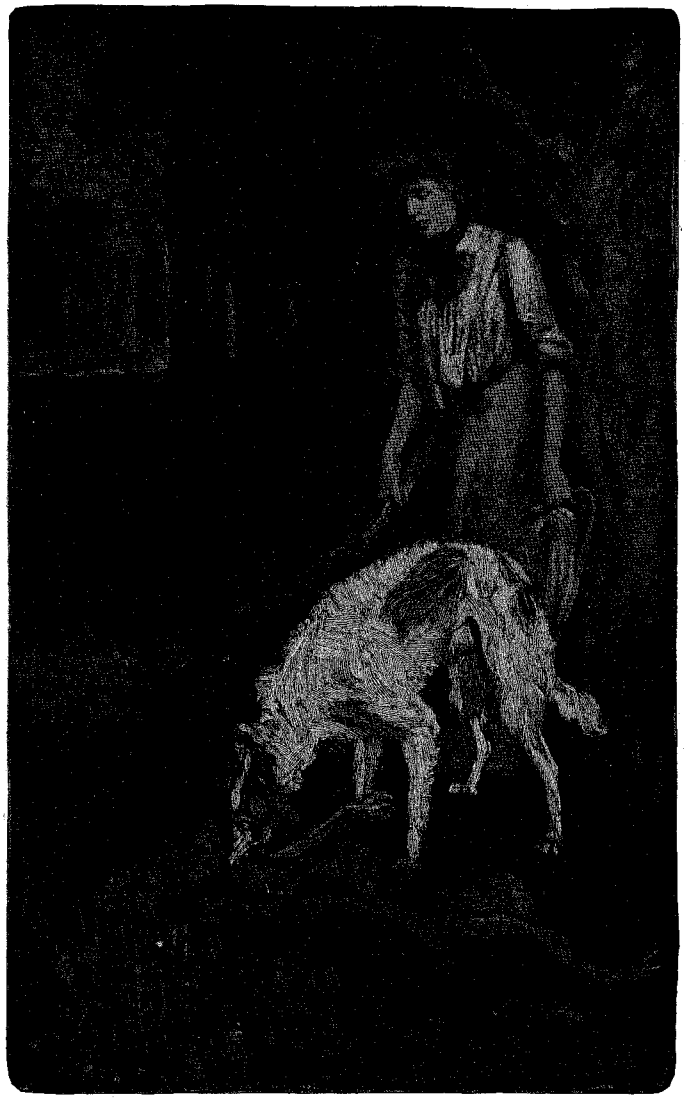

I didn't even try to pull Artie away when he got the other fellow by the throat.—Page 101.

until we were half-way through, and then, so far off it might have been on top of the mountain, I heard him howl—not exactly a howl, but a queer cry, as if he were calling to something at a distance, kind of sorrowful, but fierce, too. It went down my back like a chip of ice—but I'd hardly heard it when Artie roared in answer, and I was being carried up that mountain at the end of his chain like a cart after a runaway horse.

"And I had thought I could hold him! Gracious! I tried to catch at the branches, but they broke. We went through a patch of black-berries, and there was a mucky little spring, where I fell in the mud and scared the frogs, and I think it must have been half-way up Phelim, where I finally caught tight hold of a tree-trunk and my belt broke and Artie went on as if he didn't know the difference. I don't know how long it was before I got my breath and began to think. Then I heard them—away off at the top, the frogs singing between as peaceful as could be—but I heard that wicked snarling and knew they were at it—

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Balin and Balan—and that they were so well matched it was likely to be the death of both, unless I could stop it. I followed the sound and climbed after, though I was all weak and trembling. You can see on my hands now how the thorns had scratched, and my clothes were heavy and sticky with mud. It seemed ages before I got there. I think I was crying.

"I knew I couldn't do anything, but I picked up the heaviest stick I could find, though all the sticks you can pick up in the woods are as rotten and light as powder. They didn't seem to know I was there. They were in a little open space, and the moonlight lit up their eyes now and then. I could see that the collie was a more tremendous fellow than I had thought—and then—all of a sudden—I knew!

"And because I knew I didn't even try to pull Artie away when he got the other fellow by the throat, and held him down, while he got weaker and weaker. I looked at him there in the moonlight, and cried, and wondered how I'd been so stupid.

"While I sat there wringing my hands and waiting for Artie to let go, some men came up and turned a bull's-eye lantern on me, and seemed so astonished they couldn't do anything but swear, though each would try to shut the other up, now and then, saying there 'was a lady present.'

"One of them seemed to think it was funny, and explained what they had said to each other, the way people always do for animals or babies. 'Siberian wolf and Siberian wolf-hound! Must 'a seemed kin' o' natural for them fellers to meet up. "Beg pardon," says the wolf, "ain't I seen you before?"—and says the pup, "I don't know, but you're certainly the chap my mammy told me to lick if ever I come acrost you, and, by thunder, I'll do it!" Which he did. Will you be so kind, Miss, when your little terrier there has quite finished, to call him off? It'd be rayther indelicate for a stranger to interfere.'

"The other man seemed sorry. 'Nothing left but his pelt, which is some chewed, but could be mended up into a real elegant rug, which the young lady might be pleased to accept.'

Henrietta thoughtfully scratched the ears of the rug, and ran her fingers over the rows of beautiful teeth. "This is the collie."

"But sometimes I wonder just what he had in mind when I felt his breath on my elbow. Most people would say that he was thinking how convenient I would be some evening when no sheep was handy, but I'm not sure. At the time I supposed he was sad and lonesome, and glad of my company. A wolf, after all, is a good deal of a person. He was so frightfully solitary, you see—nobody to answer his gathering cry—half a world away from his own people."

A NIGHT IN THE ROOM OF ANDREAS HOFER

"THE MAN OF TYROL"

By John Heard

OUR great painter and epigrammatist, Mr. Whistler, has laid it down as an axiom that "Art happens"—he might have added, as a corollary, and have been quite in accord with Tolstoi, that all great and interesting things happen independently of our most carefully wrought-out plans. Columbus happened to stumble upon America, Lincoln happened, at the beginning of our great national crisis, and Peace came to us at last in a noble form, because two great men—Grant and Lee—happened to meet in a small Southern court-house—the peace that has made it possible for the South to arise, phœnix-like from her ashes, stronger, greater, more powerful than she ever was before the new avatar.

And so, in a more modest order of events, it happened that an early morning walk became a long one for me, and that the result was, perhaps, the most perfect historical impression which I ever experienced.

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Standing on the parapet below the old Roman tower that overlooks Meran, my boy beside me asked the name of an old pile of white buildings on the opposite side of the valley. A by-stander helped me out of my ignorance by saying, "That is Schloss Schönne, well worth seeing, and only an hour and a half from the bridge."

We tumbled down the hill-side and soon reached the hotel, whence I started forth at once. It was a dyspeptic day, and the table d'hôte had no charms for me. A stiff climb brought me to the little village, and after a few minutes' rest under the grape-vines, I went up to the castle, an irregular pile of no especial date or style, packed with a heterogeneous collection of fine pieces, swamped in mediocrities and trash. In one of the rooms, amid very bad family pictures, I discovered the portrait of Andreas Hofer the "Sandwirth"—"the Man of Tyrol," as he was called nearly a hundred years ago—and as I gazed upon the rugged honest face, so thoroughly the kind of face the Germans call *gutmüthig*, there came over me an intense longing to see the house in which the man had lived, and, if possible, to sleep in his bed, surrounded by the trophies that tell the simple pathetic story of his life and death.

The old woman, my cicerone, took me down into the crypt, where to her amazement I clipped two artificial violets from the wreath that lies over the coffin of the last Count of Meran, and then I bade her take me back to the Hofer portrait in the castle itself, and the good old face seemed to smile at me saying—"Come!"—so I went, as the peasants went, when he called them out to fight for Tyrol, their Vaterland. How far it was, I could not learn, but everyone told me I could not reach it that night, which seemed to me the very best reason why I should. "Straight ahead, along the bed of the torrent, and ask again at St. Martin." So I sent a boy down to Meran to say that I should not return that night, slung my "yope" over my shoulder, and started forth at a brisk pace.

An hour later, in the forest, I met two young Englishmen on their way from Sterzing, and of them I begged information as to the road. "I suppose," I added, "that you stopped at Andreas Hofer's house?"

"No; who is he?"

"Andreas Hofer, 'the Man of Tyrol'—you must have passed the house—the Sandhof—on your left——"

"Oh! Ah! You are right. We did pass a house of that name, but we didn't stop—never thought of it."

I left them, half unconsciously singing to the old Tannenbaum tune, "O Engelland, O Engelland, wie grün sind deine Söhne!" About dusk it began to rain slightly, and I went into a Gasthaus for a glass of wine, also to ask my way. But as the rain kept coming down, I sallied forth again into the darkness, and having been butted often and once knocked down by quadrupeds of various kinds, I arrived finally at the Sandhof, flung my coat, stick, and hat onto a table and called for black bread, cheese, and a "quarter of red," at the peasants' table.

Before formulating my wish to sleep in Andreas Hofer's room, I deemed it expedient to explore the house, and "get my bearings," so a maid took me over it, showed the relics, and pointed out "*the Man's*" bed to me; "but," she added, "only members of the family are allowed to sleep in it."

Then by to-morrow morning I shall be a member of the family," I answered.

She laughed and shook her head, saying, "No, sir; no foreigner has ever slept in that bed in our day."

"You might as well make it up," I replied, shortly, "for I shall sleep there to-night."

Below, I found the Frau Wirthin, and for more than half an hour, I talked to her about the house and its relics. I had taken off my cravat, and thrown open both my shirt and green waistcoat, while she stood in the hall-way, dressed in the costume of the Passeyr Valley, for it happened to be a holiday. Presently the maid came out of the tap-room, and I asked her if she had made up my bed.

"In which room, please?" she asked, mischievously.

"In Andreas Hofer's room, of course," I replied, looking at the Wirthin.

"Na, na!" she said, shaking her head decidedly, "That won't do!"

I was fain to plead humbly, until finally she compromised by saying, "Go and see my husband."

I opened my shirt a little wider, tumbled my hair, lighted my pipe, and sat down with the host and the peasants at the common

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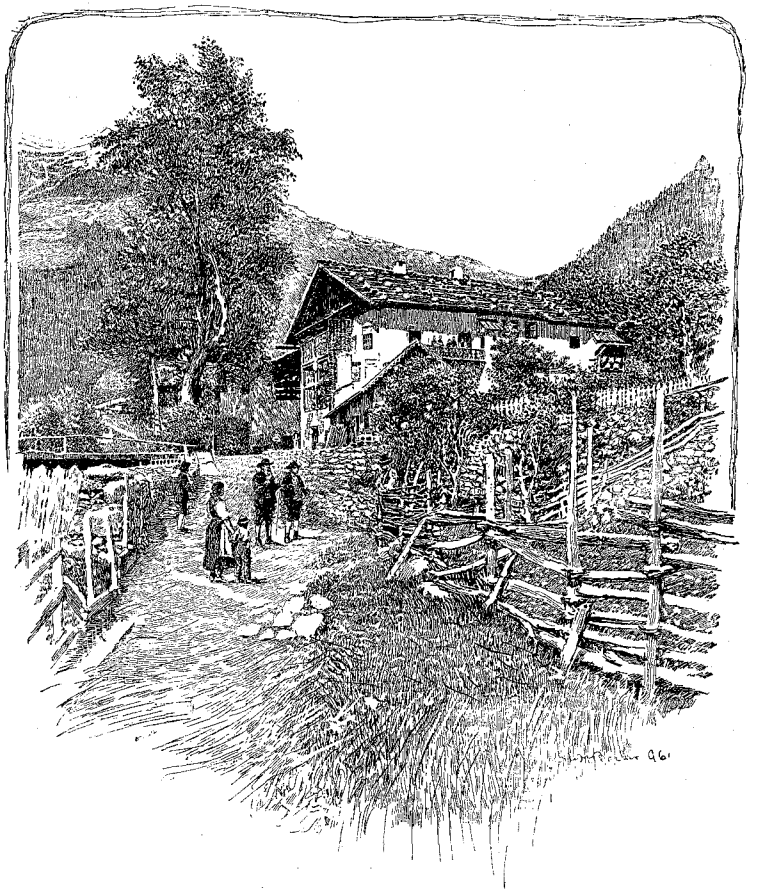

House of Andreas Hofer at Passeyrthal, Sandwirth.

table. For a short time we were all good friends, and I saw him nod to the woman outside.

Of course, we talked solely of Andreas Hofer and of the Freiheits-Kampf in Tyrol of 1809. They were all delighted to hear that away in that far country—America—many of us could sing "Zu Mantua in Banden." . . .

As the evening wore on, man after man rose, signed himself before the great crucifix over the door, and called out "A blessed night," as he left the room. When it was my turn, the host and hostess accompanied me up-stairs, with black bread and cheese; then, after she left, the host showed again the relics I had seen—with a gentle pride and loving veneration, that became him well. He was not unlike the pictures of "The Man of Tyrol," but blond, not dark, as Hofer was—a strong man and yet a gentle one. We shook hands for the night, and I lay down, very tired, but tingling all over with the joy of a great desire fulfilled.

It was about three o'clock, when I was awakened by the slamming of the windows, and the incessant crashing of the thunder outside. After securing the shutters, I endeavored conscientiously to return to the land of dreams. But in vain! How was I to while away the hours until morning? By the light of the candle I examined once more the flag that Andreas Hofer had raised for the freedom of his country, and from the spear of which hung the gold chain and medal that the Emperor had sent to him at Innsbruck. The broad leather belt, stitched with the bone of peacock's feathers, the wide-brimmed hat, and all the other clothes he wore on his last journey. Below on a yellow sheet, pathetically misspelled, yet beautifully writ-

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ten, the Man's last letter home—and of this I made a copy. Above the door the red eagle of Tyrol spread its wings, and as I walked up and down, cheating time, the words of the old Tyrolian national song,

Adler, Tyroler Adler,
Warum bist du so roth?

came back to me most vividly.

I had never seen a translation of it in English. Why not upset it into English—here—now—in Andreas Hofer's own room, where the pulse of the country beat so high when Napoleon was pounding at the gates of the holy "Land Tirol!"

For a half hour I blackened the edge of a newspaper—to no account—I could not write a line, and I was about to give it up, when passing before a glass case I noticed that the door thereof was unlocked. In a minute I had buckled on the broad belt of Andreas Hofer and put his enormous hat on my head. Thus accoutred and inspirited, with my stick for a sword, the words came easily, and I jotted them down on the yet unused edges of my paper:

"Eagle of Tyrol, thy feathers are red—
Why so red?"
"I builded my nest on the uppermost crest
Of the Oelta peak—bold, barren, and black,
Where the crimson sunshine lies so red,
And therefore my feathers are red—so red!"

"Eagle of Tyrol, thy feathers are red—
Why so red?"
"For that, children mine, I have tasted the wine
That grows so fresh in the fair valley Etzch;
And the stain of the wine is a crimson red,
And therefore my feathers are red—so red."

"Eagle of Tyrol, thy feathers are red—
Why so red?"
"'Gainst the foe in the land, I led each brave band
With God—for Kaiser and Vaterland.
And the enemy's blood flowed free and red;
And therefore my feathers are red—so red."

"Eagle of Tyrol—thy feathers are red—
Why so red?"
"For that I live in the sunshine red,
For that I've drunk of our wine so red,
For that the blood of our foes was red—
My heart and my feathers are red—blood-red."

When I came down in the morning there were some twenty persons in the large room, and I took my coffee at the common table. At one end stood a large bowl of thick soup into which each peasant dipped his spoon until it was empty. At a side-table the priest was sipping his coffee, and the host, opposite, tipped his small bottle of plum brandy. And a little later there was a scraping of benches and a shuffling of feet. We all stood up—at the time I did not know why. It was a general movement of the *Moutons de Panurge* order—a few of us retreated into a corner and uncovered our heads. Before us some fifteen peasants crowded around the stone before the crucifix, some standing with heads bowed, some kneeling—fine, strong men, with honest, earnest, apostle-like faces, and there they thanked the Lord for the morning's bread. As each one passed me, on his way out, his cordial "Grüss Gott," made me forget that I was but a stranger in the land, even if I did wear their dress, and speak their language, and as a stranger, I was grateful for their courtesy. It is not everywhere so.

When they were gone I passed into the kitchen to pay my bill. It amounted to next to nothing, and the item of lodging had been omitted. Of course, I pointed this out to the landlady, who answered, "Who sleeps in Andreas Hofer's bed cannot pay for it. Man! You have done what no one else out of the family has ever done before."

"So be it!" I answered, "and now it is time to go. Give me the farewell kiss, according to the old custom." She held up her cheek and I kissed her good-bye.

"Now, Man," she said, smiling, "again you have done something that no other man has done, but that one there," pointing to her husband.

We all laughed, and he said, "Come, will you drink a 'white' with me?" The maid brought the wine, but according to peasant custom, no glasses. The host called for some at once, but I had noticed the night before that all the men drank from the bottle straight, and so I tipped it up, drank my drink and passed it to him. After drinking, he clapped me on the shoulder, saying, in his quaint simple dialect, "Man! You know us peasant folk."

"Now," I said, "it is time to go. Good-bye and God's blessing on this house."

The priest, the host, and the hostess held up their hands and answered together:

"And God bless you, and God bless the wife, and God bless the little ones."

So we parted.

Through the mud, the rain, the mist, I stumbled in the gray morning light over as

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Andreas Hofer.

From the original painting in the Castle Schönau.

continuously amazing a paving as I have ever trodden. At times the water on the road was so deep that I vaulted the fences or wall, and ploughed through ploughed fields. Through the veil of clouds that hung upon the mountain-side, I could not make out the shoulder behind which stood the log-hut where Hofer was finally captured, and I longed to climb up to it, but the roads were impossible, and I hurried on to St. Martin.

There remembering the words of Hofer's last letter, I stopped at the Unterwirth—the successor of old Hans Mayer—Hofer's executor—and from him I bought a pipe, on which I have had engraved the date of the night I spent at the Sandhof.

For another hour and more I ploughed through the mud and water, until I came to the half-way house. The rain was falling heavily, and I went in.

An old man, a very old man, greeted me, saying, "You passed here yesterday—you pass again to-day. Where have you been?"

He held out his hand, and I took it, wondering to myself where I could have seen him before. Then it came to me suddenly. It's Beune, grown very old! He had known Andreas Hofer's wife very well, and he was delighted when I told him that in my country, thousands of miles away, the "Man of Tyrol" was not only well known, but revered—held up among hero-worshippers even, as a great man.

"Man," he asked, "how many hours is it from here to your country, as we reckon?"

"About two thousand," I said.

"Jesus!" he cried out in answer. "It is a long road."

When the rain ceased, and I rose to go, he shook me warmly by the hand, and I turned to the girl, who had been busy on a stitch in my stockings.

"The old custom," I said, "is a kiss for farewell."

Laughing, she said, "Kiss me you may, for you are a foreigner, from a land far away—but it is NOT a custom among us peasant folk in the Passeyr Valley."

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I levied my toll, however, and stumbled onward over such roads as I hope never to walk again, and finally reached Meran. It had been a long walk and a very rapid one, and I threw myself down on the sofa—thoroughly exhausted.

An hour later I awoke, and looking around the conventional hotel room it seemed to me impossible that the night before I had actually slept in the bed of Andreas Hofer, yet on the table before me, to prove the reality of my experience, lay the pipe I had bought from the Unterwirth and my copy of Hofer's last letter. In English I cannot render the accent of the original, its pathetic ignorance, its quaint dialect, but I can make every honest heart understand how bravely the "Man of Tyrol" felt and wrote a few hours before his end. This is the translation:

My Good Sir Brother:

The dear Lord God, in his divine wisdom, has so ordained it, that I must pass from this present life, here in Mantua, into the everlasting life beyond. But thank God for the great mercy he has granted me, in that he has made it a little hard for me, that were it so to happen, that I come elsewhere than into heaven, the Lord will have granted that even until the last minute unto which I may live, my soul has rejoiced in its comfort, and is at peace with the rest of the world. So that it may ever hereafter be glad therefor.

Wheresoever my soul may be, I shall pray to God for all those to whom I may be owing, and for you, and for your dear wife, not only because of the little Book, but also because of the many kind deeds you have done; and also, all my good friends that are yet living, in this world, you must pray for me, and help me out of the hot flames, if it be so destined that I must suffer for my sins in the hell-fire of Purgatory. And the funeral service, my dear wife, or the hostess at St. Martin, shall direct. By the red blood of Christ, prayers in both parishes, and to all the friends you shall provide soup and meat, with a half bottle of wine at the lower tavern.

And as to the money I had by me, I have given it all to the poor; and as to such money as you may find in the house, take what you may need, and arrange it all with Hans Mayr. He will make out my accounts with the folk, and arrange about the alms for the poor, and so that I may have no punishment to suffer, dear Herr Pickler, go down, for my sake, to the Unterwirth in St. Martin and explain the matter to him, so that he attend to all the arrangements, and tell no one of all these matters, and they shall give you fifty florins above all expenses. And to all of you that live in this world, farewell! Until we meet yonder to praise God together, unto the end! All you people of Passeyr, and you that know me, think of me, and remember me in your sacred prayers, and tell the hostess, my wife, not to grieve too much, for I shall pray God to be kind unto you all. My beautiful, hard world—farewell! It is so easy to die, that my eyes are not even wet. Written at five in the morning, and at nine, with the help of all the saints, I start on my journey toward God.

Tell Morandell.*

Your,

Andreas Hofer,

The Sandwirth of Passeyr, whom you loved in this life in the name of the Lord, and by the will of God I am now going to begin my journey up to Him.

Ah, me! It was real enough long before I had written the last word of his letter. And as I pondered the meaning of the life and death of Andreas Hofer, with all my half-read books of Tyrolian history on the table before me, I could not but say to myself: We know him and love him, because he fought the kind of fight we Anglo-Saxons can appreciate—a long fight and a strong fight for a principle—up-hill all the way to the bitter end of Death or Victory.

*A captain of the Sharp-shooters of Kaltern.

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A MOTHER IN INDIA

By Mrs. Everard Cotes

CHAPTER IV

IT remained in my mind, that little thing that Dacres had taken the trouble to tell my daughter; I thought about it a good deal. It seemed to me the most serious and convincing circumstance that had yet offered itself to my consideration. Dacres was no longer content to bring solace and support to the more appealing figure of the situation; he must set to work, bless him, to improve the situation itself. He must try to induce Miss Farnham, by telling her everything he could remember to my credit, to think as well of her mother as possible, in spite of the strange and secret blows which that mother might be supposed to sit up at night to deliver to her. Cecily thought very well of me already; indeed, with private reservations as to my manners and my morals, I believe I exceeded her expectations of what a perfectly new and untrained mother would be likely to prove. It was my theory that she found me all she could understand me to be. The material virtues of the outside were certainly mine; I put them on with care every morning and wore them with patience all day. Dacres, I assured myself, must have allowed his preconception to lead him absurdly by the nose not to see that the girl was satisfied, that my impatience, my impotence, did not at all make her misery. Evidently, however, he had created our relations differently; evidently he had set himself to their amelioration. There was portent in it; things seemed to be closing in. I consumed a quarter of an inch of wooden pen-handle in considering whether or not I should mention it in my letter to John, and decided that it would be better just perhaps to drop a hint; though I could not expect John to receive it with any sort of perturbation. Men are different; he would probably think Tottenham well enough able to look after himself.

I had embarked on my letter, there at the end of a corner table of the saloon, when I saw Dacres saunter through. He wore an air very serious, and at the same time elaborately purposeless; and it jumped with my mood that he had nothing less than the crisis of his life in his pocket and was looking for me. As he advanced between the long tables doubt left me and alarm assailed me. "I'm glad to find you in a quiet corner," said he, seating himself, and confirmed my worst anticipations.

"I'm writing to John," I said, and again applied myself to my pen-handle. It is a trick Cecily has since done her best in vain to cure me of.

"I am going to interrupt you," he said; "I have not had an opportunity of talking to you for some time."

"I like that!" I exclaimed, derisively.

"And I want to tell you that I am very much charmed with Cecily."

"Well," I said, "I am not going to gratify you by saying anything against her."

"You don't deserve her, you know."

"I won't dispute that. But still—I'm not sure that I'll stand being abused, dear boy."

"I quite see it isn't any use. Though one spoke with the tongues of men and of angels——"

"And had not charity," I continued for him. "Precisely. I won't go on, but your quotation is very apt."

"I so bow down before her simplicity. It makes a wide and beautiful margin for the rest of her character. She is a girl Ruskin would have loved."

"I wonder," said I.

"Her mind is so clear, so transparent. The motive spring of everything she says and does is so direct. Don't you find you can most completely depend upon her?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "certainly. I nearly always know what she is going to say before she says it, and under given circumstances I can tell precisely what she will do."

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"I fancy her sense of duty is extremely well developed."

"It is," I said. "There is hardly a day when I do not come in contact with it. I am its constant, constant victim."

"Well, that is surely a good thing. And I find that calm poise of hers very restful."

"I would not have believed that so many virtues could reside in one young lady," I said, taking refuge in flippancy. "And to think that she should be my daughter!"

"As I believe you know, that seems to me rather a cruel stroke of destiny, Mrs. Farnham."

"Oh, yes, I know. You have a constructive imagination, Dacres. You don't seem to see that the girl is protected by her limitations—like a tortoise. She lives within them quite secure and happy and content. How determined you are to be sorry for her!"

Mr. Tottenham looked, at the end of this lively exchange, as though he sought for a polite way of conveying to me that I, rather, was the limited person. He looked as if he wished he could say things. The first of them would be, I saw, that he had quite a different conception of Cecily; that it was illuminated by many trifles, nuances of feeling and expression, which he had noticed in his talks with her whenever they had skirted the subject of her adoption by her mother. He knew her, he was longing to say, better than I did; when it would have been natural to reply that one could not hope to compete in such a direction with an intelligent young man; and we should at once have been upon delicate and difficult ground. So it was as well perhaps that he kept silence until he said, as he had come prepared to say, "Well, I want to put that beyond a doubt—her happiness—if I'm good enough. I want her, please, and I only hope that she will be half as willing to come as you are likely to be to let her go."

It was a shock when it came, plump, like that, and I was horrified to feel how completely every other consideration was lost for an instant in the immense relief that it prefigured. To be my whole complete self again, without the feeling that a fraction of me was masquerading about in Cecily! To be freed at once from an exacting condition and an impossible ideal!

"Oh!" I exclaimed, and my eyes positively filled, "You *are* good, Dacres, but I couldn't let you do that!"

His undisguised stare brought me back to a sense of the proportion of things. I saw that in the combination of influences that had brought Mr. Tottenham to the point of proposing to marry my daughter consideration for me, if it had a place, would be fantastic. Inwardly I laughed at the egotism of raw nerves that had conjured it up, even for an instant, as a reason for gratitude. The situation was not so peculiar, not so interesting as *that*. But I answered his stare with a smile—what I had said might very well stand.

"Do you imagine," he said, seeing that I did not mean to amplify it, "that I want to marry her out of any sort of *good*ness?"

"Benevolence is your weakness, Dacres."

"I see. You think one's motive is to withdraw her from a relation which ought to be the most natural in the world, but which is, in her particular and painful case, the most equivocal."

"Well, come," I remonstrated; "you have dropped one or two things, you know, in the heat of your indignation, not badly calculated to give one that idea. The eloquent statement you have just made, for instance—it carries all the patness of old conviction. How often have you rehearsed it?"

I am a fairly long-suffering person, but I began to feel a little annoyed with my would-be son-in-law. If the relation were achieved it would give him no prescriptive right to bully me, and we were still in very early anticipation of that.

"Ah," he said, disarmingly, "don't let us quarrel. I'm sorry you think that, because it isn't likely to bring your favor to my project, and I want you friendly and helpful. Oh, confound it!" he exclaimed, with sudden temper, "You ought to be. I don't understand this aloofness. I half suspect it's pose. You undervalue Cecily—well, you have no business to undervalue me. You know me better than anybody in the world. Now, are you going to help me to marry your daughter?"

"I don't think so," I said, slowly, after a moment's silence, which he sat through like a mutinous schoolboy. "I might tell you that I don't care a button whom you

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marry, but that would not be true. I do care, more or less. As you say, I know you pretty well. I'd a little rather you didn't make a mess of it; and if you must, I should distinctly prefer not to have the spectacle under my nose for the rest of my life. I can't hinder you, but I won't help you."

"And what possesses you to imagine that in marrying Cecily I should make a mess of it? Shouldn't your first consideration be whether *she* would?"

"Perhaps it should, but you see it isn't. Cecily would be happy with anybody who made her, in the wide sense, comfortable. Mind, body, and estate. You would ask a good deal more than that, you know."

Dacres, at this, took me up promptly. Life, he said, the heart of life, had particularly little to say to temperament. By the heart of life I suppose he meant married love. He explained that its roots asked other sustenance, and that it throve best of all on simple elemental goodness. So long as a man sought in women mere casual companionship, perhaps the most exquisite thing to be experienced was the stimulus of some spiritual feminine counterpart; but when he desired of one woman that she should be always and intimately with him, the background of his life, the mother of his children, he was better advised to avoid nerves and sensibilities, and try for the repose of the common—the uncommon—domestic virtues. Ah, he said, they were sweet, like lavender. Already, I told him, he smelled the housekeeper's linen-chest. But I did not interrupt him much; I couldn't, he was too absorbed. To temperamental pairing, he declared, the century owed its breed of decadents. I asked him if he had ever really recognized one, and he retorted that if he hadn't, he didn't wish to make a beginning in his own family. In a quarter of an hour he repudiated the theories of a lifetime, a gratifying triumph for simple elemental goodness. Having denied the value of the subtler pretensions to charm in woman as you marry her, he went artlessly on to endow Cecily with as many of them as could possibly be desirable. He actually persuaded himself to say that it was lovely to see the reflections of life in her tranquil spirit; and, when I looked at him incredulously, he grew angry, and hinted that Cecily's sensitiveness to reflections and other things might be a trifle beyond her mother's ken. "She responds instantly, intimately, to the beautiful everywhere," he declared.

"Aren't the opportunities of life on board ship rather limited to demonstrate that?" I inquired. "I know—you mean sunsets. Cecily is very fond of sunsets. She is always asking me to come and look at them."

"I *was* thinking of last night's sunset," he confessed. "We looked at it together."

"What did she say?" I asked, idly.

"Nothing. That's just the point. Another girl would have raved and gushed."

"Oh, well, Cecily never does that," I responded. "She has no affectations, thank heaven. Nevertheless, she is a very ordinary human instrument. I hope I shall have no temptation, ten years hence, to remind you that I warned you of her quality."

"I wish, not in the least for my own profit, for I am well convinced already, but simply to win your cordiality and your approval — never did unexceptionable wooer receive such niggard encouragement!—I wish there were some sort of test for her quality. I would be proud to stand by it, and you would be convinced. I can't find words to describe my objection to your state of mind."

"Oh, keep your illusions," I said. "You may, you know, even if you marry her. I believe there is always a chance. But your eyes are very good, Dacres."

The thing seemed to me to be a foregone conclusion. I saw it accomplished, with all its possibilities of disastrous commonplace. I saw all that I have here taken the trouble to foreshadow. So far as I was concerned, Dacres's burden would add itself to my philosophies—*voilà tout!* I should always be a little uncomfortable about it, because it had been taken from my back, but it would not be a matter for the wringing of hands. And yet—the hatefulness of the mistake! Dacres's bold talk of a test made no suggestion—should my invention be more fertile?

"You have said nothing to her yet?" I asked.

"Nothing. I don't think she suspects for a moment. She treats me as if no such fell design were possible. I'm none too

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confident, you know," he added, with a longer face.

"We go straight to Agra—could you come to Agra?"

"Ideal!" he cried. "The memory of Mumtaz! The garden of the Taj! I've always wanted to love under the same moon as Shah Jehan. How thoughtful of you!"

"You must spend a few days with us in Agra," I continued, "and, as you say, it is the very place to shrine your happiness, if it comes to pass there."

"Well, I am glad to have extracted a word of kindness from you at last," said Dacres, as the stewards came to lay the table. "But I wish," he added, regretfully, "you could have thought of a test."

CHAPTER V

FOUR days later we were in Agra. A time there was when the name would have been the key of dreams to me; now it stood for John's head-quarters. I was rejoiced to think I would look again upon the Taj, and the prospect of living with it was a real enchantment, but I pondered most the kind of house that would be provided for the General Commanding the District, how many the dining-room would seat, and whether it would have a roof of thatch or of corrugated iron—I prayed against corrugated iron. I confess these my preoccupations. I was forty, and at forty the practical considerations of life hold their own even against dreams in marble, world-renowned, and set about with gardens where the bulbul sings to the rose. I smiled across the years at the raptures of my first vision of the place at twenty-one, just Cecily's age. Would I now sit under Arjamand's cypresses till two o'clock in the morning, to see the wonder of her tomb at a particular angle of the moon? Would I climb one of her tall white ministering minarets to see anything whatever? I very greatly feared that I would not. Alas for the aging of sentiment, of interest! Keep your touch with life and your seat in the saddle as long as you will, the world is no new toy at forty. But Cecily was twenty-one—Cecily who sat solidly finishing her lunch while Dacres Tottenham talked about Akbar and his philosophy. "The sort of man," he said, "that Carlyle might have smoked a pipe with."

"But, surely," said Cecily, reflectively, "tobacco was not discovered in England then. Akbar came to the throne in 1526."

"Nor Carlyle, either, for that matter," I hastened to observe. "Nevertheless, I think Mr. Tottenham's proposition must stand."

"Thanks, Mrs. Farnham," said Dacres. "But imagine Miss Farnham's remembering Akbar's date! I'm sure you didn't!"

"Let us hope she doesn't know too much about him," I cried, gayly, "or there will be nothing to tell!"

"Oh, really and truly, very little!" said Cecily, "but as soon as we heard papa would be stationed here Aunt Emma made me read up about all those old Moghuls and people. I think I remember the dynasty. Baber, wasn't he the first? and then Humayon, and after him Akbar, and then Jehangir, and then Shah Jehan. But I've forgotten every date but Akbar's."

She smiled her smile of brilliant health and even spirits as she made the damaging admission, and she was so good to look at sitting there simple and wholesome and fresh, peeling her banana with her well-shaped fingers, that we swallowed the dynasty, as it were, whole, and smiled back upon her. John, I may say, was extremely pleased with Cecily; he said she was a very satisfactory human accomplishment. One would have thought, positively, the way he plumed himself over his handsome daughter, that he alone was responsible for her. But John, having received his family, straightway set off with his Staff on a tour of inspection, and thereby takes himself out of this history. I sometimes think that if he had stayed—but there has never been the lightest recrimination between us about it, and I am not going to hint one now.

"Did you read," asked Dacres, "what he and the court poet wrote over the entrance gate to the big mosque at Fatteh-pur-Sikri? It's rather nice. 'The world is a looking-glass, wherein the image has come and is gone—take as thine own nothing more than what thou lookest upon.'"

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My daughter's thoughtful gaze was, of course, fixed upon the speaker, and in his own glance I saw a sudden ray of consciousness; but Cecily transferred her eyes to the opposite wall, deeply considering, and while Dacres and I smiled across the table, I saw that she had perceived no reason for blushing. It was a singularly narrow escape.

"No," she said, "I didn't. What a curious proverb for an emperor to make! He couldn't possibly have been able to see all his possessions at once."

"If you have finished," Dacres addressed her, "do let me show you what your plain and immediate duty is to the garden. The garden waits for you—all the roses expectant——"

"Why, there isn't one!" cried Cecily, pinning on her hat. It was pleasing and just a trifle pathetic, the way he hurried her out of the scope of any little dart; he would not have her even within range of amused observation. Would he continue, I wondered vaguely, as with my elbows on the table I tore into strips the lemon leaf that floated in my finger-bowl; would he continue through life to shelter her from his other clever friends as now he attempted to shelter her from her mother? In that case he would have to domicile her, poor dear, behind the curtain, like the native ladies; a long price to pay for a protection of which, bless her heart, she would be all unaware. I had quite stopped bemoaning the affair; perhaps the comments of my husband, who treated it with broad approval and satisfaction, did something to soothe my sensibilities. At all events I had gradually come to occupy a high fatalistic ground toward the pair; if it was written upon their foreheads that they should marry the inscription was none of mine; and of course it was true, as John had indignantly stated, that Dacres might do very much worse. One's interest in Dacres Tottenham's problematical future had in no way diminished, but the young man was so positive, so full of intention, so disinclined to discussion—he had not reopened the subject since that morning in the saloon of the *Caledonia*—that one's feeling about it rather took the attenuated form of a shrug. I am afraid, too, that the pleasurable excitement of such an impending event had a little supervened; even at forty there is no disallowing the natural emotions of one's sex. As I sat there pulling my lemon leaf to pieces I would not have been surprised or in the least put about if the two had returned radiant from the garden to demand my blessing. As to the test of quality—Agra—that I had obligingly invented for Dacres on the spur of the moment without his knowledge or connivance, it had some time ago faded into what he apprehended it to be—a mere idyllic opportunity, a charming background, a frame of prettier sentiment than the funnels and the handrails of a ship.

Mr. Tottenham had ten days to spend with us. He knew the place well; it belonged to the province to whose service he was dedicated, and he claimed, with impressive authority, the privilege of showing it to Cecily by degrees—the Hall of Audience to-day, the Jessamine Tower to-morrow, the tomb of Akbar another, and the Deserted City yet another day. We arranged the expeditions in conference, Dacres insisting only upon the order of them, which I saw was to be cumulative, with the Taj at the very end, on the night precisely of the full of the moon with a better chance of roses. I had no special views, but Cecily contributed some—that we should do the Hall of Audience in the morning, so as not to interfere with the club tennis in the afternoon; that we should bicycle to Akbar's tomb, and take a cold lunch, stuffed quails would be lovely, to the Deserted City—to all of which Dacres gave loyal assent. I endorsed everything. I was the encouraging chorus, only stipulating that my number should be swelled from day to day by the addition of such persons as I should approve. Cecily, for instance, wanted to invite the Bakewells, because we had come out in the same ship with them; but I could not endure the Bakewells, and it seemed to me that our having made the voyage with them was the best possible reason for declining to lay eyes on them for the rest of our natural lives. "Mamma has such strong prejudices," Cecily remarked, as she reluctantly gave up the idea, and I waited to see whether the graceless Tottenham would unmurmuringly take down the Bakewells. How strong must be the sentiment that turns a man into a boa-con-

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strictor without a pang of transmigration! But, no; this time he was faithful to the principles of his pre-Cecilian existence.

"They *are* rather Boojums," he declared. "You would think so, too, if you knew them better. It is that kind of excellent person that makes the real burden of India." I could have patted him on the back.

Thanks to the rest of the chorus, which proved abundantly available, I was no immediate witness to Cecily's introduction to the glorious fragments which sustain in Agra the memory of the Moghuls. I may as well say that I arranged with care that if anybody must be standing by when Dacres disclosed them it should not be I. If Cecily had squinted, though I should have been sorry, I would have found in it no personal humiliation. But there were other imperfections of vision for which I felt responsible and ashamed; and with Dacres, though the state of things, heaven knows, was none of my seeking, I had a little the feeling of a dealer who offered a defective bibelot to a connoisseur. My charming daughter — I was fifty times congratulated upon her appearance and her manners — had many excellent qualities and capacities which she never inherited from me, but she could see no more than the bulk, no farther than the perspective: she could register exactly as much as a camera. This was a curious thing, perhaps, to displease my maternal vanity, but it did. I had really rather she squinted; and when there was anything to look at I kept out of the way. I cannot tell precisely, therefore, what the incidents were that contributed to make Mr. Tottenham, on our return from these expeditions, so thoughtful, with a thoughtfulness which increased, toward the end of them, to a positive gravity. This would disappear during dinner, under the influence of food and drink. He would talk nightly with new enthusiasm and fresh hope—or did I imagine it?—of the loveliness he had arranged to reveal on the following day. If again my imagination did not lead me astray, I fancied this occurred later and later in the course of the meal as the week went on, as if his state required more stimulus as time progressed. One evening, when I expected it to flag altogether, I had a whim to order champagne and observe the effect, but I am glad to say that I blushed at myself, and refrained.

Cecily, meanwhile, was conducting herself in a manner which left nothing to be desired. If, as I sometimes thought, she took Dacres very much for granted, she took him calmly for granted; she seemed a prey to none of those fluttering uncertainties, those suspended judgments and elaborate indifferences which translate themselves so plainly in a young lady receiving addresses. She turned herself out very freshly and very well; she was always ready for everything, and I am sure that no glance of Dacres Tottenham's found aught but direct and decorous response. His society on these occasions gave her solid pleasure; so did the drive and the lunch; the satisfactions were apparently upon the same plane. She was aware of the plum, if I may be permitted a brusque but irresistible simile, and with her mouth open, her eyes modestly closed, and her head in a convenient position, she waited, placidly, until it should fall in. The Farnham ladies would have been delighted with the result of their labors in the sweet reason and eminent propriety of this attitude. Thinking of my idiotic sufferings when John began to fix himself upon my horizon, I pondered profoundly the power of nature in differentiation.

One evening, the last, I think, but one, I had occasion to go to her room and found her writing in her common-place book. She had a common-place book, as well as a "Where Is It?", an engagement book, an account book, a diary, and others with purposes too various to remember. "Dearest mamma," she said, as I was departing, "there is only one p in 'opulence,' isn't there?"

"Yes," I replied, with my hand on the door-handle, and added, curiously, for it was an odd word in Cecily's mouth, "Why?"

She hardly hesitated. "Oh," she said, "I am just writing down one or two things Mr. Tottenham said about Agra, before I forget them. They seemed so true."

"He has a descriptive touch," I remarked.

"Oh, I think he describes beautifully. Would you like to hear what he said today?"

"I would," I replied, sincerely.

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"'Agra,'" read this astonishing young lady, "'is India's one pure idyll. Elsewhere she offers other things, strange opulence, tawdry pageant, treachery of eunuchs and jealousy of harems, thieves of Kings' jewels and barbaric retributions; but they are all actual, visualized, or part of a past that shows to the backward glance hardly more relief and vitality than a Persian painting'—I *should* like to see a Persian painting—'But here the immortal tombs and pleasure houses rise out of color delicate and subtle, the vision holds across three hundred years, the print of the court is still in the dust of the city——'"

"Did you really let him go on like that?" I exclaimed. "It has the license of a lecture!"

"I encouraged him to. 'I didn't understand it all, but I think I have remembered every word."

"You have a remarkable memory. Is there any more?"

"One little bit. 'Here the Moghuls wrought their passions into marble and held them up with great refrains from their religion, and set them about with gardens; and here they stand in the twilight of the glory of those kings and the splendor of their own.'"

"How clever of you," I exclaimed, "How wonderfully clever of you to remember!"

"I had to ask him to repeat one or two sentences. He didn't like that. But this is nothing—I used to learn pages letter-perfect for Aunt Emma. She was very particular. I think it is worth preserving, don't you?"

"Dear Cecily," I responded, "you have a frugal mind." There was nothing else to respond. I could not tell her just *how* practical I thought her, or how pathetic her little book.

CHAPTER VI

WE drove together, after dinner, to the Taj. The moonlight lay in an empty splendor over the broad, sandy road, with the acacias pricking up on each side of it and the gardens of the station bungalows stretching back into clusters of crisp shadow. It was an exquisite February night, very still. Nothing seemed abroad but two or three pariah dogs, upon vague and errant business, and the Executive Engineer going swiftly home from the club on his bicycle. Even the little shops of the bazaar were dark and empty; only here and there a light showed barred behind the carved balconies of the upper rooms, and there was hardly any tom-tomming. The last long slope of the road showed us the river curving to the left, through a silent white waste that stretched indefinitely into the moonlight on one side and was crowned by Akbar's fort on the other. His long, high line of turrets and battlements still guarded a tint of their daylight rose, and dim and exquisite above them hovered the three dome-bubbles of the Pearl Mosque. It was a night of perfect illusion, and the illusion was mysterious, delicate, and faint. I sat silent as we rolled along, twenty years nearer to the original joy of things, when John and I drove through the same old dream.

Dacres, too, seemed preoccupied; only Cecily was, as they say, herself. Cecily was really more than herself, she exhibited an unusual flow of spirits. She talked continually, she pointed out this and that, she asked who lived here and who lived there. At regular intervals of about four minutes she demanded if it wasn't simply too lovely. She sat straight up, with her vigorous profile and her smart hat; and the silhouette of her personality sharply refused to mingle with the dust of any dynasty. She was a contrast, a protest; positively she was an indignity. "Do lean back, dear child," I exclaimed at last. "You interfere with the landscape." She leaned back, but she went on interfering with it in terms of sincerest enthusiasm.

When we stopped at the great archway of entrance I begged to be left in the carriage. What else could one do, when the golden moment had come, but sit in the carriage and measure it? They climbed the broad stone steps together and passed under the lofty gravures into the garden, and I waited. I waited and remembered. I am not, as perhaps by this time is evident, a person of overwhelming sentiment, but I think the smile upon my lips was tender. So plainly I could see, be-

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yond the massive archway and across a score of years, all that they saw at that moment—Arjamand's garden and the long, straight tank of marble cleaving it, full of sleeping water and the shadows of the marshalling cypresses; her wide, dark garden of roses and pomegranates, and at the end, the vision, marvellous, aërial, the soul of something—is it beauty?—is it sorrow? That great, white pride of love in mourning such as only here in all the round of our little world lifts itself to the stars, the unpaintable, indescribable Taj Mahal. A gentle breath stole out with a scent of jessamine and such a memory! I closed my eyes and felt the warm luxury of a tear.

Thinking of the two in the garden, my mood was very kind, very conniving. How foolish, after all, were my cherry-stone theories of taste and temperament before that uncalculating thing which sways a world and builds a Taj Mahal! Was it probable that Arjamand and her emperor had loved temperamentally—and yet how they had loved! I wandered away into consideration of the blind forces that move the world, in which comely young persons like my daughter Cecily had such a place; I speculated vaguely upon the value of the subtler gifts of sympathy and insight, which seemed indeed, at that enveloping moment, to be mere flowers strewn upon the tide of deeper emotions. The garden sent me a fragrance of roses; the moon sailed higher and picked out the little kiosks set along the wall. It was a charming thing to wait, there at the portal of the silvered, scented garden, for an idyll to come forth.

When they reappeared, Dacres and my daughter, they came with casual steps and cheerful voices. They might have been a couple of tourists. The moonlight fell full upon them on the platform under the arch. It showed Dacres measuring with his stick the length of the Sanscrit letters which declared the stately texts, and Cecily's expression of polite perfunctory interest. They looked up at the height above them; they looked back at the vision behind. Then they sauntered toward the carriage, he offering a formal hand to help her down the uncertain steps, she gracefully accepting it.

"You—you have not been long," said I. "I hope you didn't hurry on my account."

"Miss Farnham found the marble a little cold under foot," replied Dacres, putting Miss Farnham in.

"You see," explained Cecily, "I stupidly forgot to change into thicker soles. I have only my slippers. But, mamma, how lovely it is! Do let us come again in the day-time. I am dying to make a sketch of it." * * * * *

Mr. Tottenham was to leave us on the following day. In the morning, after "little breakfast" as we say in India, he sought me in the room I had set aside to be particularly my own. Again I was writing to John, but this time I waited for precisely his interruption. I had got no farther than "My dearest husband," and my pen-handle was a fringe.

"Another fine day," I said, as if the old, old Indian joke could give him ease, poor man. "Yes," said he, "we are having lovely weather." He had forgotten that it was a joke. Then he lapsed into silence while I renewed my attentions to my pen.

"I say," he said at last, with so strained a look about his mouth that it was almost a contortion. "I haven't done it, you know."

"No," I responded, cheerfully, "and you're not going to. Is that it? Well!"

"Frankly"—said he.

"Dear me, yes! Anything else between you and me would be grotesque," I replied, "after all these years."

"I don't think it would be a success," he said, looking at me with his clear blue eyes, in which still lay, alas, the possibility of many delusions.

"No," I said, "I never did, you know. But the prospect had begun to impose upon me."

"To say how right you were would seem, under the circumstances, the most hateful form of flattery."

"Yes," I said, "I think I can dispense with your verbal endorsement." I felt a little bitter. It was of course better that the connoisseur should have discovered the flaw before concluding the transaction, but, although I had pointed it out myself, I was not entirely pleased to have the article returned.

"I am infinitely ashamed that it should

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have taken me all these days—day after day, and each contributory—to discover what you saw so easily and so completely."

"You forget that I am her mother," I could not resist the temptation of saying.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't jeer! Please be absolutely direct, and tell me if you have reason to believe that to the extent of a thought, of a breath—to any extent at all—she cares."

He was, I could see, very deeply moved; he had not arrived at this point without trouble and disorder not lightly to be put on or off. Yet I did not hurry to his relief. I was still possessed by a vague feeling of offence. I reflected that any mother would be, and I quite plumed myself upon my annoyance. It was so satisfactory, when one had a daughter, to know the sensations of even any mother. Nor was it soothing to remember that the young man's whole attitude toward Cecily had been based upon criticism of me, even though he sat before me whipped with his own lash. His temerity had been stupid and obstinate; I could not regret his punishment.

I kept him waiting long enough to think all this, and then I replied, "I have not the least means of knowing."

I cannot say what he expected, but he squared his shoulders as if he had received a blow and might receive another. Then he looked at me with a flash of the old indignation. "You are not near enough to her for that!" he exclaimed.

"I am not near enough to her for that."

Silence fell between us. A crow perched upon an open venetian and cawed lustily. For years afterward I never heard a crow caw without a sense of vain, distressing experiment. Dacres got up and began to walk about the room. I very soon put a stop to that. "I can't talk to a pendulum," I said; but I could not persuade him to sit down again.

"Candidly," he said at length, "do you think she would have me?"

"I regret to say that I think she would. But you would not dream of asking her?"

"Why not? She is a dear girl," he responded, inconsequently.

"You could not possibly stand it."

Then Mr. Tottenham delivered himself of this remarkable phrase. "I could stand it," he said, "as well as you can."

There was far from being any joy in the irony with which I regarded him, and under which I saw him gather up his resolution to go; nevertheless I did nothing to make it easy for him. I refrained from imparting my private conviction that Cecily would accept the first presentable substitute that appeared, although it was strong. I made no reference to my daughter's large fund of philosophy and small balance of sentiment. I did not even—though this was reprehensible—confess the test, the test of quality in these ten days with the idylls of the Moghuls, which I had almost wantonly suggested, which he had so unconsciously accepted, so disastrously applied. I gave him quite fifteen minutes of his bad quarter of an hour, and when it was over I wrote truthfully but furiously to John.

That was ten years ago. We have since attained the shades of retirement, and our daughter is still with us, when she is not with Aunt Emma and Aunt Alice—grandmamma has passed away. Mr. Tottenham's dumb departure that day in February, 1885—the year John got his C. B.—was followed, I am thankful to say, by none of the symptoms of unrequited affection on Cecily's part. Not for ten minutes, so far as I am aware, was she the maid forlorn. I think her self-respect was of too robust a character, thanks to the Misses Farnham. Still less, of course, had she any reproaches to serve upon her mother, although for a long time I thought I detected—or was it my guilty conscience?—a spark of shrewdness in the glance she bent upon me, when the talk was of Mr. Tottenham and the probabilities of his return to Agra. So well did she sustain her experience, or so little did she feel it, that I believe the impression went abroad that Dacres had been sent disconsolate away. One astonishing conversation I had with her, some six months later, which turned upon the point of a particularly desirable offer. She told me something then, without hesitation or blushes, or any sort of embarrassment, but quite lucidly and directly, that edified me much to hear. She said that while she was quite sure that Mr. Tottenham thought of her only as a

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friend—she had never had the least reason for any other impression—he had done her a service for which she could not thank him enough, in showing her what a husband might be. He had given her a standard; it might be high but it was unalterable. She didn't know whether she could describe it, but Mr. Tottenham was different from the kind of man you seemed to meet in India. He had his own ways of looking at things, and he talked so well. He had given her an ideal and she intended to profit by it. To know that men like Mr. Tottenham existed, and to marry any other kind would be an act of folly which she did not intend to commit. No, Major the Hon. Hugh Taverel did not come near it—very far short, indeed! He had talked to her during the whole of dinner the night before about jackal hunting with a bobbery pack—not at all an elevated mind. No doubt, he might be a very good fellow, but as a companion for life, she was sure he would not be at all suitable. She would wait.

And she has waited. I never thought she would, but she has. From time to time men have wished to take her from us, but the standard has been inexorable and none of them has reached it. When Dacres married the charming American whom he caught like a butterfly upon an Eastern tour, Cecily sent them, as a wedding-present, an alabaster model of the Taj; and I let her do it—the gift was so exquisitely appropriate. I suppose he never looks at it without being reminded that he didn't marry Miss Farnham, and I hope he remembers that he owes it to Miss Farnham's mother. So much I think I might claim; it is really very little, considering what it stands for. Cecily is permanently with us—I believe she considers herself an intimate. I am very kind about lending her to her aunts, but she takes no sort of advantage of my liberality; she says she knows her duty is at home. She is growing into a firm and solid English maiden lady with a good color and great decision of character. That she has always had—I point out to John, when she takes our crumpets away from us, that she gets it from him. I could never take away anybody's crumpets, merely because they were indigestible, least of all my own parents'! She has acquired a distinct affection for us, by some means best known to herself; but I should have no objection to that if she would not rearrange my bonnet-strings. That is a fond liberty to which I take exception; but it is one thing to take exception and another to express it.

Our daughter is with us, permanently with us. She declares that she intends to be the prop of our declining years; she makes this statement often, and always as if it were humorous. Nevertheless I sometimes notice a spirit of inquiry, a note of investigation in her encounters with the opposite sex that suggests an expectation not yet extinct, that another and perhaps a more appreciative Dacres Tottenham may flash across her field of vision—alas, how improbable! Myself I cannot imagine why she should wish it; I have grown in my old age into a perfect horror of cultivated young men; but if such a person should by a miracle at any time appear, I do not think—no, I do not think—that I will interfere on his behalf.

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A SACRED CONCERT

By Mary Tappan Wright

IN Dulwich, the summer passed sleepily. Day after day the checkered shade fell upon the purplish gray gravel of the broad middle path, that stretched a mile beneath the maples, from one end of the town to the other. The chimes on the tower of the church, after ringing softly at all the quarters, played four measures of a quaint minuet, to speed the crawling hours, and the giant oaks on the college green threw shadows, as blue as the sea, between the great Doric pillars of the portico in front of the chapel, where, for more than a hundred years, in stately dignity, the old college had held its sober commencements. In the cool of the afternoons the wives and daughters of the professors strolled forth, in their delicate muslins, or thin grenadines, to make a few languid visits; and in the evenings they sat out of doors on the wide moonlit verandas, gently fanning away the industrious gnats, and idly talking with the few young men who remained when the college term was over; and the drone of the locusts in the oak-trees gathered animation by contrast.

The faculty people seldom went away in the long vacation. They said that the beauty of Dulwich was too unique to forego, and this was so dignified a way of putting it that it sometimes carried conviction; besides, the Bishop, who was unconstrained by any other consideration than pure love of the place, came every year with his wife, and remained from June to October. In their house, just outside the village, the "Bishops"—Dulwich always spoke of them in the plural—entertained the parish in impartial, if unflattering, routine. None was omitted, and was any man at odds with his neighbor that neighbor he was sure to meet, in the interests of peace, perhaps; or, may it have been, that the good Bishop hoped that something might happen to vary the monotony? It was a forlorn hope; the unenterprising enemies tamely made friends, and the Bishop never failed to look gratified when they thanked him, effusively, later on. He was a person of admirable self-control.

But to every man comes his golden opportunity.

Once, long ago, in the broiling heat of an August morning, a weary, draggled procession climbed slowly up the steep hill, upon the top of which stood the Episcopal Palace. They had come from Littleton, the next town, in the old yellow coach that made the journey between the two places twice a day — a man, two young women, and a boy. As they neared the house the man drew out a ragged pocket-handkerchief, and began to flick the dust fom his seedy coat and baggy trousers.

"If I was you I'd set that stove-pipe straight," said one of the women, but the rebellious silk hat had become so accustomed to a rakish cant to one side that it successfully defied all his nervous efforts at reform.

"What has the Bishop got P. X. on that flag for?" said the other woman, as they turned the corner of the house and came in sight of a great white flag, with red lettering, that was flapping lazily on a tall pole.

"It's X. P.," said the other; "perhaps they want the express to stop."

"Oh, shut up!" said the man, irritably. "Don't you see that there is someone listening behind that door? Where's the boy? Hurry up there!" But the boy, toiling sulkily behind, continued to plod, grumbling, as he came, at the weight of a large box, which he carried by a leathern handle.

When they arrived at the front door, Brown, the Bishop's man, interviewed them suspiciously from behind the close wire netting of the screen. The day was humid, as well as warm, and Brown felt unpropitious. He went and informed his master that a parcel of beggars were out there, and, while he wasn't one to give his opinion unasked, he thought they'd better be sent packing. It was this modesty of Brown's that finally lost him his place.

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But the Bishop, who knew that it was humid, even better than Brown, gave him to undertsand that he had exceeded his office.

"Show them in," he said, his thoughts vaguely scriptural; "and call no man beggar nor unclean."

"Although I might have, I never said nothink about dirt, sir," said Brown, firmly, though respectfully.

The Bishop waved him off imperiously, and the company were reluctantly admitted; the young man advanced, and, seizing the Bishop's hand, shook it with a high vertical motion that took the good prelate completely by surprise.

"We have come," he said, "to give you an example of our famous Sacred and Secular Exhibition of bell-ringing. There isn't any taste for music in Littleton; to try having a performance like ours there, would be throwing pearls before—you know who"—he winked, confidentially; "it's in the Bible—great book, that! And so we thought that if we could find a hall in Dulwich——"

"My good friend," began the Bishop, "I think that you must have mistaken——"

"Oh, that's all right!" said the visitor, encouragingly. "Allow me to introduce my wife, Mrs. Euphemia de la Mar, and her sister, Miss Heloise—de la Roche-Jacqueline." He used the latter name after a frightened glance about him; and, by a strange coincidence, there was a large red volume of memoirs bearing that name on the title just beyond the Bishop's head!

"A famous and beautiful patronymic," said the Bishop.

"Alas, to what base uses fallen!" said the other, turning down the corners of his wide comedian's mouth. "But to business, to business!" And, before the Bishop could remonstrate, he had whipped open the cover of the box, and aided by the boy, had set out on the study-table a long row of bells. Big bells, little bells, fat bells, thin bells, found their places as by magic, and, standing in front of them with the two women, Mr. de la Mar proceeded to tinkle, in the face of the embarrassed old gentleman, that good and familiar tune which we sing to the words:

Blest be the tie that binds

It was one of the tunes that the Bishop recognized, when he heard it in church. In his soul the Bishop was a ritualist; this combination of piety and gymnastics appealed to him.

"Very interesting! Wait here a moment; I must call my wife. My dear!" and the little Bishop hastened from the room to meet his ponderous helpmate on the threshold, where she had been attracted by the unusual sounds. "My love, we have here a most singular and entertaining performance: these people are playing hymns, actually sacred music, on bells, common bells. Come and hear them."

He led her in, and Mr. de la Mar attempted to go through the same ceremony with which he had greeted her husband; but the Bishop's wife held her hand, graciously but immovably, at her accustomed angle, and Mr. de la Mar was compelled to come down. She afterward told the Bishop that she did not intend to countenance any "high jinks"; saying it, however, with a dignified smile, as became an Episcopal joke.

Then Mr. de la Mar, Mrs. Euphemia de la Mar, and the lovely Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline played one old-fashioned tune after another to these two dear and respectable old people—"Annie Laurie," "Ye Banks and Braes," and "Auld Lang Syne," adding to these, with most unholy insight, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," "Juanita," "The Days Go Swiftly By, Lorena," and other sentimental and long-forgotten songs of the sixties that the Bishops regarded with fond but unacknowledged affection. They listened, with clasped hands and glistening eyes, quite forgetful of the performers, until the three sinners gravely bowed their irreverent heads, and then, casting their eyes upward, piously twanked out the One Hundredth Psalm.

The Bishops rose, and the service was over.

"I do not see anything in your whole repertory that is not both improving and enlightening; do you not think so, Pet?" said the Bishop.

"It has given me great pleasure," said Pet, who sat very upright on the extreme edge of her chair, and held her hands clasped serenely on her ample belt.

"If I could only have a line from you, sir——" began Mr. de la Mar.

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"I was about to say," proceeded the Bishop, "that I would give you a letter to the agent—who, by the way, is extremely fond of music—instructing him to allow you to hold an exhibition in the commencement hall of the chapel. It would amuse the young people of the village—do you not think so, Pet?"

The Bishop's wife nodded a dignified assent. "It is not often that they have so much gayety," she said, affably.

Astonishment and gratification lighted three of the four faces upon which Brown disapprovingly and unnecessarily slammed the screen on the big front door.

"It was 'Lorena' that did it," said Mrs. de la Mar, as they light-heartedly descended the hill.

"No, sir-ree, it was the Doxology!" said Mr. de la Mar.

"It was the damn cheek!" mumbled the boy; he came from the village and did not like to see outsiders imposing upon his bishops.

"Give me 'Old Hundred' every time with the clergy," said Mr. de la Mar. "I knew we'd got that hall before we'd played three notes of it, and so did Nellie Jackson; didn't you, Jack?"

"I never was so surprised in my life," said Miss de la Roche-Jacqueline, answering easily to this liberal translation of her famous and beautiful patronymic. "When you proposed to go up there and ask for it, I thought it was just a piece of your gall. I'd as soon think of asking for the moon, myself. Why, it's a church!"

"So much the better for the Sacred and Secular!" said Mr. de la Mar. "'Nothing in your whole repertory but what is improving and enlightening,' so the Bishop says! We'll have a lot of bills printed off with that at the top of them, and scatter them all over the country this afternoon; then to-morrow evening we'll enlighten 'em! Whoop!"

"There'll be a crowd," said Miss de la Roche-Jacqueline, practically.

"There won't be, Tom Smith, if you take to howling through the streets like that," said Mrs. de la Mar, morosely.

They easily found their way to the agent's office, and left that musical gentleman stupefied with rage. When they had gone he sputtered off down the middle path to the president's house, scarcely articulate.

"Wh-wh-what does the Bishop mean by giving these mountebanks permission to have a concert in the chapel? I never heard of anything so outrageous in my life. A regular set of strolling scamps in our chapel! Mr. President, you will have to go up and speak to him."

"You are the senior warden of the parish; why do you not go up yourself?" said the president.

"It is not my place," said the agent. "The chapel is a college building; you can go and tell him that you do not approve of putting it to any such use."

"The Bishop is President of the Board of Trustees, *ex-officio;* it would be very unbecoming in me to interfere with him in the disposal of one of the buildings," said the president, with a wicked twinkle in his eyes. "The matter is not in my jurisdiction."

"Then you've got to take it into your jurisdiction," said the agent. "You have no business to let him make a fool of himself."

The president's face spoke volumes in reply to this latter speech, but he made no verbal answer; the agent's phenomenal sense of humor overcame him, and he laughed quietly. "See, here," he said, persuasively, "you know that this thing ought not to be allowed."

"There may be no harm in it. Has not the Bishop investigated it?"

"Oh, yes; they gave him a private exhibition up at the palace." There was a whole world of scorn and unbelief in the agent's tone. "That fellow at the head of it, de la Mar he calls himself, is a scoundrel, if ever I saw one. Why, even Dickie Ayres was ashamed to be seen carrying their box for them."

"Dickie ought to be a good judge of a scamp, in his present chastened state of mind—he is just recovering from a visit to my melon-bed."

"Did you catch him?" asked the agent, eagerly.

"I saw him; it was broad daylight; five in the afternoon; but I did not interfere!"

"Then where—how did you find out about the chastening?" asked the agent, in bewildered tones.

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"His father came the next day to remonstrate with me," said the president, "because the melons were not ripe."

"Well!" said the agent. "Well!" and stopped, apparently finding no adequate expression for his indignation; then he laughed, this time long and loud. "I must be going," he said at last, wiping his eyes; "it is my dinner-time."

He left the office, and the president watched him as he walked down the path between the flower-beds. Suddenly he turned, and came back with flying steps. "But what are we going to do about this concert?" he inquired, putting his head in at the door.

"If the concert doesn't agree with you," said the president, "I can remonstrate with the Bishop next day."

"If it doesn't agree with me," said the agent, decidedly, "there will be no waiting for the next day—or for the Bishop either, for that matter."

"Very well," said the president, "I shall not interfere."

"Humph!" said the agent, "I should like to see you try."

The two men smiled at each other, in friendly understanding, and the agent went home to his dinner, willing for the moment to let matters take their course.

So the placards of the Great Sacred and Secular Concert were distributed far and wide over the country, and toward sunset, the next evening, all the dusty roads that led to Dulwich were billowing with pink haze, as the farmers drove in from their farms. Large parties of young people, from Littleton, also took advantage of the occasion to enjoy a picnic in the college grounds, and a drive home by moonlight.

By half-past seven o'clock the chapel was filled; all the solid old black oak pews were crammed to the very doors, and the gallery, which had been reputed unsafe for fifty years, groaned under the weight of small boys from the village, and half-grown lads from the surrounding township. The chancel was denuded of its railing, and the pulpit and reading-desk had been moved back into the vestry, as was customary on commencement occasions; a long table, covered with bells, stood in the middle of the platform, which was raised two steps above the rest of the floor.

The Bishop sat in the front seat on one side of the aisle, and the president, with his family, occupied the front seat on the other. It had been embarrassing, at first, to pay on entering the church. "I did not dream of this!" whispered the Bishop to his wife, as he handed his two twenty-five cent pieces to Dickie Ayers, who sulked at the receipt of custom; and the president, who entered at the same time, put down his change with an odd smile. Being the only people in the house with reserved seats, they were the last comers, and the performance began at once.

The door of the vestry opened and the three bell-ringers entered the chancel; Mrs. de la Mar, and the charming Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline, in very short petticoats and much striped aprons, and Mr. de la Mar, in a Tyrolese hat and eagle's feather, his ordinary cutaway coat, and knee-breeches. They were received with thunders of applause, and some few cat-calls, which caused the Bishop to look over his shoulder, with an indulgent though prohibitive smile.

"Swiss, you see, my love," he said to his wife. "The real thing."

"Sh-sh-sh!" whispered my love. "They are playing 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother!'" She sat very straight, in the high-backed pew, and kept time approvingly, though a little off the beat, as they repeated all the old tunes of the morning before, adding "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" and "Gayly the Troubadour," while the musical agent unaccountably fidgeted and squirmed in the fourth seat back.

The next scene was announced by Mr. de la Mar: "Reuben and Cynthia, a quaint and practical portrayal of Quaker character."

The president coughed, and buried his face in his handkerchief. The agent stood up for a minute, and then, thinking better of it, sat down as Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline appeared, dressed in demure drab, followed by Mr. de la Mar in a long snuff-colored coat and high white hat, his face hastily painted in perpendicular lines, that gave him an air of impudent respectability.

Together, this precious pair, with all the old mural tablets of the venerated founders frowning down upon them, began a drawling duet in alternate verses. One

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at either end of the chancel, they took up their solemn chant, and Mr. de la Mar, with his hands flapping in front of him and his back bent in the attitude of a kangaroo, minced toward Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline, who met him in about the spot where the pulpit should have been; here, after waltzing once slowly around, they changed sides, passing in opposite directions and singing, in concert, the refrain:

If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea!

"I do not quite catch the drift," said the Bishop to his wife.

"So much the better!" was the perfectly audible response; just here the president's cough became very violent, and, apparently out of consideration for the feelings of the singers, he delicately withdrew.

"This is outrageous!" said someone in the fourth seat from the front; but all the young men and women from Littleton were in ecstasies. "Reuben and Cynthia" were applauded to the echo, and the number was repeated, until even the Bishop began to catch the drift.

"Look here," said Mrs. de la Mar, when the gratified Quakers retired to the vestry, where their stage properties, paint, wigs, and costumes were scattered about on the pulpit and reading-desk, and hanging on the hooks amidst the gowns and surplices. "Look here, you won't be able to do much more of this kind of thing. The Bishop's pretty nearly caught on, and that old tiger in the fourth seat isn't going to stand another character piece. If I were you, I'd leave out 'Tommy.'"

It was too much to ask; Mr. de la Mar, intoxicated by the ringing plaudits of the house of praise, was not to be deterred from the path of glory; still, he was willing to compromise. "Let's have some more bells first; there's that 'Evening Hymn to the Virgin.' That's soothing; try it."

"Why not give the Bishops some more Scotch?" suggested Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline.

"Fine!" cried Mr. de la Mar. "Hurry up, now, with the lightning change!"

With incredible haste they scrambled into kilts and plaids, and hurried upon the stage again. The table, with the bells, which had been pushed back, was again drawn to the front, and after repeating "Annie Laurie" and "Bonnie Doon," each three times, they struck into the soothing "Ave Maria," which they sang as they played, and the powers on the right of the aisle seemed to be placated.

And yet Mrs. de la Mar continued to be full of forebodings. "You try that 'Tommy' and there'll be trouble!" she said, when the vestry-door finally closed on a still clamoring audience.

Mr. de la Mar seated himself on one of the rails of the dismantled chancel, and lighted a cigarette. "What you're after is a solo for yourself," he remarked, between the puffs of smoke. "Why don't you say so and be done with it?"

"Let her sing 'Waiting,' if she wants to," said Miss de la Roche-Jacqueline, generously.

"Go ahead," addressing Mrs. de la Mar. "You'll feel better if you do."

"I don't want to sing anything," said Mrs. de la Mar, in exasperation; "and you know it, too!" At the same time she was rapidly arraying herself in a long and much-soiled pink silk gown. "Come," she said, extending her hand to her husband when she had finished dressing. "Lead me on."

"No, you don't!" that gentleman announced, rudely. "You can just go it alone!"

Mrs. de la Mar flung open the door, and, sweeping to the front of the stage, commanded the stars to shine on his pathway with all the fervor of sincere malediction; Miss de la Roche-Jacqueline closed the door softly, leaving a crack through which to reconnoitre.

"It sounds like fury without an accompaniment," she said, over her shoulder.

"It sounds worse with one," he answered, disloyally. "She never can keep on the key. Hear that now?"

In the meantime an unconsecrated odor was stealing through the building. "I could wish," whispered the Bishop's wife, uneasily, "that she had worn a fichu; a fichu is always a graceful and feminine article of dress."

But the Bishop, whose lips were pursed into a shocked rosette, made no direct

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answer. "I smell tobacco," he said, in an awful aside.

It is difficult to tell whether it was the pink gown, or the cigarette—the audience seemed to feel embarrassed—and Mrs. de la Mar retired, with but scanty applause.

"There, now!" said Mr. de la Mar, "I hope you're satisfied."

"So much for the legitimate," said Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline. "You haven't even had an encore."

"We've got to put on 'Tommy,' now," said Mr. de la Mar, "to warm up the house."

"All right," said Mrs. de la Mar, sulkily. "Warm away—I wish you joy of the blaze."

"I don't care; I'm going to try it."

"Then I'll pack up the things; for, as sure as you go out there in that rig, Tom Smith, it'll be the end of the evening's show."

During Mrs. de la Mar's unsuccessful performance her husband had been dressing himself, for the coveted part, in what he called the costume of a swell. He wore tight gray trousers, a gaudy brocaded vest, and a bright blue coat with brass buttons; in his hand he carried a large cane, that had an enormous crook at the end; in one eye was a big gold-rimmed glass, and on his head was a tall silk hat, with a very curly brim. In the baggy garments of his every-day wear it had not been so easy to perceive how very bow-legged Mr. de la Mar was; but now, as he pranced out into the dignified gloom of the sombre chapel, there was something startling in the revelation.

The Bishop sat up and ominously cleared his throat, but in the general flutter of the house he lost the first verse of the astonishing song that followed. With the chorus, it was different—that remained forever stamped upon his outraged and resentful memory.

"Tommy, make room for your uncle," sang Mr. de la Mar, strutting up and down the chancel, and ogling the ladies on the front seats through his one eye-glass:

> Tommy, make room for your uncle,
> That's a little dear!
> Tommy, make room for your uncle,
> I want him to sit here.

There were roars of applause from the gallery, and frantic cheers from the gilded youth of Littleton; but looks of anguish marked the pale features of the learned and cultivated minority that adorned the college circle of disgraced and humiliated Dulwich. Mr. de la Mar was so much pleased with the vulgar applause of the undiscriminating populace that he sang that chorus over.

The theme of the story was peculiarly interesting to the gallery, and the silence was profound when Mr. de la Mar began his second verse; but by the end of the third the libelled musical ability of Littleton vindicated itself. Catching the simple and graceful refrain, the young people in the nave joined wildly and appreciably in the chorus. Tommy made room for his uncle to the rhythmic thunder of sticks and umbrellas, and hob-nailed shoes, on that sacred floor, which had never resounded to anything more violent than the tempered approval that greets a valedictory oration.

Before the beginning of the fourth verse there was a breathless moment of suspense; full well these outer barbarians knew the enormity of which they had been guilty—they gloated over their iniquity.

Again Mr. de la Mar's nasal tones were uplifted; but this time, with the roar of an enraged lion, the agent sprang to his feet.

"Stop that!" he shouted. "Stop that, and leave this place. Begone at once. Off with you, I say!" He rushed up to the chancel and stood between the actor and the vestry, his handsome, spirited old face glorious with indignation. In that mood the agent could have quelled an army.

De la Mar, who did not dare attempt to pass, hesitated a moment, looking foolish and undecided; then a brilliant idea dawned upon him; he was defeated, but he would retreat with all the honors of war.

Clicking his heels together, he made the agent a stiff, military salute, wheeled about face, marked time once or twice, and then, singing, marched down the aisle, his stick over his shoulder, his hat on one side, and his monocle shining in baleful triumph.

Dickie threw wide the great double doors. The outer air swept in, fresh and

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clean with the odor of the woods, and the sky and trees showed deep blue, in contrast with the flaring yellow of the lamps. The man drew a quick breath when he came to the entrance, as if a dash of clear water had caught him in the face, but his song went on uninterrupted as he passed out between the pale Doric pillars, down the wide stone steps, forever away from Dulwich eyes, but not from Dulwich ears. Far up the middle path, in the serene gray of the moonlight, his raucous voice chanted, defiantly—

Tommy, make room for your uncle,
That's a little dear!

Tommy, make room for your uncle,
I want him to sit here—

until the hideous melody died in the distance.

Then, quaintly, calmly, as if in rebuke, the chimes on the church-tower broke forth in delicate, measured cadence; nine long, slow strokes followed—the audience waited spell-bound for the last reverberation. A locust droned in an oak-tree, a cricket chirped in the grass.

With softly rustling garments everyone rose and withdrew. Littleton dared not assert itself. Dulwich had resumed her normal sway.

THE POINT OF VIEW

ANY familiarity with Continental journalism and periodical literature brings the reader in these days face to face at every turn with the newly coined word "arrivism," and with dissertations on the modern tendency which it represents. The word is a very ugly one, and the thing which it stands for certainly has very ugly aspects; but it is doubtful whether we can dismiss, as insignificant, either the one or the other. Doubtful whether we can do so in our quality of Americans, especially. The conservative European, who is rasped and abraded by the general rawness resulting from the doctrine that the most of the time spent in preparation for the achievement of the ends of life is time wasted, and that the wise course to pursue is simply to "get there," and to learn by doing or enjoying instead of learning to do or enjoy, does not hesitate to say that it is the American and his Americanism that are primarily responsible for the doctrine. And he is right. We have, in effect, a new way of regarding human existence and the human career, in this particular. We are inclined to apologize for this new way at times, and at times to assert with unnecessary aggressiveness that it is the only right way. In reality, we probably ought to do neither. The matter is still on trial. Whether "arrivism" be humanly possible when pushed to its logical limits, whether it will give us more out of life or less, is what we do not yet know and cannot yet tell. But it is *the* contemporaneous problem, and one surely calling for meditation and experiment.

Energy *versus* Time.

What is the point? We are, when we come to the gist of the subject, to ascertain whether that law of nature (which is without exception) that gives the ripest and mellowest maturity only to things of the slower growth, is bound to be duplicated in the social life of man or not. There are a great many laws of social life which are not founded on natural laws, which in fact go directly counter to them. But hitherto this one in question has not appeared to belong to that class. Cramming the mind has never yet produced an intelligence or a cultivation equal to those of the man who has acquired knowledge by an organic process of leisurely, beneficent absorption; the mere fact of having money descend upon him overnight has never yet summarily equipped a man for the delicate task of spending the same with taste as perfect as if he had been born to it; there are as many people to-day as ever there were in the history of the world for whom *si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait* would sum up existence; who, in other words, have found out that no teacher can vie with experience, and that experience takes its own time and opportunity, quite refusing to be hurried.

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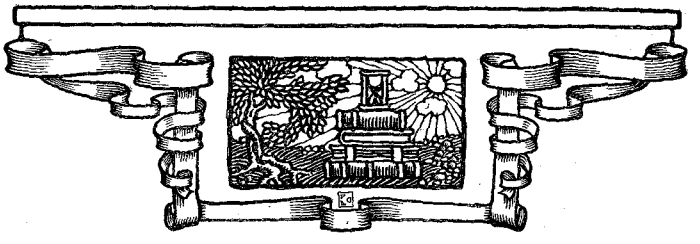
All this is certain. And one is tempted to declare that it will never be different. All the same, mankind has gone on from the first giving new faculties under pressure of fresh conditions and new events. And everywhere now we are met by an impatience so great to shorten the period of all preparations, on the one hand, and to lengthen the period of all actual fruitions, on the other, that we might well believe in at least a hypothetical alteration of the capacities and laws of human development as regards these matters. We might believe in it, we say, with reference to some distant future. Not so long ago a club was formed in Chicago whose members pledged themselves to curtail their hours of sleep, along a progressive scale of abstention, in order to prove that the human mechanism could be trained to run smoothly and vigorously on a far smaller allowance of daily rest than we now give it. This was but one of the straws that show the current of the prevailing wind. The electives of our college courses; the endless new theories about "educational values," about the studies that will discipline the mind most with the smallest expenditure of work and time; the desire for "quick money," no longer besetting quacks and charlatans only but the serious-minded, all indicate an intensification of the sense of the fateful disproportion between the long periods given over to getting ready for anything and the little span allotted us in which to taste our full powers at their zenith.

We want to get down sooner to the very business of living. We are trying new experiments ceaselessly to that end. And we are trying them not unmindful of the law established by John Fiske, that makes the prolonged infancy of the human animal, as compared to other animals, the chief reason of his pre-eminence. It is a hard law to get over, this law that the highest organisms must be the longest a-making. It gives small encouragement to the latter-day feverish desire to translate the operations and ministrations of time into terms of cerebral energy. And still, to go back to what was said at the beginning, all this haste to arrive must not be treated with complete contempt. It is more than a plague of the hour, more than a disease of the vulgar. It is the spiritual equivalent of mechanical invention; it is the mode in which the race meets its new liberation from the necessity of accomplishing, in slow and hampering patience, innumerable petty details with its hands. The "arrivist," in the concrete, is a blatant and unpleasant person. He is the mouthpiece, however, of a new and as yet scarcely formulated philosophy. Whether it be a philosophy that could eventually modify the human being's normal course of development is the interesting—and as yet impossible—thing to know.



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THE FIELD OF ART

THE REHABILITATION OF PINTURICCHIO

IN the last decade, perfected reproductive processes as applied to pictures have enormously facilitated the now almost yearly publication of the work of inadequately known artists. Raphael and Michael, indeed, as their poet has told, "are safe in heaven with their backs" to us "of the little wit," but wit and patience too have come to us since 1870 or thereabouts, and realizing that the twelve gods of Olympus are safely enthroned, with ambrosia enough to last them, we have set about honoring the minor divinities. Botticelli had a long innings; Bellini, Mantegna, Pisanello and others followed, "ed ora ha il Pinturicchio il grido."

That the Bishop of Perugia should attain to the tiara was high fortune for Pinturicchio, and when as Leo XIII his Holiness made noble use of the resources of an æsthetic and patriotic patron in the restoration of the Borgia apartments, the circumstances and the theatre of this restoration insured fame to the works restored quite apart from their intrinsic merit, great as the latter is. Beginning with Morelli's discussion of the "Sketch Book" of the Venetian Academy, continuing with the volumes of Schmarsow, brought to date by the superb work of Ehrle and Stevenson, published by Danesi under the direct auspices of the Vatican, the analysis of Pinturicchio's merits has continued through twenty years.

What is the result? Was Bernardino di Betto di Biagio as great a man as he has been called by some authors? Probably not. Has he been overpraised? Probably not. Was Vasari as unjust to him as modern critics declare? Probably not. Was Vasari just to him? Unquestionably not.

What was he as draughtsman, colorist, and composer, since in those days nobody asked an artist to be a painter in the modern sense of the word, that is to say such a master of brush handling as shall by his manipulation of the pigment express textures, cause his color to vibrate and thereby enhance his atmospheric effect.

As a draughtsman was he skilful? Not exactly, at any rate not always or even often, though at times his drawing has great charm and now and then a firmness quite foreign to his usual habit; note for instance the profile of Alexander VI (provided always that Bernardo himself is really responsible) in the Resurrection fresco, the ecclesiastic kneeling in the Assumption lunette, the Arringhieri of the Sienese Duomo, and also certain heads, his own portrait among them, at Spello, in the Ara Coeli, in the Sistine Chapel and in the Libreria of Siena. Usually there is an unsureness, a kind of poverty about his drawing, but it has elegance and a style of its own, and many of his figures have that charm which seems to hover about the path that leads from missal illumination to wall paintings. Was he a colorist? Yes; a master at least of the effects attained from colors if not from color. All the Umbrians, except the borderer Signorelli, who turned his face toward Tuscany, had the Midas touch at will like the Venetians; and, unlike the Venetians, perhaps because their school did not last so long, they did not in many cases fall into the habit of putting bitumen into their golden color. But Pinturicchio does not seem to have greatly cared for the atmosphere which comes with the amber as well as with the gray of a colorist's palette. Certain critics have said much of his landscape and its depth; if it sometimes deserves praise, it sometimes goes quite undeserving and not always because of restoration. Was he a composer? By no means in the strict sense of the word; his groups are often thrown together confusedly, crowded, yet full of holes. But in another sense of the word composer, as designer and combiner, he was really great, and here we have reached and saluted the crux of the whole situation. When we praise the Borgia apartments in the Vatican as the culmination of

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Pinturicchio's accomplishment, it is the system of treatment which we praise; and the man who, believing in that system, loving it, indeed (we see this upon every square yard of the walls), held fast to it just when all others were abandoning it, and pushed it to its ultimate expression.

What is the result in these same Borgia apartments? It is delight of the eye through richness and splendor of color and a sense that these rooms are decorated perhaps more sumptuously than any which one has ever seen before or even imagined. The spectator does not trouble himself with the forms upon the walls, he is submitting to the enchantment of the effect. Later he notes that the forms charm him also, because if meagre they have elegance, and if the individual figures are not compositionally related the *groups* are. Gradually as his lagging logic follows his quicker perceptives he realizes that this rich tangle of forms, not emphasized or focussed unduly, but playing in patterns almost equally over lunettes, pendentives, and vaulting, is exactly suited to this particular kind of richness of color, and that therefore he has before him a decoration in its own way impeccable. The three rooms called respectively, the Sala of Mysteries, that of the Lives of the Saints, and that of the Liberal Arts are magnificent; they were magnificent even before their restoration; a visit made to them years ago, when the old books, documents, and records still encumbered all the lower walls, convinced one that here, beyond question, was the richest fresco-color in Europe. This battered splendor of degraded reds and blues with the interplay of gold of an hundred different degrees of dullness or of strength, was now deep and almost solemn, now gray and silvery, while here and there in the semi-darkness of the vaulting's accidental shadows the surface seemed to fairly smoulder. To find richer color one had to leave fresco and turn to mosaic, to the walls of Ravenna or of the Capella Reale at Palermo.

The treatment of the Borgia apartments is that usual to fifteenth-century decoration in fresco, but it is unusually developed in special directions in accordance with the predilections of Pinturicchio. The factor which most of all emphasizes Bernardo's point of view is that consisting in the use of gold upon objects modelled in relief. The early centuries loved gold; the holiest picture of all, the altar piece, was all ablaze with gold; gold was a staple with the illuminator, but upon the great wall-painting there could be no such reckless outlay; not even papal resources would have sufficed, still a good deal of the metal could be afforded and it was stinted or lavished in accordance with the temperament of artist and client.

Undoubtedly painters varied in their desire for it. Giotto, for instance, probably felt it to be antagonistic to the simple effects which he sought in the Madonna dell' Arena, at Padua. Angelico on the other hand used it as an expression of a spiritual idea of radiance just as he used pure and unadulterated vermilions and blues. When the geometrical patterns of the mediæval fresco borders gave way to the scroll-covered pilasters and spandrels of renaissance decoration, the ratio of gold to pigment apparently remained about the same. Fra Lippo, Sandro, Filippino used it more or less according to the immediate character of their work. Ghirlandajo, in spite of Vasari, did not wholly contemn it. With the end of the century, if we may believe the Aretine biographer, it became the fashion to leave gilded gesso out of fresco painting; nevertheless we find it even in parts of the Sala della Segnatura of Raphael. Indeed, in remarking a rather chastened surface, it is not easy to be certain just where and just whether the line between sobriety and richness was drawn by the artist's instinct or the client's economy, for it is probable that the Orvietan wardens were not the only ones who were frightened by Pinturicchio's (or for that matter other painters') lavishness. One thing however is certain, the Tuscan love of linear perspective and the Umbrian love of depth were, in the nature of things, sure to eventually fight against the use of gold, that annihilator of perspective and depth.

Again, as the new century rounded its first decade, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Raphael wished that their spectators should seek with them for the very highest and most significant expression of line and mass and that they should seek with undazzled eyes. They relegated splendor to the borders and to pure ornament. Nevertheless gold is a very noble material. A Leonardo anatomizing expression or analyzing light, a Michelangelo using the naked human body as his one supreme, artistic means, a Raphael concentrating his thought upon rhythm and balanced masses

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may eschew, may even avoid a gilded surface as unsuited to his end, but a man who, like Pinturicchio, is thinking first of all of achieving a general effect which, while he runs a gamut extending from elegance to splendor, and from brilliancy to depth and richness, shall yet be always harmonious, knows that he has a redoubtable assistant in the gold, an ally which will not desert him. The gold leaf or powder lights up dark corners, breaks his masses of color as he wishes, and above all exercises a powerful harmonizing effect upon juxtapositions of color which would otherwise seem crude. Pinturicchio was a decorator, pure and simple, before everything else, and he loved the gold. Alexander VI had seen what his painter could do with it in several of the Roman palaces, and in these years from 1492 to 1495 perhaps the Pope had a prophetic and heartening prospect of eastward-bound galleons.

At any rate gold was given to Bernardo and used by him with more effect than anywhere else in the history of Renaissance Art. A poor composer, when it came to making up groups of figures he had an immense sense of decorative pattern, so strong an instinct indeed for this enormously important element in decoration that wherever he has covered a wall-space, whether in Siena, Spello, or Rome, he has made that wall immediately delightful to even the hastiest glance. Symmetry becomes even more forceful than usual in his hands, and by the strong thrust and counter-thrust of his little gilded gypsum thrones and *ædiculi*, placed exactly in the centres of his lunettes and vaulting spaces, and made far more emphatic by their relief than are his flat painted surfaces, Bernardo at one and the same time a *fin escamoteur* and a true artist, doing the very best with his resources, makes it quite easy for the spectator to overlook the poverty of his ordonnance and the openwork character of his figure composition.

To put it more directly, where a wall space to be decorated is of an unusual shape—is for instance a lunette, a spandrel, or an oval—there should be in the painter's composition, certain trendings of lines which both counter and echo the circumscribing line of the wall space. Raphael provides for this necessity by means of his actors, his figures, aided by the lines of his background architecture; to do it thus with entire success is very difficult and proves the past master in composition. Pinturicchio, on the other hand, having a space to fill, puts a fountain or an *ædiculus* of some sort right in the middle of his lunette and by modelling it in relief makes it ultra forceful. Its rigid lines and upward or downward curves at once provide the essential trendings needed to echo and counter the circumferential shape, and the painter no longer has to greatly trouble himself about the arrangement of his figures. He has solved his problem in a very easy way, which does not demand consummate compositional skill, but only a little good judgment. This mode of procedure is notable with Pinturicchio and has not been sufficiently emphasized by critics.

Never was there franker conventionalism than Bernardo's; the artist means first that his gold and relief shall mark out the architectonic distribution of his general scheme of decoration, his main patterning, and for this, as has been said, he uses his temples, porticos, thrones, pillars — *nota bene* — nearly always background, or at most middle ground objects. Next he proposes that bits of gilded gypsum shall spangle all his vacant spaces thickly enough to at once enrich them and put them into proper relation with his larger gilded masses. He is the most free-handed of decorators in this cheerful dredging of angels and people, mountains and plains, with fine plaster and finer gold and the angular movements of Fiorenzo da Lorenzo's school are angularized yet more by stiff rows of large gilded buttons outlining the armored limbs of youthful soldiers. In the foreground of a lunette, Saint Barbara, her palms joined, her face looking as though someone had struck it awry, jostling each feature a little out of place yet not quite destroying its charm, is painted flatly. Near by a soldier is painted flatly, too, save for a helmet modelled in relief, while another man holds a scimitar which looks like a real one half embedded in the plaster. Above in the vaulting, little bulls, little griffins, little monuments of every sort and shape jut from the painted surface, and perhaps in the background to our Barbara's tower, a tiny castle upon a mountain supposed to be miles away, sticks out in gilded relief like a wasp's nest against a wall and takes its place as a foreground object. For Pinturicchio does not care a button—certainly not a gilded button—for the atmospheric relation of his painted people and things; to this we must get used, and the adjustment is not difficult because at first, in these big

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rooms with their multiplication of small forms, you do not notice these relations at all, but feel instead those larger relations for which the artist has cared a very great deal, the relations of his patterns and his colors.

For the superb result of the decoration Pinturicchio is responsible, for the execution of much of the detail he is not, save as impresario; many of the figures are ignoble, far below Bernardo's lowest mark, a few of them on the contrary seem to rise almost above his best capacity for firm and correct drawing. Modern criticism refuses not only to accept the work of one hand throughout the rooms, which is natural enough, but also declines to recognize even the homogeneity of a school. If we accept dicta which are in part borne out by the observation of all familiar with Italian art, the decoration of the Borgia apartments is a vast inter-provincial patchwork where in the same rooms, sometimes even in the same lunettes, Lombards, Florentines, Umbrians and Sienese have painted together and—all honor be to Bernardo di Betto di Biagio as designer, decorator, and director—have created an harmonious *ensemble*.

Critics have not hesitated to accredit the constituent parts of this same *ensemble* to the influences of schools and men far apart indeed, pointing out here figures deriving from Botticelli, Piero di Cosimo, Fiorenzo da Lorenzo, Bramantino, there the architecture of the Milanese, and again the landscape of the Umbrians framing it all.

To Pinturicchio is given by general consensus the whole of the Saint Catherine lunette and a large part of many other subjects.

Schmarsow and Ehrle accredit the whole lunette called La Musica to Perugino or at least to some very clever imitative pupil of that master. Messrs. Schmarsow and Ehrle are authorities, and certainly some of the figures, especially of enthroned women and *putti*, are intensely Peruginesque, and yet it is not sure that these little frescoed people can be certainly allotted to their creators. If Perugino, for instance, painted the first youth to the left of La Musica—he sits playing upon a harp—then who painted the long-haired youth (ascribed by consensus to Pinturicchio) who stands one hand on hip, the other grasping his drapery, in the right centre of the fresco upon the outside of the Piccolomini Library entrance, in the Duomo of Siena, and who painted many of his brothers, brothers as to the characteristic treatment of jawbone, cheekbones, and chin?

In Umbrian work the juxtaposition of Perugino, Pinturicchio, the boy Raphael, of Fiorenzo's and Signorelli's influences is still perplexing. The type first suggested by one hardly knows whom, but mainly evolved by Pietro Vanucci appears with troubling frequency wherever the panels or frescoes of the Perugian hill-country are found, and it will no more down than will the Leonardesque type in Lombardy. Certainty of attribution has not yet been arrived at, and there is still much room in the fascinating field of conjecture.

But whoever may have been the others among Pinturicchio's assistants, there is one whom we can identify beyond all peradventure and who has done more for the Borgia rooms than Tuscan or Lombard or Umbrian, than has Perugino even.

Hic coronavit opus and his name is Time. The more subtle color is, either in its brilliancy or its depth, the less time can do for it; but the stronger and more varied the pigments in their juxtaposition to gold or silver, the more chance there is for the chemistry of darkness and light, dampness and dryness. In all Europe elsewhere it is doubtful whether lapse of days has brought such wealth of change, of *patina* veiling the crude and reconciling the antagonistic, of red weathering into orange, blue running into green, gold turning to copper, brass, verdigris, or remaining gold, but of a dozen different tonings.

Close at Pinturicchio's hand and painted but a dozen years later are the two most famous cycles of frescoes of all time, the cycles of Raphael and Michael. With these he has nothing to do, nothing to do with the power and loftiness of Del Sarto in the Scalzi cloister of Florence. Or if we take two master-decorators, Rubens and Tiepolo, they are at the antipodes as to methods, should we compare them with Pinturicchio. But there are many paths up Parnassus, and some which do not lead straight to the very summit, yet leave the pilgrim at a vantage point where he may be seen and praised of all men. In their own way the Borgia apartments are unequalled, and the candid critic admits that Pinturicchio, Alexander VI, and Time have among them left to us the richest and most splendid fresco decoration in Europe.

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

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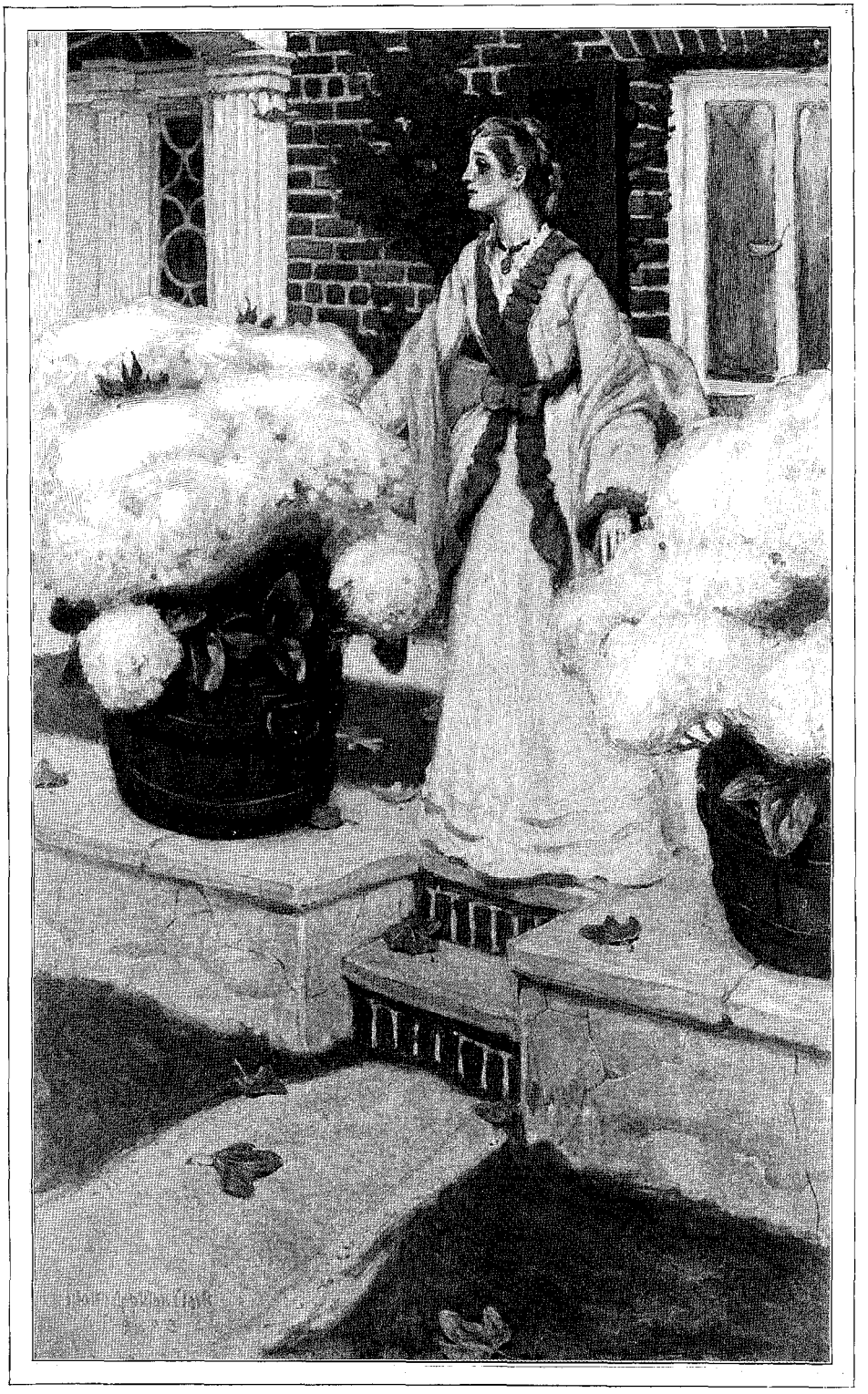

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

SHE HAD MEANT TO WAIT FOR HIM ON THE TERRACE.

"Sanctuary," page 149.

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